THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1903. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 44.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 22, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston** ,9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua ,Manchester and Concord,N.H.at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22. 7.23 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 , p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham ,5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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BOSTON, MASS.
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Undertaker & Funeral Director.
241 Main St., Woburn

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Residence: 6 Broad Street.

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Business Cards.

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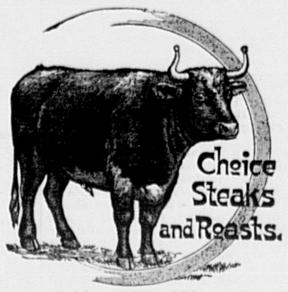
George Durward



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Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

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NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M ; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

The K. and L. EXPRESS ROBBERY

By W. BERT FOSTER

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

One of the most peculiar cases that ever came under my notice, said Captain Spink, was the K. and L. express robbery, which occurred when I was a member of the old steamboat squad. My work consisted mostly in investigating river piracies and keeping a sharp eye upon that small but exceedingly active fraternity of smugglers who operate in New York harbor.

The K. and L. Express company had an office on Long wharf, at the foot of Jones street, and, doing a foreign business only, as they did, their storage rooms were on the wharf too.

The storage shed was a two story building of brick. The office, which adjoined it, was at the extreme end of the wharf. It was built of wood and corrugated iron.

Craft were passing the end of the wharf all night long. There was a ferry slip near by. Every vessel at the dock had its keeper, and the property of the company itself was watched by an old and trusted watchman. Besides, the gates of the wharf were locked at 7 o'clock in the evening, and if a lighter had left the place it would have been spied by one of the police patrol boats which ply up and down the river all night long.

Yet that shanty was broken into, and out of it was removed a safe weighing a couple of tons and containing money packets and valuables to an amount that made the entire downtown police department wake up with a decided shock.

The K. and L. people were wild, and well they might be. The chief took hold of the matter himself, and I was one of the men selected to go down to the scene of the robbery with him. And I tell you frankly I was sorry to be put on the job, for as soon as I heard the circumstances surrounding this break it looked to me like a blank wall that would be mighty hard either to climb over or dig through.

The first report we got was that the two story office had been blown half to pieces by the force of the charge of dynamite which the robbers had used to try to force the safe. And yet nobody along the water front had heard the explosion!

That was bad enough for a beginning. And when we got to the wharf we learned that, despite the wreck of the building, the burglars had evidently been unable to force the safe and had finally carried it away with them.

The corner of the structure was torn away, and as soon as the chief learned that the safe in question had stood right there where the floor was gaping and the walls blown out he declared it to be his belief that the force of the charge used to open the safe had blown the iron box clean through the wall and that it was at the bottom of the river. He was so sure of this that he sent over to the Navigation company's offices for a diver to go down and poke about in the mud near the dock.

It was between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning when we had first been informed of the mystery, so the job was not many hours old. The company's watchman was already in custody and was scared blue. It seemed that he had been sitting up daytimes with his sick child for the better part of a week, and he had just keeled over on this night and slept like a log in the storage building—was sleeping, in fact, when the longshoremen came to work. He swore the robbery could not have been committed before midnight. He had made his regular rounds until after that hour.

Then I made the discovery by talking to the first clerk who had arrived on the scene that the door of the office building had been locked the same as usual, nor had there been a window unfastened. Therefore, added to the rest of the mystery, was the question. How had the robbers entered the office and mounted to the second floor, where the safe was kept? But the chief was so confident that the safe really had not been stolen, only blown through the wall and had fallen into the water, that he would do nothing until he had heard the report of the diver.

But I looked over the wreck again. The force which had carried the safe away must have been irresistible. Chairs were smashed; one desk was a mass of wreckage. I picked up in a corner a piece of what I supposed to be a part of a picture frame, for one side of the stick was heavily gilded.

"Where's the rest of the picture?" I asked the head clerk, and I showed him the bit of gilded wood.

"Why, there wasn't a picture on the wall," he declared. "I don't know where that came from."

Now, that was a little thing, but it was too odd to be overlooked. I set my mind at work upon that broken piece of wood.

As it was not a picture frame and there had been nothing in the office that was gilded, I could not understand how it got there. As I stood in the wrecked room and looked through the ragged hole in the wall which gave me a clear view of the river my eyes rested upon a big vessel being towed in to her dock.

It was a clear day, and the sun flashed from her brass work and trimmings and glittered upon her massive figurehead. And the sight sent an illuminating ray into the fog of my mind.

The diver had arrived with a truck load of paraphernalia, but I took a trip along the docks, going aboard each vessel in the neighborhood and interviewing as many of the watchmen or sailors who had been in the vicinity during the night as I could find.

I learned several things. First, there had been a heavy fog during the evening and for at least two hours after midnight. Then the wind changed and the sun had risen clearly.

It was quite true that nobody seemed to have heard such an explosion as must have occurred when the safe of the K. and L. company was blown through the office wall. But one watchman on a cattle ship two slips from the express dock had heard a noise between 2 and 3 o'clock which he had not attributed to the mystery of the lost safe, however.

"'Twere no explosion, officer," he told me. "That I'll be willin' to swear to."

"What did it sound like?" I asked.

"Sure, 'twas more like a heap o' lumber fallin' down. I thought 'twas in the lumber yard on the next block."

"Was anything going on out in the river at the time?"

"Sure, iv'rything was quiet. I'd gone below to light me pipe at the cook's lantern when the noise came to me."

I telephoned the ship news office down on the Battery, and soon I had jotted down the list of the vessels that had gone to sea since 6 o'clock the previous evening. Among them was the Rotterdam of the Bremen and New York line, and, although she should have sailed earlier, I learned by calling up the office of the company that, owing to the fog, she had not started for the Narrows in charge of the tug Charles B. Goodwin until after midnight.

By this time it was midforenoon, and the early editions of the afternoon papers were being cried on the street with elaborate accounts of the robbery of the K. and L. safe. One enterprising sheet had even "faked" a picture of the diver going over the edge of the dock into the river to hunt for the lost safe.

Nevertheless I believed that that bit of gilded wood I carried around with me was the clew to the true explanation, so I called up the towing company that owned the Charles B. Goodwin and discovered where the tug would be likely to land upon her return from her trip outside with the Rotterdam. I was on the wharf when the tug came in.

I went aboard and saw the captain. "Mister," I said, "I've come to hear about it. Have you got the safe?"

"What safe?" asked he, looking wise.

"The one your tow happened to carry away from the K. and L. dock this morning," I said.

Then he laughed and showed me the safe and several bits of broken office furniture, which he had covered with a tarpaulin up forward. And his story was interesting, as I supposed it would be.

When the fog showed promise of lifting and the wind changed the tug had pulled the big steamship clear of her dock and started down stream. But they kept inshore, and just off the K. and L. Express company's dock a ferryboat ran out and got in the way of the Goodwin.

"We had to slack our engines," said the captain of the tug, "and of course the towline dropped. The tide swung the bow of the Rotterdam plumb into the end of the dock.

"By hokey, you should have seen it! Her bowsprit punched a hole in one of the express company's buildings like a spear into a fat hog. We steamed ahead quick, and that yanked the ship's bow out before it did more damage. But the corner of the shanty came with it, and I reckon a good deal of what was in the office clattered down on the old Rotterdam's for'ard deck. The Bremen and New York line will have to pay a nice little sum for damages, I suppose. But it warn't our fault.

"When we got down the harbor the captain of the Rotterdam told me that along with the other wreckage which had fallen on his deck was the safe yonder, and I took it aboard before I left her outside.

"Thought they'd been burglarized, did they? Well, I reckon it was about as queer a case of piracy as ever happened along this river front."

And he certainly was right. A queerer thing never happened under my notice, nor did I ever evolve a theory from a more unpromising clew than from that bit of gilded wood which, as I suspected, had been broken off the figurehead of the outgoing vessel.

ALWAYS
INSIST UPON HAVING
THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Not Honor Men.

One of the characters of the old navy was Captain Percival, familiarly called "Mad Jack," whose waggish and irascible sayings amused his contemporaries. At one time the son of one of his old friends was appointed a midshipman.

As there was no Naval academy in those days at Annapolis, the lad was drafted to Captain Percival's ship.

The father wrote at once to his friend to announce the fact that his son was on shipboard, and after the usual parental recommendations to mercy he closed the letter with:

> My son has entered upon a profession where he will go down to his grave wept, honored and sung or unwept, unhonored and unsung.

The young midshipman had not been on board long before he aroused the wrath of his commander, who at once sat down and wrote to the lad's father:

> My Dear Sir—Your son is going to the grave unwept, unhonored and unsung.

At another time, when Captain Percival was a member of the board for the examination of candidates for midshipmen's warrants, a son of another friend came before the board. After the examination Percival, wishing to announce the result to the boy's father, wrote, with delightful implication:

> Dear Old Messmate—Your boy has passed. Do you recollect our taking the Columbus out of dock? She just grazed.

She Kept Her Word.

A funny story is told concerning Catherine of Berain, a Welsh woman, who was known as the mother of Wales, because she founded so many families. "She was first married to John Salusbury of Lleweni and became the mother of Sir John Salusbury, who was born with two thumbs to each hand and was noted for his prodigious strength. At the funeral of her husband, Sir Richard Clough gave her his arm. Outside the churchyard stood Maurice Wynn of Gwydir awaiting a decent opportunity of proposing to her. As she issued from the gate he did this. 'Very sorry,' replied Catherine, 'but I have just accepted Sir Richard Clough. Should I survive him, I will marry you.' She was as good as her word and married yet a fourth before she died in 1591."

Marriage In Algeria.

The farther south one travels the earlier one finds boys and girls arrive at marriageable age. Some time ago a census was taken in Algeria, and then it was found that the youngest married "man" was twelve years old and that many lads of thirteen had several wives. A divorced husband of fifteen and a widower of the same age were also discovered. As might be expected, the girls are even more precocious than the boys, and, though twelve is the usual age, many are married at eleven. There were found to be 189 widows of fifteen and no fewer than 1,176 divorced wives of the same age.

A Vigorous Retort.

Lord Erskine, the famous English lawyer, once met a ruffian driver who was belaboring his horse, a miserable, bare boned creature, and Lord Erskine, who was intensely fond of animals, remonstrated. "Why," said the fellow, "it's my own; mayn't I use it as I please?" at the same time applying the cudgel. Erskine, irritated, sharply whacked the offender with his stick, and upon the ruffian protesting vigorously his lordship replied, "Why, it [the stick] is my own; mayn't I use it as I please?"

Breaking.

Once on a time three men broke a horse.

"My day will come!" thought the horse after submitting to a great variety of indignities.

In due time, then, the horse craftily showed a burst of speed and was entered in some races.

"It is my day!" chuckled he and broke twenty men the first heat.

It is a long lane that his no turning. —Puck.

Doctors' Medicine.

Cobwigger—Several millionaires have written their opinions as to how to make a fortune.

Merritt—I read the article. The funny thing is that not one of them advised following the plan by which he got rich himself.—Judge.

More Suitable.

"I want to get copies of your paper for a week back," said the old gentleman.

"Don't you think you'd better use a porous plaster?" suggested the new clerk in the publication office.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Business.

"Is your sister going to marry the count?"

"What business is it of yours?"

"Well, the count owes me money, and I want to know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A REAL FALSE FACE

By ALEC BRUCE

...Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure...

"Gustave Vernon, Theatrical Supplies and Fancy Costume Maker." Above the door in big gilt letters that is monsieur's sign, and but for it any one passing along the dingy alley would wonder why the enterprising agent had not invaded with his monotonous "For Rent." Against the paint blistered door and windows a cheap green cheese cloth, crumpled and faded, screens off the broad interior. To street view there is nothing on display, nothing save the intricate weavings of the spider and the inevitable remains of his unwary victim.

Inside, however, all is different. The store is large, low in the ceiling and when without artificial light very dark, for the alley is narrow, and the buildings on the opposite side are high. But if it is dark monsieur is saving in his light bill, and there is a luster, a mysterious sheen, pervading the entire room. On varicolored pedestals rising in tiers on every side from floor to ceiling stand hundreds of glittering figures. Some are wax, some wooden, some papier mache, warriors in burnished coats of mail, kings and knights in purple and gold, queens and ladies in silver and silks, crowns and coronets, spears and shields, serpents and dragons—everything in the world of tinsel and spangles. And here and there, cunningly shaded beneath powerful reflectors, a few ruby electric bulbs do duty for a fifty light chandelier, and the effect is mellow, pleasing, not dazzling, as monsieur would like it to be.

In the false face corner, the darkest in the store, sits a girl, a mere silhouette against the yawning archway leading to the gallery above. She is a small, trim figure in a dark blue skirt and white shirt waist. Her face is small and pale, set in a wealth of jet black hair twisted smooth and high, with a glittering butterfly aigret fluttering in it, and she is painting, painting whiskers on bluff King Hal. On the table before her she has all the colors and implements in the professional artist's box, and she paints with the Japanese deftness of touch—one, two, three, a curl, a curve, a daub, and the thing is done.

Above her dainty head hangs a heterogeneous stock of faces, life size and wonderfully lifelike—Richard the Lion Hearted scowling at Robespierre, Svengali sneering at the pope, a smiling Gibson girl ogling the sulky Napoleon, and far down, down on the floor, sits his majesty on ashes of clinkered sin.

In the store all is quiet, not the ticking of a clock, not the purring of a satisfied cat, not even a street urchin whistling in the alley outside, just an occasional little sniff from mamselle's sensitive nose.

Suddenly a door opens out from the wall above. Unless you saw it open you wouldn't believe it was a door. It has been very carefully cut in the partition, and the partition is stained a dull olive green. There are many such cunning little stage traps in Gustave's, and it was Gustave himself who popped out his crisp, curly head.

"Junie," he whispered, looking anxiously down at the trim little figure below.

"Ah, mon pere," she breathed, smiling up into his face, "surely you are early, mine. M. Nugent, he will not come until 4, and I give heem one hour. M. Hammond, he will come at 5, and"—

"But eet is 4 now, Junie, past 4, my child," said Gustave softly.

"Hush! Footsteps! Ma foi, mon pere, he comes! In, in, monsieur!"

Click! The partition door closed tight. Svengali and the pope swung outward to the length of their strings and still moved when Mr. Nugent came up to the little table.

"Junie," he began, very tenderly.

"Oh, M. Nugent!" she responded, with a swift upward glance, and went on retouching the royal Bluebeard.

For a moment he gazed dreamily on the smooth, black hair coils, bent a trifle lower than need be. Was it the ruby light? No! At least so he promptly decided when he caught sight of the widening tinge of pink on her rounded cheek.

"Junie," he repeated earnestly.

"Monsieur," she whispered, warningly and with a roguish twinkle in her eye, "you see I am very busy. Mon pere is behind. But iv eet is anyzing you want to buy zen of course I am here to attend."

"Junie," he murmured, and his voice trilled and trembled, "you know that what I want is priceless. I cannot buy it. No man can ever buy it. Junie, I want love, your love, my Junie," and, throwing discretion to the winds, he came perilously near the table.

She laid King Henry aside and disposed of the paint brush where it could do no harm.

"Hush, hush, monsieur," she cautioned, and her eyes traveled swiftly over the gallery of masks. Why that faint, flickering smile? Was it a smile? Involuntarily, but only for an instant, his gaze followed hers. Yes, it was a smile, and it spelled encouragement for him. With a confidence born of the dark and solitary corner, he seized her small white hand and looked hungrily into her eyes. Indignant, she tried to jerk it away, but he only clasped it tighter, drawing nearer, nearer, till she felt the warmth of his breath on her face.

"I love you, I love you!" he cried passionately. "No, no, do not shrink from me, Junie. You used not to shrink from me." He made to kiss her, but she turned her head away. "Junie," he pleaded, "you kissed me last night. Why—ah! perhaps you do not believe me, but I have money, dearest. It will be yours—yours and—and mine, Junie. And we will go away, far away"— He stopped suddenly when she hung her head and allowed her hand to rest quietly in his.

"And we will be married, monsieur?" she whispered.

For a moment he did not answer. A dark flush stained his cheeks, spread quickly to his neck and ears as she brought her sparkling orbs to his.

"Ye-es, Junie."

"And tonight you will ask mon pere, monsieur?"

"Junie!" His quick tones held surprise and pique. "Surely, that is—is needless. T-this is a secret, dearest, I"—

"Ahem!"

It was a very loud cough, and it came from the gallery of masks.

"Y-your father," whispered Nugent, dropping her hand and staggering a little on the polished floor. "I—I will see you again tonight—tomorrow, Junie!" And in a flash he was gone.

But the door had scarcely closed and Junie had just time to snatch up her work and begin where she left off when Dick Hammond, with heavy step and a hearty voice, announced his welcome presence.

"Mamselle Vernong," he said, playfully enunciating her name, "you said monsieur might come tonight, and he is here. Where is mong pere? I want to see him. Tonight? Yes; tonight. I want his Junie. When he says 'Oui' we will hunt a priest, my dear. The license, see!" And joyfully he flourished a pale yellow slip before the girl's dancing eyes.

"Ahem!"

Hammond started, straightening up to his full height, which was 6 feet 2 in his stocking soles. For a moment he stood alert. Then, stepping back a few paces, he stared fixedly at a face protruding from the wall above.

"By jiminy, Junie," he gasped, "iv that ain't the cutest fiz I ever saw I'll swallow my collar stud! Jes' look at 'im. See 'im wink. See 'im grin. Jiminy, Junie, how much for the skit?"

"Dick, Dick!"

Mamselle was in his arms and shaking with laughter. The grin on the face was spreading perceptibly, and the tense features twitched and quivered convulsively.

"How much?" persisted Hammond.

"Monsieur, monsieur, eet is not for sale. Non, non! Eet is a real false face!" gulped the muffled voice against his breast. "See, now, eet is gone! Eet is gone! Eet was mon pere—mon pere Gustave Vernon," she cried breathlessly, peering round and up as far as his imprisoning arms would allow.

And Dick Hammond laughed loud and long. Then, seated on his knee, mamselle told him the why and the wherefore of it all. Mon pere had fancied Nugent because he had wealth, and theatrical supplies were not booming just then. But Junie would have none of him. "And why? He is one scoundrel, Dicky," she explained. True! Mon pere did not believe it so. So she had devised a plan. She had to do something, and the plan was the real false face.

But now mon pere is satisfied. He only smiled and said, "Oui; ah, oui!" when Hammond asked, "May I have her, Gustave?"

Houses In Fez.

In Fez, the capital of Morocco, most of the houses consist of several stories, each being provided with a light veranda running round it and connecting the rooms. All the windows and doors open out into the patio, or courtyard, the window openings in the upper stories being covered with close trelliswork. All the houses have flat roofs, with a wall some four to six feet high running around, and from 4 p. m. until sunset the roofs are given over to the ladies exclusively, who can then walk about and take the fresh air without being seen by any of the opposite sex. This reservation is a law which is never broken, and no man would be guilty of being seen on his or on any other roof during the forbidden hours. Owing to the fact that the women of the house are not allowed to be seen by any other man than their lord and master all domestic offices are situated away from the house proper. In many of the larger houses, besides the water fountains, others playing scent or scented water are to be found. Sections of the courtyard also are slightly sunk, and these portions are filled with scented oil, which is used to perfume the rooms. The Moors are exceptionally particular in discarding their foot gear before entering a room or crossing a rug or carpet. They even change slippers before entering the courtyard from the street. Thus the houses are kept beautifully clean and sweet and are not, as many people would suppose, musty or close.

The Red Sea.

Here is an interesting theory: What made the Red sea red? The blood of locusts. Read a few lines from Exodus: "And the locusts went up over all the land of Egypt and rested in all the coasts of Egypt; very grievous were they. Before them there were no such locusts as they, neither after them shall be such. For they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened. And the Lord turned a mighty strong west wind, which took the locusts and cast them into the Red sea. There remained not one locust in all the coasts of Egypt." The Red sea today is no more red than any other sea. Its reddening was temporary.—New York Press.

Ayer's
For coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, weak throats, weak lungs, consumption, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
Cherry Pectoral
Always keep a bottle of it in the house. We have been saying this for 60 years, and so have the doctors.
"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for 40 years. It is the best medicine in the world, I know, for all throat and lung troubles."
MRS. J. K. NORCROSS, Waltham, Mass.
25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
The Lungs
Daily action of the bowels is necessary. Aid nature with Ayer's Pills.

THE OLD RELIABLE

ROYAL
BAKING POW

Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

Hairs Upon Horses' Lips.

The fine hairs about the mouth of the horse are organs of touch of extreme delicacy. They serve, to a certain extent, the same purpose as our finger ends, the whiskers of the cat or the trunk of the elephant. Sensitiveness is due to specially developed endings of nerves in the skin, which are continually sending messages to the brain.

The lip hairs of the horse first receive the stimulus, which is communicated to the end organs and so passes on to the brain. They come into play when the horse samples a new article of food. He first smells it and, having so far satisfied himself, touches it delicately with those sensitive hairs. The upper lip moves softly in quick sympathy and confirms the opinion suggested by the hairs. The tongue judges finally as to the fitness of the food.

When the horse wishes to drink, these hairs assure him that the water is free from foreign matter on the surface, for he drinks from the surface only. They detect the smallest particle of dirt and guide him to the purest place.

"Dog's Body" and "Dandy Funk."

"Biscuits, or, as they are familiarly called at sea, 'pantiles,' are served out with a liberal hand," says Charles Protheroe in "Life In the Mercantile Marine." "To make a satisfying meal of them would occupy all the watch below, for, being as hard as nails, mastication is necessarily a slow operation. To obviate this difficulty they are placed in a small canvas bag and by dint of much pounding reduced to a powder. Sufficient liquid, sometimes pea soup that is left over from dinner, is mixed with this until it becomes a paste. A few pieces of fat pork stuck here and there over the surface to give flavor, this by the indulgence of the cook, is allowed in the oven, and when browned is known as 'dog's body.'

"'Dandy funk' is another dish of the same kind, the substitution of a little molasses furnishing the excuse for another name."

Onions and Garlic.

The onion is a vegetable of great antiquity, being found among the earliest of cultivated species. A kind of onion grown in Egypt 2,000 years and more ago was considered so excellent that it received divine honors, being worshiped as a god. This was considered a good joke by the Romans of those days, who, as well as the Greeks, were acquainted with several varieties of onions. It is likely that the plant first grew in Persia or Afghanistan. Garlic has been raised in China for thousands of years, and the ancient Egyptians made great use of it. No picture of it has ever been found on the monuments, but this may be because the plant was considered unclean by the priests.

Telling Time by the Porch.

The oldest system by which men have told the time of day is sundials. There are sundials still in existence since long before the Christian era. In fact, they have been found in Egypt dating before the pharaohs. The Indians and wild nations told the time by the position of the shadows of trees or mountains. The Chinese have carried the art of sundials to perfection and even today use pocket sundials instead of watches. One Chinese watchmaker has arranged his front porch in such a way the shadow of the posts tells the time by which to regulate the watches.—Ada Paterson in Pilgrim.

What a Journalist Is.

The editor's only son was seemingly struggling with a perplexing problem. He moved uneasily on his hobbyhorse and finally twisted all the mane off his steed. Then he crawled up on his father's knee and, looking inquiringly in his face, said:

"Pa, what is a journalist?"

"My son," said the editor as he meditatively stroked the golden head of his offspring—"my son, a journalist is a man who wears a plug hat and no shoes and borrows money from newspaper men."—Memphis Scimitar.

Best Kind of Proof.

"Here!" exclaimed the irate customer to the trunk dealer. "I thought you said that chest I bought of you was moth proof?"

"Well," said the dealer. "Wasn't it?"

"No! When I opened it my things were full of moths!"

Great Scott, man! What better proof of 'em do you want?"—Browning's Magazine.

Well Connected.

Visitor—I hear I must congratulate you on the engagement of your son. What an extremely nice looking girl she is!

Mrs. Nolonger Brown—Yes, and so well connected too. In fact, I've been told that her ancestors were relations of the Spanish armada.

Speaking of imitation jewelry, a diamond on the finger is worth a paste in the ear.—Philadelphia Record.

Reason Enough.

Mrs. Hatterson—You don't mean to say that you have no theories about the education of children?

Mrs. Catterson—No. I have too many children.—Town and Country.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, OCT. 2, 1903

REPRESENTATIVE CONVENTION.

The Republicans of this, the 28th, District will hold a convention to nominate two candidates for the Massachusetts House of Representatives at the Headquarters of the Woburn Republican Ward and City Committee Main street, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 6, 1903

A full attendance of delegates is earnestly desired.

REPRESENTATIVE NOWELL.

Judging from present appearances it is safe to conclude that Representative Charles H. Nowell of Reading will be nominated by the Republicans of this District for another term in the Massachusetts House of Representatives without opposition. No other name for the Reading candidate but his is anywhere heard. His election is certain to follow a nomination.

In the 1903 session of the Legislature, by word and act, Mr. Nowell proved himself to be a credit to the District. On all questions affecting public interests he was found on the right side. While not offensively in evidence as a new member, he was not timid or slow to espouse the right and condemn the wrong, and a search warrant was never necessary to find out where he stood on matters before the House.

Mr. Nowell is a clean, high minded, intelligent gentleman, and we rejoice over the prospect of his serving another term in the Legislature, and congratulate the District on having so worthy a Representative.

NASON'S TRIUMPH.

While the success of Mr. J. Howard Nason in carrying the Everett Republican caucuses last week for the Representative nomination was extremely gratifying to his hosts of Woburn friends, the character of the forces that landed him was still more so. He was zealously supported by the church, Y. M. C. A., temperance people, and Pine Tree Club, representing the best elements of Everett's religious, moral and social life, of whose friendship and aid any man properly built, as he is, should be proud.

Supported and carried to victory by such people, to be elected by the Republican Party, which is everywhere honest and moral, the city of Everett will be represented in the next House by a man who will honor himself in the halls of Legislation and be a credit to his constituency.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

By the time this issue of the JOURNAL appears on the streets of Woburn today the Massachusetts Republican State convention for the nomination of candidates for State offices will have assembled and organized in Tremont Temple, Boston, and the work started.

Of course, the JOURNAL cannot give the outcome of the convention, but it is entirely safe to predict the nomination of everyone of the present able and efficient incumbents, a course that will meet the hearty approval of the Party at large.

It is likewise safe to predict a larger majority for the Republican ticket on Nov. 3, 1903, than ever before.

STATE ELECTION.

In a little more than four weeks, or to be exact about it, on Nov. 3, 1903, will be held the annual election of officers in this Commonwealth, with a result not hard to conjecture. The Republicans will win the day by an overwhelming majority.

The Democracy are doing considerable blowing and blustering, but they are all split up into fighting factions, and were they ever so solidly united they could not come within 40 rows of appletrees of electing their candidates.

The present Republican State government is entirely satisfactory to the people, and they will not vote to change it this year, anyhow.

FOR SENATOR.

It is presumed that Hon. Francis Appleton of Peabody will have an easy walkover for reelection to the State Senate on Nov. 3. His work in the Senate this year has been eminently satisfactory to the Republicans of the Middlesex-Essex District, and they propose to give him one more term, at least.

COUNCILLOR CONVENTION.

The Republican Councillor Convention for this District will be held in Odell Hall, Salem, at 10 30 A. M., Tuesday, Oct. 6, 1903.

☞ That good man Hobbs who edits and publishes the Woburn JOURNAL always comes to the front when there is opportunity to say a good word for Reading or its people. Last week the JOURNAL had this: Mr. Grimes made a strong run for the nomination last year and soforth.—*Reading Chronicle.*

Of course; Reading is a mighty fine town to "blow" for, and Lawyer Grimes is one of its best citizens. And, besides, wasn't he our Representative a few years back? and isn't Mr. Nowell, another worthy citizen of Reading, our present Representative? and don't Reading Republicans always pull the Woburn Republicans through and help them to win victories?

☞ The Boston Elevated Railroad Company, of which Major General William A. Bancroft is the head and General Manager, have recently taken a step which will weld the bonds of friendship between them and their 7000 employees still more strongly and greatly lessen the danger of strikes. An order has been issued by the Company, inspired, no doubt, by General Bancroft, allowing the employees to consult the Counsel of the corporation in personal legal affairs and obtain advice from them. The chief object of the Company in granting this privilege was to stave off shyster Lawyers, circumvent the schemes of credit companies, and establish closer personal relations between the Company's officers and operatives.

☞ We heartily congratulate Mr. Daniel W. Lane, son of Mr. Daniel H. Lane, a respected resident of Woburn some years ago, and a highly successful Boston merchant, on his prospect of representing the Boston Back Bay District in the next State Senate The caucuses held last week declared for his nomination, and being a popular and very capable young man, his election seems to be assured. He is a prominent Boston real estate dealer, and is at present a member of the City Council. We claim him as a "Woburn Boy," being the grandson of the late Timothy Winn, and sincerely hope that he will pull through all right on Nov. 3 next.

☞ The Democrats were put to their trumps to get voters enough out to their caucuses last week to make them legal. In one Ward they were obliged to send a man to drum up and bring in indifferent and careless members of their Party before any business could be done. It was reported the next morning that a majority of the Representative delegates chosen favor the renomination of Mr. Aldrich.

☞ It is reported that the Democrats of Woburn are a unit in favor of the renomination of Representative Henry M. Aldrich, and that he is sure of being their next candidate for the House. They appreciate the fact that he is the only Democrat that they can have the slightest hope of electing.

☞ Henry W. Pitman, the veteran newspaper man and all round good fellow, is Editor and Manager of the Waltham *Evening News* and is making an A1, clipper built, copper bottomed paper of it. Henry shoves a lively pen, and is a hustler from Hustledom for business.

☞ Lawyer Samuel W. Mendum of this city is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Representative from this District.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

C. A. Burdett—To Let.
Mrs. Phinney—To Let.
City—Registrars Notice.
Dominion Co.—Chicago.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
E. A. Phelps—Adm. Notice.
G. G. Greene—Aug. Flower.

— Mayor Feeney is at home again.

— Mrs. J. F. Winn is visiting friends in Lenox.

— F. J. Bicknell will conduct a fishing party at Swampscott tomorrow.

— Mr. William E. Blodgett has got back from a business trip to St. Louis.

— C. E. Cooper, 415 Main street, insures property on easy terms.—4.

—Linnell's market advertises pickles that are pickles and dont you forget it.

— M. Bancroft, Sewing Machines and finding, 410 Main street.—6m

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Surely, "Egypta" is going to be a great treat. It opens on next Monday evening.

— Mrs. J. Q. A. Brackett is entertaining her friend Mrs. George Turner of Somerville.

— Mrs. Phinney has a desirable tenement to rent on Court st. Terms easy. See ad.

— When is the Evening School to begin? We hope tt will be a large one It is a grand thing.

— Angelo Crovo sells grapes that "melt in the mouth," and all other kinds of fruit in proportion.

— Mr. Lawrence Reade and daughter were invited guests at the Catholic Centennial last Tuesday evening.

— The Woburn National Band are to play Governor's Night at the Stoneham Spanish War Veterans Fair.

— The B. & N. S. R. R. men on the N. W. Div. are to give a great concert and ball at Armory Hall, Oct. 23.

— Mr. Fred C. Keen of the local Post Office staff has been laid up for a few days with a severe attack of sickness.

— Mrs. J. P. Cram, who was quite seriously ill some weeks ago, is able to walk out with her sister, Mrs. Ellen S. Dow, and is on the mend.

— The Highland Orchestra has been engaged to furnish music for the cantata to be given in Lyceum Hall, under the auspices of Camp 66 S. of V.

— Rt. Rev. Wm. A. Lawrence, Bishop of the Dioceas of Mass. will officiate at the Confirmation Service which will be held in Trinity church Sunday evening, Oct. 25.

— The Robbins Drug Co., a wide-awake concern, make an announcement in this issue of the JOURNAL of great public interest. Readers are advised to consider it carefully.

— Mr. H. S. Dickinson is President of the Men's Club of the Methodist Episcopal church, an organization that is destined to do a great deal of good for the church and community.

— A thoughtful and admirably written article entitled "The Woman Question," by Clara J. Carter, published in *The Club Woman*, is under Editorial examination in this office.

— Mr. Winthrop Hammond has put his Plympton street residence into fine shape for future occupancy by himself and family. Plympton is one of the pleasantest residence streets in the city.

— Mr. Willis Varney, member of the firm of L. E. Hanson & Co., jewelers, and wife have got home from a visit to their native heather, South Berwick, Maine, and he is at the helm again.

— Mr. Fred Stanley and wife have returned from their vacation and the fair countenance of that estimable gentleman now daily illumines the popular Boston Branch grocery store, as of yore.

— Miss Gertrude Wood of Salem street, at the close of a delightfull visit Down East, which included Gardiner on the Kennebec, Pine Point, and other attractive points in Maine, has returned to her home.

— Favorable insurance rates by C. E. Cooper.—4.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

FLOOR COVERINGS

Assortment — COMPLETE
Prices — — — RIGHT
Work — — — PROMPT

It is generally known that we are ***Distributors of Floor Coverings*** of every description, and we desire it to be equally well known that we have all grades of ***Upholstery Fabrics, Lace Curtains, Furniture Coverings, etc.***

The advice of an interior decorator is at your service, if desired. Goods displayed either in our show-room or at residences. Estimates furnished for covering single pieces of furniture or for completely decorating either a single room or an entire house.

For eighty-six years, under the same firm name, we have distributed to the public, to our neighbors, to our friends, Carpets and Rugs, and until we added Interior Decorations and Upholstery Fabrics our sole and entire business has been Floor Coverings.

Does not this record make for intelligent confidence on your part?

Pray Building, Washington St., opposite Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

New Line of FALL GOODS
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

Cough Medicine Season!

Now is the time when we have so many calls for something to break up a fresh cold. We guarantee a 50c. bottle of ROBBINS'S COUGH SYRUP to break up a cold or refund your money. Pleasant to take, and safe to give children, being free from narcotics. Put up in 25 and 50c. bottles.

Robbins Bronchial Lozenges will relieve that tickling in the throat and that husky voice. 10c. package. SLIPPERY ELM LOZENGES 25c. lb., 15c. ½ lb., 8c. ¼ lb.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
☞ The place to save money.
GREEN TRADING STAMPS.

— The new headquarters of the Heel Cutters Union are in the Connolly building corner of Main and Broad streets.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— There will be no services at Trinity Episcopal church next Sunday, October 4th, it being closed because of painting and frescoing. Messrs. Mortensen and Holdensen of Boston, are the decorators.

— Nobody in Woburn raises finer Sheldon pears than Mr. James Callahan, the veteran gateman at Church avenue. Flowers and fruit are his best hold and he is successful in the cultivation of both.

— Dr. and Hon. John M. Harlow is a Woburn delegate to the Republican State convention today. We should hope that this does not mean that the Doctor contemplates changing his professional for a political career.

— Organist Hood of the Orthodox church, who is a judge and lover of flowers, is enthusiastic in praise of Gateman Callahan's splendid beds of them on the B. & M. Station grounds. He says they are entitled to the first premium.

— An accurate measurement of the bunch of dahlias that Mr. C. M. Strout left at our house last Tuesday showed that it was the exact size of a peck measure, and nearly every individual flower was as large over as a common size saucer.

— Considerable business was cut out and basted at the School Board Meeting last Tuesday evening. Nine positions as teachers in the day and evening schools were prayed for by as many persons. They were all taken under advisement.

— Winfield R. Lang, Esq., who was recently admitted and licensed, after thorough examination, to practice law in all the Courts of Massachusetts, is about to open an office in Tremont Building, Boston, and become a Boston practitioner.

— Extensive repairs are to be made in the interior of Trinity Episcopal church and the service next Sunday both morning and evening will necessarily be discontinued. The church will be opened as usual the following Sunday, Oct. 11.

— Miss M. Beatrice Beddoe, contralto, and Miss Edith V. Trowbridge, violinist, will take part in the musical portion of the service at the Unitarian church next Sunday. Miss Trowbridge is the daughter of J. T. Trowbridge, poet and novelist.

—The L. C. S and Alliance Branch of the Unitarian church will hold their first meeting of the season at the Parsonage, Thursday afternoon, Oct. 8th, at half past three o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all women of the Parish to be present.

— Editor Grimes of the *News* moved his family from Somerville to one of the houses of the Winn estate on Main street in this city, and has become a citizen hereof. By the way, he makes a much better paper of the *News* than it used to be.

— The sear and yellow leaf is fast falling from its parent stem and cumbering the ground. Why not? October is with us again, and along with it always comes Poet Bryant's days "of wailing winds, and naked woods, And meadows brown and sear."

— The *Morning Leader*, a paper at Port Townsend, Washington, gives a pleasant paragraph to the advent of the new Chinese Inspector of that port, Mr. Alfred F. Richardson, who is a Woburn boy, son of Dea. Charles Richardson of Arlington Road.

— The Woburn Mechanic Phalanx are to celebrate in due form the anniversary of their organization on Oct. 14, for which preparations are now being made by the committee composed of Lieut. Cutler, Sergt. Dow, Corp. Kean, and Privates Bowers and Bustead.

— Col. A. L. Richardson will be marching with the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company and participating in the entertainment of the Honorable Artillery Company of London, England, next week. It will be a great time for both Honorable Companies.

— The Thomas Salmon Steamship Agency in this city sells tickets for passage on the best lines that ply between America and Europe at the lowest prices. It also sells drafts on Liverpool, London, and other European cities. People who deal with the Salmon Agency are always well satisfied.

— Hanson & Co., the boss jewelers, have a piece in today's JOURNAL concerning Diamond Rings which the reader will find of great interest. Their diamonds are the genuine stones, not paste. Hanson & Co. are a reliable firm of silversmiths and merchants, and they warrant their goods to be just as recommended.

— The Smoke Talk at the Towanda Club last Friday evening was fairly well attended. Rev. Mr. Thompson was listened to with marked attention and his subject "The Negro at close range" proved to be interesting. This was the first of a series of Smoke Talks and the Entertainment Committee is busy booking talent to appear.

— Attending strictly to business, dealing fairly by everybody, treating all alike, and selling goods at low prices, Mr. M. A. Burnes, 427 Main street, is securing the cream of the trade in furniture, carpets, stoves, ranges, and other parlor, chamber and kitchen furnishings, in Woburn and neighboring towns, and deserves it. The public like him and his style of doing business.

— Mr. Samuel Cummings of the firm of Cummings, Chute & Co., wood and coal dealers, and wife have gone to Winterport, Maine, to visit during the month of October. Winterport, 10 miles from Bangor, on the Penobscot, is Mrs. Cummings's native place and she has friends and relatives there. Mr. Cummings goes for a season of solid rest.

— Last Wednesday morning, outside of the business centre and contiguous thereto, the gardens and lawns of our city wore somewhat the appearances of tented fields. The unusual low temperature and marrow piercing winds of Tuesday evening were a warning to the people that something must be done if they would save their flowers and plants from the deadly work of the threatened frost, and so sheets, coverlids, and other light chamber furnishings were brought down and spread over the beds of brilliant blossoms which ornamented nearly all the gardens and lawns in this city, giving them the appearance mentioned above It was well they did so, for the frost on Tuesday night was a heavy one

— C. E. Cooper, 415 Main street is Insurance Agent.—4.

— At a regular meeting of the Woburn Railroad Station Hackmen's Federation held last Monday evening on the concrete walk, a lively discussion arose over the question of giving Green Trading Stamps to their customers. It was finally decided in the affirmative, but in order to get the Green Stamps passengers will be obliged to ask for them.

— Last Friday Mr. John W. Francis, Janitor of the Public Library, experienced a sudden attack of illness which was at first supposed to be a paralytic stroke. He remained unconscious until some time in the following night, when he recovered and was much better Saturday morning. It turned out to be a stomach trouble, from which no serious results were anticipated.

— Dr. H. C. Morey, wife and niece, Miss Edith Hobbs, left here last week for their homes at Gilroy in Santa Clara Valley and San Francisco, California, which they left on July 15 last for an Eastern trip. During their stay in New England they visited relatives and friends in Maine and Massachusetts and many well remembered and cherished scenes of Mrs. Morey's young days, all of which they greatly enjoyed, and returned to their homes happy.

— Smith's Real Estate Agency has recently sold to C. H. Lewis, for investment, the estate 43 Vernon street; also to C. H. Hunter, for residence, 36 Clinton street; also, rented 580 Main street, of the Winn estate, to Mr. Grimes, Editor of the *News*. There appears to be some movement in real estate transactions just now, but not nearly as much as there ought to be in this fine old residential town, and might be under more favorable municipal conditions.

— Here is an item that will probably be of interest to some Woburn parties: Last Tuesday Postmaster Wyer received the following letter from Hackettstown, N. J.: "Dear Sir: In a recent publication I have seen the statement that a new variety of Raspberries had been grown in your place. It is called the 'Indian Raspberry,' and were cultivated by ladies. If it is possible I would like to obtain some plants." For name of writer, address, and stamped envelope, apply to Postmaster Wyer at the Woburn postoffice.

— The Innitou Canoe Club were guests of the Medford Boat Club on Saturday afternoon and evening of last week. A sharp and exciting ball game took place on the W. Medford Playstead at 3 o'clock, in which the I. C. C. won out by a score of 19 to 18. In the evening a collation was served at the Boat House, and after a season of song, stories and a general good time, in which the band proved a grand success, the visitors left for home voting the Medford boys the "best of entertainers."

— The splendid opera "Egypta" is to be given in Lyceum Hall on Oct 5, 6, 7, for which rehearsals are in full bloom. The Sons of Veterans and S V. Club have appointed the following committees: on Patrons, C. W. Patten, E. E. Foss, M. H. Cotton, E. H Lounsbury, F. E. Cotton and W. F. Williams; Invitation, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Carter, Hon. and Mrs. Alva S. Wood, Hon. and Mrs. Edwin F. Wyer, Mr. Frederick A. Flint, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Wood and Col. Alonzo L. Richardson.

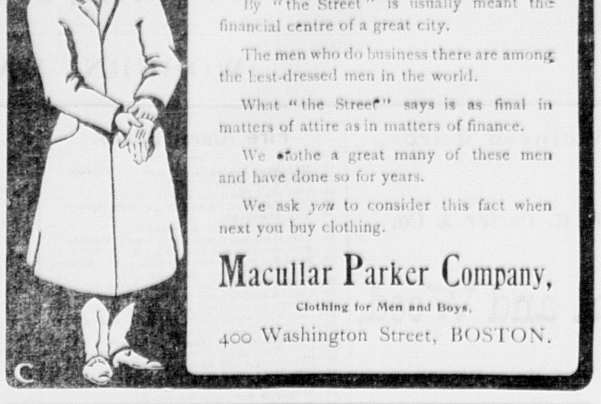
— Aberjona Colony, U. O. P. F., have elected the following officers: William E. Rooney, Governor; Bernard S. Meehan, Lieut. Governor; Katharine M. Connolly, Secretary; Elizabeth J. Calnan, Collector; Jeremiah Lynch, Treasurer; Mrs. Frank Carton, Chaplain; Annie M. Kelleher, Sergeant at Arms; Patrick H. Mooney, Deputy Sergeant at Arms; Annie M. Ring, Sentinel Inner Gate; Charles B. Cannon, Sentinel Outer Gate; Mary F. Fournier, Pianist; James H Carton, Trustee for 3 years. Installation on Oct. 12.

— Roll Call night was celebrated by Crystal Fount Lodge No 9, I. O. O. F. on Monday evening, Sept. 28 A large number of Odd Fellows, both resident and visitors, were present and a very enjoyable evening was passed. After the roll call, to which 88 members responded in person and 20 by letter, an entertainment was given by Mr. Fred Kendall of East Boston. D. D. G. M. James W. Murray, Grand Marshall Calvin Sawyer and suite of Melrose were present and also a delegation from Winchester. A collation was served and the affair was under the chairmanship of Past Grand Benj. L. Trull.

— Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Linnell are pleasantly housed in their cottage at Point Allerton where they expect to remain some three weeks and take comfort. It has long been the habit of this worthy couple to go down there by the seaside each spring and fall, and rent their cottage during the hot months, prefering their nice Woburn home at that season of the year. Mr. Linnell went down to the Point one day last week and caught a big string of perch, and hopes to be equally successful with rod and line in the next few weeks. In the mean time James Linnell, manager of the Linnell market, will conduct the establishment and serve the public in his usual good style.

— At 7.30 last Sunday evening, at the close of a "muggy" afternoon, frequent flashes of lightning made their appearance on the western horizon followed by low rumbling of thunder, presaging the approach of a storm for the evening's entertainment. It came up rapidly and by 8 o'clock the lightning became more frequent and vivid, the thunder heavier, and rain fell in torrents, interfering seriously with the homegoing of the church people. The atmosphere appeared to be heavily laden with electricity, and sharp flashes of lightning and heavy peals of thunder were constant in all quarters of the heavens. The storm raged for a couple of hours, or so, and ceased as suddenly as it came up. In Boston, Lynn and other places it was more severe than here and did considerable damage.

— We doubt very much if there is a town or city of its size in the vicinity of Boston that sends as many girls and boys to Colleges and Normal Schools as Woburn. The secret of it is to be found in the excellence of our High School. Instead of half-educated graduates it turns out scholars every year who are fitted to enter the higher institutions of learning and pass their "exams" without a hitch. The credit of this is due to Master Owen, who believes that education is a panacea for about all the ills that flesh is heir to, and in nearly nothing else, and his corps of able and hard working Assistants. This good work is, of course, supplemented by a determination on the part of parents to have their children go out into the world to scrabble for themselves equipped with as good an education as colleges can give them.



By "the Street" is usually meant the financial centre of a great city.

The men who do business there are among the best-dressed men in the world.

What "the Street" says is as final in matters of attire as in matters of finance.

We clothe a great many of these men and have done so for years.

We ask *you* to consider this fact when next you buy clothing.

Macullar Parker Company,
Clothing for Men and Boys,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.

Whitcher's PRICES!

For Fellow's Syrup, - -	$1.00
For Father John's Medicine,	42c., 80c.
For Laxative Bromo Quinine,	17c.

Remember, we sell all goods needed from a Drugstore at the

LOWEST PRICES IN TOWN.

— Mr. Clarence Littlefield, Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, has had for some weeks an expert electrician from Boston and George W. Nichols, Superintendant of the Fire Alarm, at work overhauling and putting into firstclass working order the alarm system of the Department, and has nearly completed the work. The Chief has had more or less trouble with the alarm ever since he took the office, but was not fully aware of its imperfect conditions until, the trouble increasing right along, he set about making a thorough and systematic examination, overhauling and improving it. He found it in a bad state, but by a judicious expenditure of several hundred dollars the system is now in perfect order, and no more trouble is expected from its failure to work smoothly for years to come. The money was well laid out.

— On Saturday, Sept. 26, Mr. Warren Teel, the highly popular Assistant Postmaster of Davenport, Iowa, continuously for the last 40 years, and wife went to Chicago to celebrate their Golden Wedding, which they accomplished in grand style. They slipped away quietly, but their hosts of friends had an eye on them, and demonstrated it on Monday evening, Sept. 28, on their return to Davenport. A lot of them invaded their happy home headed by Wadsworth, the veteran merchant of that city, and not only warmly congratulated the old couple, but, in a neat and novel way, presented them with 30 gold pieces amounting to $150, besides many rich gifts in gold and silverware These tokens of esteem were fully appreciated, but they were as nothing, in value, compared with the spirit of regard and friendship which prompted the generous donors to bestow them. Mr. and Mrs. Teel were worthy of the gifts and the hearty good will expressed by them, for no people in Iowa stand higher in the estimation of everybody than they, and above all Mr. Teel was born and bred in the old town of Woburn.

— Judge E. F. Johnson returned last Wednesday evening from a visit to Denver and other Colorado cities which he enjoyed very much.

Fall Disinfecting.

Is there anything more important to the health of the family than putting the home in a perfectly sanitary condition for the coming winter? Sanitary cleanliness by which the process of bacteritic life harmful to health is arrested and overcome—is occupying a very prominent place in the up-to-date housekeepers mind. A little Sulpho-Napthol, one of the strongest bactericides known to science, in every pail of water used for cleansing, gives a condition of cleanliness and purity which is the highest point reached in home sanitation today. Sulpho-Napthol has revolutionized modern ideas of house cleaning.

Unitarian Church Improvement.

Work on the Unitarian church is completed and services will be resumed next Sunday. For nearly three months a large number of men have been employed on it, and the result is a complete change in its appearance. As you enter the church you are impressed by the soft apple-green tint of the walls of the vestibule and lobbies, separated by a band of old gold from the dado which is in cream. The wood-work here, and throughout the building, is in cream white, giving a chaste and pleasing effect to the whole interior. The prevailing color in the auditorium is a rich, warm shade of old rose with green, ivory and old gold trimmings. The walls are treated architecturally with panels in old rose and the stiles and arches about the windows in yellow, ivory, pink and red. The frieze is in old gold while the ceiling is of a light ecre tint with bands of ivory ornamented with a vine. The dado, which is done in oil, is a rich cream color. On the panels in the front of the church are sentences expressing the Unitarian faith in scriptural language. The organ pipes are bronzed with a soft, dull finish. The pews are painted white except the railing and arms which are mahogany. The old choir screen, platform and pulpit were removed and new ones built in their places. The platform is surrounded with a balustrade from the centre of which rises the pulpit, which is in the Colonial style of architecture, and was worked up in its design from the pulpit in the old West church of Boston. Back of the pulpit is a settle with carved arms and upholstered with green silk velours, and on either side is a beautiful memorial chair of renaissance pattern. Back of the white balusters of the choir screen is an old rose curtain of the same shade as the pulpit cushion. From the Bible are suspended bookmarks on the ends of which are emblems of faith, hope and charity. The carpet is olive green producing a fine effect in contrast with the old rose of the walls. The decorations and changes give a warm, cheerful and dignified appearance to the whole interior of the church and make it one of the most beautiful houses of worship in this vicinity. In the near future memorial windows and a memorial vase are to be added. L. Haberstroh & Son of Boston were the decorators. Edwin J. Lewis Jr. of Boston, designed the pulpit and choir screen; which were built by Irving & Casson of Boston. The chairs were made by A. H. Davenport Co., Boston. Geo. E. Brown of this city put up the staging and did the carpenter-work. Geo. J. Bicknell Co., of which J. H. Parker, Jr., of this city is the manager, furnished the carpet.

— No better insurance Cos. than those represented by C. E. Cooper.—4.

Boston Theatres.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

Julia Marlowe's annual engagement at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, is always one of the most noteworthy and brilliant events of the theatrical season. Her coming is always awaited with eager anticipation for she invariably brings with her some new play of a worthy and artistic character. Her engagement this season which opened last Monday night is proving one of the most fashionable and successful engagements which she has ever played in Boston. Large audiences of an ultra-fashionable quality have crowded the theatre at every performance, and expressed their pleasure in a most enthusiastic manner. Modish society has evidently made it the beginning of fashionable society's interest in theatrical amusements. Miss Marlowe's presence here this season is particularly noteworthy, for her production of F. V. Esmond's new play "Fools of Nature" marks her first appearance in a modern society comedy as a woman of fashion. This is the first time in her distinguished career that she has ever played a role of this kind. The production is one of the most beautiful and artistic that has ever been given a modern society play. The scene in the second act, showing a bit of lawn near the river Thames is one of the finest picturesque effects ever seen on the Boston stage. The last two weeks of the engagement begin Monday.

— C. E. Cooper, 415 Main street, represents solid Insurance Cos.—4.

Schools
—HAVE—
Reopened

and your boys will need new Clothing.
New Norfolk Suits $3 to $8
3-piece Suits $3.50 to $10
Double-breasted Suits $2 to $10
Extra values at $4, $5 and $6.

Be sure to visit our newly equipped store and save at least 10 per cent on Boston prices.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers,
Lyceum Hall Building, WOBURN.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Twenty-eight Franklin Street.

The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.

The National Graded Course Used.
P. O. Box 344.

MISS DORA A. WINN,
WILL RESUME
Pianoforte Instruction,
October 1, 1903.
6 Highland Street, Woburn.

MISS BANCROFT,
WILL RESUME
Pianoforte Instruction
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1st, 1903.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—17th Sunday after Trinity. Church closed on account of repairs.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Religion and Architecture."

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Are Sin, Disease, and Death Real?"

Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

METHODIST.—"Old Folks' Day." At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Geo. S. Butters, D. D. Rev. Butters will preach to the older members of the congregation.

12 M. Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., Preaching by the pastor, N. E. Richardson. Male Quartette.
Tuesday, 7.30 P. M., pastor will lecture on Methodism.
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "Declaring the Vote."

12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "The Peril of a Heathenized Christendom."
7.45 P. M., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Sept. 23, by Rev. Geo. H. Tilton, Parker Thompson Poole and Helen Pendleton Rickey, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 29, Catherine Powers, aged 3 years, 2 months, 24 days.

The New Bright Boston Paper.

No daily paper of Boston has attained so much success in so short a time as the Boston *Evening News*. The sale here in our town has grown remarkably in the past few weeks, and in all the suburbs of Boston the paper has made a decided hit.

The reason lies in the brightness of the paper.

The Boston *Evening News* is filled with news, the latest and best. It is clean. It is not squeamish. It tells the truth, but it is not a sewer. It is up-to-date, fresh, crisp and sparkling, with attractive features, snappy, personal, saucy but homelike.

Its sporting page is not excelled in New England, authoritative, lively and well illustrated. Everybody is praising the The Boston *News* sporting stories. Its Woman's Page is for many women, not for one or two particular tastes, but broad, bright and interesting. Its fashion notes, for instance, are not copied from the antique. They are fashion notes in the best sense.

Its financial page is called one of the best for accuracy and completeness.

Its editorial page is a novelty for Boston in its epigrammatic wit.

These reasons show why The Boston *Evening News* is seen more and more in and about Boston.

W. C. T. U.

A large delegation from the Woburn W. C. T. U. attended the Annual Convention of the Middlesex County W. C. T. U., held at Reading, Sept. 23, 1903.

Although the Woburn Union is a small one, yet the work accomplished compared very favorably with that of other Unions, especially in the department for sailors and soldiers.

Among other good things we had the pleasure of listening to Mr. J. B. Lewis, Jr., Chairman Mass. Prohibition Committee; and to that indefatigable worker in every good cause, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. In her speech she touched upon the evil of cigarette smoking, and also said the law prohibiting the sale to minors was constantly being broken.

Those who have never thought of this Temperance work would have been surprised in listening to "Echoes from the World's Convention," to hear how this movement extends all over the world.

The subject of Scientific Temperance Instruction in schools, is one which we hope interests the people of Woburn. We are sure our new Superintendent will take this matter under consideration.

Our Union would like to establish a Loyal Legion in connection with the work this winter, for we believe much good may be done by instructing the young and interesting them in this work.

C. M. WARREN.

Methodist Church Notes.

The Men's Club has organized a male chorus of 25 voices and has secured the services of Prof. W. W. Adams of Boston for the coming season. This chorus will lead the singing in the Sunday evening services.

Prof. Delbert G. Lean of Milwaukee, Wis., was the guest of N. E. Richardson over Sunday. Mr. Lean is taking special work in Emerson College of Oratory. He is second best lawn tennis player in Wisconsin.

The reception given by the E. L. to the Theological students in Boston University was a brilliant success. The following program was rendered:

Piano Duet,	Misses Long
Vocal Solo,	Mrs. E. Dickinson
Select Reading,	H. C. Leavenworth
Piano Solo,	Miss Delano
Vocal Duet,	Miss Jessie Rollins Miss Eva Langill
Reading,	Mr. Leavenworth
Piano Duet,	Misses Long

— Apply to C. E. Cooper, 415 Main street, for Insurance.—4.

WARRANTED WILL NOT GORDON DYE CROCK STAINLESS

Under ordinary circumstances almost everybody wears

HOSIERY

Our story is simply to supply the demand for these necessary articles of dress.

School Hose for Children.

Fine Lisle and Cotton for Women.
Full size and good wearing qualities for Men.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Pork AND **Lard Are Cheaper**

Best Pure Lard,	10c per lb.
Pork,	10c " "
Peanut Butter,	15c " "
Queen Olives,	35c per qt.

We are headquarters for

Kennedy's Biscuits.

Call and see the great variety we keep.

DO YOU USE SALADA TEA?

☞ We sell it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Elmore A. Pierce and Caroline A. Pierce, his wife, in her own right, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Maria L. Thompson, of said Woburn, dated May 25, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2467, Page 23, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

MONDAY, the nineteenth day of October, A. D., 1903,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on the east side of Bow street, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises at a stake on said Bow street, at land of Jacob M. Ellis; from thence the line runs southerly by and with said street, forty-eight and nine-tenths (48 9) feet to other land of said Ellis, or formerly of Maggie Down; thence turning nearly at right angle, the line runs easterly on and by other land of Ellis, formerly Downs, two hundred four and five-tenths (204 5) feet to a stake at a corner; thence northerly, still by land of said Ellis, forty-eight and nine-tenths (48.9) feet to a stake at land of said Ellis; thence westerly, still by land of said Ellis, two hundred four and five-tenths (204 5) feet to the point of beginning, containing about ten thousand (10,000) square feet.

Two hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale. And the sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes.

JOHN W. JOHNSON, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, Sept. 25, 1903.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of John O'Donnell, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and one codicil—of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Edward F. Johnson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirteenth day of October, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Gilman F. Jones, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and codicil—of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by Sarah S. Jones, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell in said County of Middlesex, on the twentieth day of October, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

NOTICE

is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Eleanor S. Stubbs, late of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ANNIE L. FOSTER, Admx.,
71 Rutland Street, Boston.
July 28th, 1903.

To Let.

One half of a double house on Court street. Inquire of MRS. PHINNEY,
29 Warren Avenue.

To Let.

Tenement of six rooms at 37 Salem street, $11.00 per month.
E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount street.

TO LET.

No. 635 Main street, next to Mr. S. F. Trull's residence, near Mishawum Road, contains 10 rooms, bath, furnace, and 2 acres of land. Rent reasonable. Enquire of C. E. COOPER & CO.,
Mechanics Building.

The Oriental Opera

EGYPTA

LYCEUM HALL,

Monday, Tuesday Evenings
Wednesday Matinee
OCT. 5, 6, 7.

The wondrous story of the Nile.
Several hundred local singers will participate.
Brilliant Soloists. Superb Chorus.
Bewildering Drills. Oriental Costumes.

NOTE.—The magnificent special scenery was painted especially for Egypta by the leading scenic artists of New York City. Many famous historical localities are depicted. The electric effects are of surpassing grandeur.

Night Prices 25, 50, 75, $1.00
Matinee 25 and 50

Reserved Sale opens Thursday morning Oct. 1st, at F. P. Brooks's Drugstore, Main street.

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE

Registrars of Voters

will be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common St., on the evenings of

Saturday, Oct. 10, Monday, Oct. 12, Tuesday, Oct. 13, at 7 o'clock P. M. and Wednesday, Oct. 14, from 12 M. to 10 P. M.

for the PURPOSE OF REGISTERING all persons legally qualified to vote in State Election and for correcting the List of Voters.

Registration for the State Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of Oct. 14th.

☞ All naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
FRED F. LOWELL,
CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters
Woburn, Sept. 29, 1903

Egypta Singers
should use our new
White Seal
COUGH and THROAT
LOZENGES.

They clear and sweeten the voice.

10 CENTS

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

Peppermints.

HOME-MADE
ALWAYS GOOD

CRAWFORD'S
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

To Let.

House on Frances street, eight rooms and storage attic. Bathroom, hot and cold water; cemented cellar with laundry. Economical heater; sunny, pleasant outlook. Apply to C A. BURDETT, Mishawum Road, cor. Main street.

To Let.

House of 9 rooms in good order, No. 7 Wyer's Court.
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Shaw house To Let, next to Methodist Church. All modern conveniences. Rent low. Will be made into two flats if desired.
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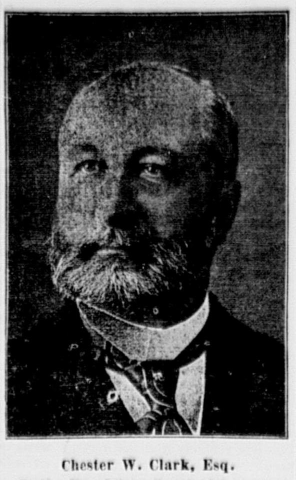

Chester W. Clark, Esq.

At the Republican Senatorial convention held at Ayer on Wednesday, Sept. 30, Chester W. Clark, Esq., of Wilmington received the nomination for State Senator by a vote of 28 against 22 for other candidates.

The JOURNAL heartily congratulates Lawyer Clark on his successful campaign. His election is an assured fact.

Turn on the Light.

EDITOR JOURNAL—Your article in last week's JOURNAL on the waste of money by the Highway Department of the city has awakened no little interest and has provoked some discussion among the tax-payers whose eyes are being slowly opened to the fact that they are being "held up" and robbed on the average of more than $10,000 annually by unworthy or incompetent officials or agents of the city.

From no small experience in handling men on public works it is my deliberate judgement that since "honest" John Regan was discharged from the highways because he was honest and would suffer no man to serve under him who could not, or would not, do a full day's work for a full day's pay, more than $200,000. have been squandered and wasted on our highways. Consider for a moment the vastness of that sum of money, taken from men of business, from widows, and from the many owners of little homes where even a single dollar means much in their little families! Think, too, of the streets we would now have and the little cost to keep them in order it that great sum of money had been honestly and judiciously expended! Why, every street in the city could have been macadamized and Main street paved with granite blocks from Salem street to the Winchester line!

I do not say that one city government has been worse or better in this regard than another. Indeed, I have observed little or no difference from the Johnson and the Thompson administrations to the Davis and the Feeney. I remember of remonstrating with the late G. F. Jones, who was Superintendent of Streets in the first Johnson administration, for employing men on the highways at full pay to whom he would not give twenty-five cents a day to work for himself. "What can I do?" he replied. "They are sent to me by the Highway Committee and I can't refuse them." He told me that there were some among them who were a positive detriment to the work—in the way of others who could work—and that he had to caution the teamsters to use care when driving among them lest the clumsy old fellows who were too feeble to care for themselves be injured and the city have a bill of damages to pay. And he gave me the name of one old man who, when the day's work was done, had to be carted to his home on Salem street.

As I was walking up Winn street one morning during the last summer I stopped at the gravel pit near Kilby street. I counted eighteen men there and four on the street spreading gravel that was sent out to them from the eighteen men by one horse and cart. I passed on from there and returned in about half an hour and found no change in the conditions. I saw no other horses or carts about there. There had been no fire-alarm that morning. Among the crew in the pit I saw several very old men, one of whom was discharged from similar work twenty-five years ago this month because he was then too old and feeble to do a full days work!

With such conditions prevailing is it any wonder that so many miles of our highways are in a deplorable condition—some actually dangerous—and that the Board of Public Works is calling for more money to waste? An editorial writer in a recent Boston daily said, "the fear of publicity is purgatory," and that "publicity is actually sulphurous." I fancy that in case of some of our city officials in order to induce the former a liberal dose of the latter is important and necessary, and for this reason I have thrown out a few specific rays to mingle with the general light of your excellent editorial. More anon.

H. C. HALL.

"Egypta."

Our old-time musicians assert that seldom has such widespread interest been manifested in any local production as is now being displayed at the rehearsals for "Egypta." Night after night the adult singers assemble in Sons of Veterans Hall for practice. The tuneful nature of the music, the brilliant choruses and melodious solo numbers, appeal to not only the cultivated musician but also to those who especially admire bright, "catchy" airs and inspiring tunes. Nor are the hours of evening sufficient for all rehearsals. The hours of the day are divided up among different groups of "Angels," "Shepherdesses," "Hebrew Maidens," "Egyptian Maidens," "Dancing Girls," "Soldiers" etc. After school each day assembles that really remarkable chorus of over 200 little girls. There is something peculiarly pleasing in the clear, fresh voices of children and as their songs of triumphant joy ring out the effect is at times fairly electrifying.

The scenes of "Egypta" are laid in the land of Egypt during the reign of Rameses, the Great, who lived and ruled some three thousand years ago. This was the most glorious epoch of all Egyptian history and gives scope for elaborate stage settings and bright color effects in the costuming. Each one of the many scenes is fully provided with special stage settings, all of which were painted by the leading scenic artists of New York City. Among interesting localities displayed are the banks of the Nile with its pyramids and sphinx; the Garden of Pharaoh's Daughter; the harvest field with laden camels and oxen; the city of Thebes where is held the splendid court of Pharaoh; the gloomy, rock hewn catacombs, and many others of equal interest. The whole city has awakened to the magnitude of this production. This is shown by the fact that over 100 representative citizens have given the use of their names as "Patrons" for the opening performance next Monday night, Oct. 5. All will be in the audience that evening, many of them accompanied by parties of friends.

The souvenir programs will contain the names of nearly 400 active participants. There are over 150 adult singers, over 200 young girls in the children's chorus, and almost 100 in the drills, marches and dances. The following is the solo cast:

Pharaoh,	M. H. Cotton
The Prince,	Harold Childs
Moses—the babe,	Baby Bell
Moses—the boy,	Harry Dockham
Moses—the prophet,	George S. Cutler
Aaron,	George N. Parker
Amram,	Waldo P. Cutler
Jethro,	Frederic Clemson
Herald,	John Lynch
Egyptian Overseer,	Frank N. Cotton
Pharaoh's Daughter,	Laura Comstock
Mother of Moses,	Lucy A. Woodside
Miriam—Act I,	Helen Sylvester
Miriam—Acts III & IV,	Flora Rich
Zipporah,	Bessie Luce
Messenger Angel	Mabel E. Cotton

The opera will begin at 8 o'clock, Monday and Tuesday nights. The matinee on Wednesday will begin at 4 o'clock to accommodate school children.

WANTED—A TRUSTWORTHY GENTLEMAN or lady in each county to manage business for an old established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly salary of $18.00 paid by check each Monday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Enclose addressed envelope. Manager, 360 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

Burlington.

Mr. W. A. Andrews, formerly of the Ervin Hatch farm at Button End, Stoneham, has rented the William Carter place in this town, and recently bought the Richardson Winchester milk route and business, which he will carry on. It is his intention to supply customers with pure, unadulterated milk, and if he does so he will sweep the board and monopolize the milk trade.

A majority of our citizens are fully alive to the best interests of the town and ever ready to promote them. They know that Burlington is all right and only needs better facilities of communication with the rest of the world to convert it into one of the most desirable residential towns in Middlesex county. Fixed in that idea our progressive people are not slow to adopt measures to accomplish that desirable end. A case in point was the petition of a Company for a franchise to build a street railroad from Billerica to Arlington Heights through a section of Burlington. The Selectmen did not grant the petition, but at a Town Meeting held last week a large majority voted in favor of granting the franchise, and so instructed the Selectmen. This they will do, and when the road is built our town will have another good outlet into Boston and places round about. The next 10 years will develop a great change in the condition of Burlington.

WINCHESTER.

The Republican caucuses were harmonious and quite well attended.

The 4 o'clock Bible Class of the Y. M. C. A. will resume work on next Sunday, Oct. 4.

Work on the new schoolhouse is progressing finely, and an elegant building it is bound to be.

There are in our public schools 1624 scholars and 46 teachers. The High School harbors 204 scholars and 8 teachers. These make quite a population of themselves.

Some of our good people hoped that the venerable Samuel W. Twombly would have been elected to the Legislature again this year. I do not know that he would accept another term.

There are hardly enough Democrats in this town to be numbered among the "scattering," and there is a woful lack of interest and harmony in their ranks. Only a few attended the Democratic caucuses last week, and they didn't seem to care whether the school kept or not.

The *Star* scouts the idea that a plot is brewing to "turn down" Brother Johnson and retire him permanently to the Town Clerk's office, where his voice will not be so often heard in criticisms of almost everything. The *Star* has always been a staunch supporter of our loquacious Brother J.

Caution!

This is not a gentle word—but when you think how liable you are not to purchase the only remedy universally known and a remedy that has had the largest sale of any medicine in the world since 1868 for the cure and treatment of Consumption and Throat and Lung troubles without losing its great popularity all these years, you will be thankful we called your attention to Boschee's German Syrup. There are so many ordinary cough remedies made by druggists and others that are cheap and good for light colds perhaps, but for severe Coughs, Bronchitis, Croup—and especially for Consumption, where there is difficult expectoration and coughing during the nights and mornings, there is nothing like German Syrup. The 25 cent size has just been introduced this year. Regular size 75 cents. At A. W. Whitcher's Druggist.

— C. E. Cooper, 415 Main street, is giving much attention to Insurance. —4.

STEVENSON.

So Limp He Looked as Though Just Fished From the Sea.

He was tall, thin, spare—indeed, he struck me as almost fantastically spare. I remember thinking that the station draft caught him like a torn leaf flowing at the end of a branch. His clothes hung about him as the clothes of a convalescent who has lost bulk and weight after long fever. He had on a jacket of brown velveteen—I cannot swear to the color, but that detail always comes back in the recalled picture—a flannel shirt, with a loose necktie bundled into a sailor's knot, somewhat fantastical trousers, though no doubt this effect was due in part to their limp amplitude about what seemed rather the thin green poles familiar in dahlia pots than the legs of a human creature. He wore a straw hat that in its rear rim suggested forgetfulness on the part of its wearer, who had apparently, in sleep or heedlessness, treated it as a cloth cap. These, however, were details in themselves trivial and were not consciously noted till later. The long, narrow face, then almost sallow, with somewhat long, loose hair, that draggled from beneath the yellow straw hat well over the ears, along the dusky hollows of temple and cheek, was what immediately attracted attention. But the extraordinariness of the impression was of a man who had just been rescued from the sea or a river. Except for the fact that his clothes did not drip, that the long black locks hung limp, but not moist, and that the short velveteen jacket was disreputable, but not damp, this impression of a man just come or taken from the water was overwhelming.—William Sharp in Pall Mall Magazine.

Thackeray's Mustache.

In a note on Samuel Laurence's portrait of Thackeray—that representing the novelist's face in full—the Illustrated London News of Oct. 13, 1855, says:

"It is not, we must confess, altogether true to his present appearance, for it wants a recent and becoming addition to the upper lip in the shape of a black mustache that contrasts most admirably with a head of silver gray, but it is like the man and will be welcome to his many admirers."

The reference here to the mustache is interesting for the reason that every portrait of Thackeray, with one exception, represents him with a clean shaven upper lip, the exception being Maclise's pencil drawing of the famous "Titmarsh," which, however, belongs to a much earlier date—viz, about 1840—and in which there is just a suspicion of a mustache. Presumably the hirsute appendage of 1855 was merely a passing fancy, which the razor speedily disposed of.—Notes and Queries.

THE TOWER OF SILENCE.

Bombay's Grewsome Cemetery and Its Well Fed Vultures.

The Tower of Silence on top of Malabar hill is the prettiest spot in Bombay. There is a circle of concrete walls twenty-five feet high. Inside this wall, six feet from the top, is an inclined floor of concrete, divided into three circles and surrounding a pit. The outer circle is widest and is for the men; the second circle is a little narrower and is for the women; the inner circle, surrounding the pit, is narrowest of the three and is for the children. The center pit is deep and filled in the bottom with sand and charcoal. There are five of these. When a Parsee dies he is laid in one of these. No one ever sees the inside but those who bear the bodies in, and they do not look around, but walk right out. Overhead and perched on the tops of the walls are many vultures. When a body is borne in these vultures swoop down, and in two hours they have eaten it clean. Then the bones are swept into the pit, and the rain washes the circles clean, and the bones in the pit crumble to dust, and the water drains off through the sand and charcoal into the earth. The vultures sometimes become so large and heavy they can hardly fly. They allow no other birds near the place. That is how the Parsees dispose of their dead.

Lying on the Right Side.

When a patient complains of a bad taste in his mouth every morning on waking up, says a physician, the first question I ask him is as to the position he assumes when going to sleep. An immense number of people sleep on the left side, and this is the most common cause of the unpleasant taste which is generally attributed to dyspepsia. If a meal had been taken within two or three hours of going to bed, to sleep on the left side is to give the stomach a task which it is difficult in the extreme to perform. The student of anatomy knows that all food enters and leaves the stomach on the right side, and hence sleeping on the left side soon after eating involves a sort of pumping operation which is anything but conducive to sound repose. The action of the heart is also interfered with considerably, and the lungs are unduly compressed. It is probable that lying on the back is the most natural position, but few men can rest easily so, and hence it is best to cultivate the habit of sleeping on the right side. It is very largely a matter of habit, and the sooner it is acquired the better.

Camel Carriages.

Camel carriages are not common conveyances in most parts of India, but on the great trunk road leading to Delhi they are frequently to be seen. They are large, double story wagons, drawn sometimes by one, sometimes by two or even three camels, according to their size. Iron bars which give them a cagelike appearance were originally intended as a defense against robbers, and the carts were probably also used for the conveyance of prisoners. "The most picturesque 'property' of the Punjab government," says John Lockwood Dipling, "is a huge char-a-banc to which is harnessed a team of four or six fine camels with leopard skin housings and gayly attired riders." Neither camel nor bullock carts commend themselves much to the western traveler, but in out of the way places the latter are often found very useful.

Took Him at His Word.

In the year of 1083 the forces of King Alfonso VI. attacked the Moors and drove them out of Madrid. In this connection there is a legend that the Segovians, who were allies of Alfonso, had been checked by the snows in the mountain passes of Fuenfria and were therefore late in overtaking the main body of the army, which had sat down before Madrid. "Sire," they inquired of the king, "where shall we camp?" "Inside the city," returned Alfonso, with a sneer, being angry with them because of their tardiness. They took the king at his word, carried the walls and the next morning the banner of Segovia was floating from a turret of the gate of Guadalajara.

Tact.

"Laura," said Mr. Ferguson, "this is Mr. Klippinger of Harkinsville," the town where I used to live. He's the editor of the Echo. I was telling him we had the files of his paper for the last ten years. I'll show them to you, Mr. Klippinger. They're"—

"Why, George," interrupted Mrs. Ferguson, with a mechanical sort of smile, "I ought to have told you, but—but they're under the dining room carpet."—Chicago Tribune.

She Recognized Him.

Two little girls were playing in front of a city dwelling when a strange man went by.

"That man is an undertaker," said one of the little girls.

"How do you know?" asked her companion.

"Oh, because he is the man who undertook my grandmother."—Lippincott's.

Just His Luck.

"I long to go about doing good," said Mrs. Henpeck.

"Don't hang back on my account," replied Mr. Henpeck wearily. "I know a woman who will come to take care of the children for her board and clothes."

Then she flared up and wouldn't go.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Pleasures.

"Pleasures," said Uncle Eben, "is a good deal like mushrooms. De right kind is fine, but you has to be on de lookout foh toadstools."—Washington Star.

Everything is possible, but without labor and failure nothing is achieved.

She Was There.

"Mamma," said little Frances, "I dreamed of you last night. We were all sitting in the parlor, and you began to scold me."

"What did I say, Frances?" asked mamma.

"Why, you ought to know, mamma," replied Frances, with some astonishment. "You were there."—Judge.

Precocious In Spots.

Bobby—Do I have to go to school, mother?

Mother—Of course, Bobby.

Bobby—Why, mother, I heard you tell father last night that I knew entirely too much.—Detroit Free Press.

Figures It Out.

Jolk—When may a knothole be said to be not whole?

Polk—What are you talking about?

Jolk—The answer is: When only a part of the knot is not.—Philadelphia Press.

In the hands of many wealth is like a harp in the hoofs of an ass.—Martin Luther.

BOOK COVERS.

All of the Cloth For Them Is Made From Cotton Fabric.

All of the cloth used in the binding of books is made from cotton fabric, yet one would not say so on seeing the finished product. Some of it looks exactly like coarse linen. Other styles have an appearance of the finest kind of silk, while others have various sorts of finishes that look like leatheret, canvas, watered silk and a thousand different designs.

When the cloth comes from the mills it is treated in various ways to prepare it for the dyeing process, which is the most important. Different kinds of sizing are used in the different grades, and after this is done it is ready for the color machines.

These are really the same sort of machines that calico is made on. They are built of great steel rolls or cams that are heated to a high temperature by means of live steam passing through them constantly. The cloth passes through boxes filled with the aniline color that the cloth is expected to be colored with. This is mixed with a starch paste and is spread evenly all through the cloth.

The latter then continues through the steam heated cams and is finally rolled up at the back of the machine in a heavy roll of the desired color. The different finishes are given in a second process. The cloth is passed through very heavy and massive steel rolls which have been engraved with the design that is wanted. Fine lines running diagonally across the cloth will give a silk effect, and there are many other impressions that may be stamped on in this way.—Springfield Union.

Naval Encouragement.

Admiral Watson always prohibited swearing on the vessel where he happened to be, and if any luckless officer enforced an order from the bridge with an oath he was called upon for a private interview with his superior. But another matter in his squadron troubled the admiral. His was the flagship, and yet her men were sometimes the last to finish the execution of a command to carry out a maneuver. One day when the seamen were behind in getting down from the rigging he called a captain to him.

"Why is it," he asked, "that here on the flagship, where we ought to be the quickest, the men are behind the other ships?"

While the officer was seeking for an inoffensive reply a volley of oaths came floating across the water from the captain of the nearest ship.

"Well, you see, admiral, our men don't get the right kind of encouragement, sir."—Exchange.

Ireland's Wonderful Linen.

Whether or not Ireland is the finest country in the world for growing flax, it is beyond dispute the finest in the world for bleaching linen, an operation which requires from six to eight weeks, according to the nature and weight of the fabric. Nowhere else can the snow white finished fabric be turned out to rival the Irish bleach. France, Belgium, Germany and the United States have all entered into competition and retired unsuccessful. The quality of the water, the climate and the inherited experience of the Irish bleachers must all contribute to the result, which has had abundant practical demonstration that Ireland now occupies and has always occupied the first place in the whole world for bleaching and finishing linen.

His Maternal Grandma.

A devoted father after a day's absence was met by his two little sons.

"Have you been good boys?"

Silence.

"Have you been good boys?"

"No, papa; I called grandma a bad word," said five-year-old, turning scarlet.

"Is it possible? What did you call your grandma?"

"I called her a human being."

The father, with mighty effort, maintained his gravity and closed the scene decorously. "I must forgive you for once, but remember if you ever call your grandmother a human being again I shall have to spank you."—Boston Budget.

Did as He Promised.

During the civil war there was one conscription fakir who made thousands of dollars before the authorities restrained him. This rascal would send letters broadcast, wherein he said he would communicate for $2 a sure means of escaping the conscription. Letters inclosing two dollar notes poured in on him, and in reply to each letter he would send a printed slip reading, "Join the nearest volunteer regiment."

Birds Flee Disease.

Professor Mascart has reported to the Paris Academy of Sciences that his observations proved the truth of the statement made by ancient writers that birds flee from cities and countries that are threatened with pestilence. He has found that birds that live in large cities, particularly sparrows and swallows, fly away when serious epidemics begin.

Class Amusements.

"Don't you think the amusements of many society people are very nonsensical?"

"Sometimes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but not as nonsensical as the amusements of those people who amuse themselves by imagining how society people amuse themselves."—Washington Star.

The Idler.

An idle man never encourages good citizenship or progress or peace or decency. Idle men hanging around a town are always a pest. Mischief is always easy to stir up, and every useful, progressive man finds his efforts handicapped by loafers.—Atchison Globe.

Characteristic to the Last.

Squibbs—Crœsus, the miser, was drowned last evening.

Hibbs—How did it happen?

Squibbs—He fell from a steamboat. I reached down and asked him to give me his hand. He said he had nothing to give and sank.

A Fiery Manager.

"I didn't see Ranter play Hamlet, but I understand that he threw a great deal of fire into the part."

"I don't know about that, but the manager did. Ranter is back in vaudeville."—Toledo News-Bee.

A Magnate.

"Is he very rich?"

"Rich? Why, he's so rich he daren't look twice at a girl for fear she'll bring a breach of promise suit."—Philadelphia Ledger.

When you dance don't avoid the fiddler next day, hoping he will forget to present his bill. The fiddler never forgets.—Atchison Globe.

A Diamond Ring

is an ornament always in style, which will never wear out. A good diamond is the best insurance a man can get. Lovers of jewelry, and lovers of all kinds, especially the latter, should see our assortment of the rings.

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OSBORN
GILLETTE.

Feminine Deceit.

Did you ever take note of the extraordinary efforts girls make at an exclusive girls' party to pretend that they are having as good a time as they would if the boys were present? The dear things know they are acting very deceitful in their affectation of joy, when each of them is all the time secretly wishing she had only invited the boys.—Leaf River (Ill.) Mirror.

Not an Authority.

"You don't pronounce that word right," said the stranger, who was doing his first fishing in a northern Wisconsin lake. "Webster calls it 'muskellunge.'"

"I never heerd of Webster," fiercely retorted the old guide, "but I'm willin' to bet he never ketched a musky in his life."—Chicago Tribune.

Her Mournful Jest.

"So you decided to try light housekeeping?"

"Yes," said young Mrs. Torkins; "but after we had two or three gas bills we wished we could try dark housekeeping."—Exchange.

Big Difference.

"What is the difference between a violinist and a fiddler?"

"The difference," answered the concert manager, "is enormous; anywhere from $500 to $5,000 a week."—Washington Star.

Poverty is very good in maxims and in sermons, but it is very bad in practical life.—Bucher.

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THEIR AUTO ELOPEMENT

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

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"We can't do a blessed thing," cried Daisy hopelessly. "Something broke when that last bump came, and we may be here in the road for hours before help comes, and I expect to see papa whiz around the corner any minute. It's dreadful."

"Don't cry, sweetheart," said Ralph.

"You'll make your nose red, Daisy," added Mrs. Lambert merrily, "and then what a moist, forlorn little bride you'll be. Stop petting her, Ralph, and talk sense. Can't you fix it?"

Carewe shook his head despairingly.

They were on the New York and Boston pike. Here and there an apple tree lay in the sunlight like a great pink and white puffball. The grassy footpath along the pike was splashed with bright gold where dandelions and buttercups elbowed each other, and through the bars of a pasture on the right a couple of red and white calves were watching them with lazy interest. Mrs. Lambert drew in a deep breath of appreciation.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said. "Daisy, sit up and look at your wedding day. I see a little white spire over the top of those hazel bushes, Ralph."

Carewe climbed to the top of the stone wall for a survey.

"By Jove, Aunt Ruth, you're right!" he called gayly. "Come on, sweetheart."

Daisy flushed rosily as the eager, boyish arms lifted her to the ground, and she cast a half frightened glance down the smooth, dusty road. Any minute at all the judge might come. He was sure to follow, and they were only a few miles from home.

Mrs. Lambert was looking at her green and gold chatelaine watch.

"You ought to be back here in half an hour," she said, her blue eyes as full of excitement and happiness as Daisy's. "I'm not a bit afraid to stay here and face the judge. You two children run for the white spire, and heaven bless you both."

"Aunt Ruth, did any one ever tell you you were an angel?" exclaimed Ralph, giving her hand a clasp that parted the seams of her neat tan gloves.

"Several," laughed Mrs. Lambert, "but all selfishly. One is never an angel until one is a guardian angel. An impersonal angel is not recognized, I have found. If you should happen to run across a village blacksmith and can think of earthly things you might tell him there is work for him on the pike."

She sank back among the cushions of the auto with a sigh of sheer content and watched them run cross lots hand in hand, trampling the dandelions and buttercups. They were such precious children, and it was the first elopement she had ever shared! As for the judge? She leaned back her head and looked up at the blue sky through half closed eyes and smiled. The judge really did not matter in the least.

They had been neighbors for twenty years, the Nortons and Carewes, and it was at Mrs. Lambert's that the judge's only daughter had met and loved her nephew, Ralph. He was a good boy, and there was no reason why he should not woo and win Daisy. But the judge had thought differently, and Ruth Lambert, sitting alone in the sunshine and fragrance of the Maytime, wondered whether any old preying bitterness over his own defeat twenty years before had influenced the judge against Ralph's suit.

It had been the same story. Jack Norton had wooed her against her father's wishes. He was a student then, with only his name and grit to win his way, and she had not known how much she cared until he had gone out of her life. If he had been brave and dared all like Ralph—

She sighed and roused herself from the day dream. Down the road a light cloud of dust appeared, and Mrs. Lambert sat erect when she saw it. Before she could more than settle herself back comfortably among the cushions the other auto was abreast of her, and she heard the judge give a sharp order to the chauffeur to halt. He was frowning and warm as he bent toward her and raised his cap.

"How do you do, Mrs. Lambert?"

"Very well, thank you." Mrs. Lambert smiled at him graciously.

"You have had an accident?"

"Just a slight one, I believe. I have sent for help."

"Ah!" The judge's tone was all comprehensive. "Carter, get down and see what's the trouble."

The chauffeur obeyed.

"Water run out, sir," he said briefly. "Got a little strain also. Some one running it who wasn't experienced."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the judge grimly. "Go hunt some water somewhere."

When the man was out of hearing he turned to Mrs. Lambert, and there was war in his glance.

"Perhaps you will kindly tell me where my daughter is, Mrs. Lambert?"

Mrs. Lambert pointed one dainty, gloved hand in the direction of the white spire.

"Right over there, judge," she said sweetly. "And Ralph is with her. They have gone to be married."

There was a dead silence except for the clear, sweet song of a bluebird hidden somewhere among the blossoms. Mrs. Lambert stole a look at the judge. He was staring down the narrow vista of the pike. There was the same clear cut, purposeful profile and thick wavy hair that had belonged to Jack Norton. The years had only added silver to the hair and strength to the profile. He turned his head, and their eyes met. Some electric spark of thought affinity, long dead, seemed to flash to life. The color slowly rose in Mrs. Lambert's cheek. The judge's voice was almost gentle when he spoke at last.

"Is it quite fair to me? She is all I have, Ruth."

"But she loves him so." Mrs. Lambert leaned forward eagerly, with tender, pleading eyes. "Ralph is a good boy. You don't know how they love each other."

The judge's mouth relaxed. Mrs. Lambert was a charming counsel for the defense.

"You aided and abetted them, Ruth."

"All the time," confessed Mrs. Lambert happily. Her voice was lower as she added hesitatingly, "It did not seem right that they should suffer through any animosity which you bear to me."

The judge was already standing in the road beside her, and in his eyes was the earnestness that had been in Jack Norton's.

"I know what you mean," he said. "But it is not that. There is no bitterness, Ruth; only"—he paused and took courage from the bluebird—"only regret for me. Daisy is a child"—

"She is eighteen," said Mrs. Lambert.

"And I thought the boy a trifle overbold and precipitate."

"It is a good quality."

The judge looked up with a sudden thought.

"Perhaps if I had possessed a little of those qualities years ago I might have met with his success."

She smiled down at him through eyes that sparkled with tears.

"Perhaps you might have, Jack."

A figure appeared on the hillside. It was the chauffeur with water. The judge laid his hand firmly over the one in the tan glove that was nearest to him.

"Am I too late, Ruth?" he said gently. "May we not seek the white spire yet?"

When Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Carewe came cross lots they found the chauffeur alone.

"Where is papa?" asked Daisy. And there was no fear in her voice, only joy and pride and new fledged dignity.

"Mrs. Lambert and he have gone on down the pike together," said the chauffeur. "They left word to you to take this auto and go where you pleased, but not to follow them."

The bridal pair looked in each other's eyes and smiled.

"Let's go home," said Daisy.

And when the judge and his wife came by an hour later only the crushed flowers and scattered dust bore witness to what had been, but among the blossoms somewhere the bluebird was still stinging to its brooding mate.

How We Locate a Sound.

The detection of the direction of a sound by the sense of hearing is, like the rapid focusing of the eye on objects at different distances, one of those instinctive operations which are continually done without any conscious method.

Sound waves traverse the air as ripples stir the water, and the ear, by experience, acquires some slight power of detecting the direction in one case, as the eye does with far greater accuracy in the other. Usually we unconsciously receive assistance from other senses as well. Often we fail to locate at once some hidden source of sound, such as a singing bird, and then our instinctive ingenuity displays itself.

The intensity of sound is, of course, by no means so great behind a screen as in front of it, and every one carries with him the screen of his own head, which may prevent a particular sound from being heard so well by one ear as by the other. If, then, the head is turned until this inequality disappears, and both ears hear equally well, we know that we must be directly facing or turned from the source of sound, and our previous rough idea of its whereabouts generally prompts us to face it.

When Linen Is Translucent.

The whiteness and opacity of dry linen, as of writing paper, are due mainly to the fact of repeated reflexions at the surface, so that the light is wasted in these reverberations before it can reach to any depth.

The body of linen is a network of transparent fibers not in optical contact, which intercept the light by repeatedly reflexing it. Now, if the interstices of these fibers are filled by a body of the same refractive index as the fibers themselves the reflexion of the surface is destroyed and the linen is rendered more transparent. Water does this; hence linen when wet is darker, but more translucent, just as is the oiled paper used for tracings by architects and engineers.

The same holds good with ordinary glass and ground glass, the repeated reflexions of the latter making it far less transparent. To a similar cause are due the whiteness and opacity of snow, of salt and of pulverized glass.

The Logical Waitress.

At a London restaurant the other day a middle aged woman entered the place and, taking a seat at one of the tables, carefully scrutinized the bill of fare. She concluded to try some ice cream pudding. After it had been served she looked it over carefully and, calling the waitress back, said:

"Do you call this ice cream pudding?"

"Yessum, and it's very nice too."

"But where is the ice cream?"

"Oh, that's only the name given that peculiar make of pudding. We are making a specialty of it. I'm sure you'll like it when you taste it."

"It seems to me that you ought to give ice cream with it as long as you say it is ice cream pudding."

"We don't give cottages with cottage pudding," quickly replied the witty waitress. This retort convinced the middle aged woman, and she ordered a second plate.—London Telegraph.

Whistler and His Model.

James MacNeill Whistler once owed a female model $5 for sittings. She was a Philistine of the Philistines, who knew nothing of her patron's fame and was in no way impressed with his work. One day she told another artist that she had been sitting to a little Frenchman called Whistler, who jumped about his studio and was always complaining that people were swindling him and that he was making very little money. The artist suggested that if she could get any piece of painting out of Whistler's studio he would give her $50 for it. Although skeptical, the model decided to tell her "little Frenchman" of this too generous offer and selected one of the biggest and finest works in the studio. "What did he say?" asked the artist who had made the offer when the model appeared in a state of great excitement and looking almost as if she had come second best out of a scrimmage. "He said: 'Fifty dollars! Good heavens! Fifty dollars!' And he got so mad—well, that's how I came in here like this."

Henley's Sufferings.

In fifty-four years of his life—he was born in 1849—W. E. Henley never knew what a day's perfect health meant. When little more than a boy he was attacked by a disease which necessitated the amputation of one foot. He was told later by the doctors that the sacrifice of the other leg was necessary were he to live. The fame of Dr. Lister had reached Henley, and, penniless and almost friendless, he determined to try Edinburgh infirmary. Thither he traveled third class in physical suffering such as few have known, and when he reached the infirmary his whole possessions amounted to a few shillings. His confidence in Lister was justified and his leg was saved. He was and remained a cripple, but neither hopeless nor helpless. His astounding nimbleness under these conditions suggested to Robert Louis Stevenson the physical sketch of John Silver.

A woman knows more about dress than a man knows about everything else combined.—Philadelphia Record.

EVARTS' QUAINT HUMOR.

How He Passed a Poet and a Statesman Into the Senate.

During the last days of Oliver Wendell Holmes' life he visited Washington in company with Robert C. Winthrop, and both of the venerable men visited the senate chamber on the occasion of some ceremonies which crowded the galleries with people, so that they were unable to obtain seats. They sent their cards to Mr. Evarts, hoping that he might arrange a place for them, and when he met them in the marble room he explained the difficulty.

"The galleries are crowded, as you know," he said, "and the rules of the senate admit to the floor of the chamber only members of the two houses of congress, members of the cabinet, justices of the supreme court, ex-senators, persons who have received the thanks of congress and private secretaries to senators. I cannot get you admission in any other capacity, but if you will accept highly respectable and remunerative employment as my private secretaries I will find you seats on the floor." Both the poet and the statesman accepted, and Mr. Evarts took them to the door, where he addressed the doorkeeper as follows:

"My dear sir, these two young men are my private secretaries. You will observe that they are both very green and ignorant, but I am trying to have patience with them and overlook their deficiencies. I wish you would take a good look at them so that when they come here again to see me you will know them." And with that he pushed open the swinging doors and motioned Dr. Holmes and Mr. Winthrop to pass in, while the doorkeeper in a bewildered sort of way remarked in an undertone:

"Well, I'll be blanked!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Growth of the Papal Crown.

Originally the headdress of the popes was only a cap, but Clovis, king of the Franks, to show his respect to the church of Rome, sent to the palace of St. John in Lateran a royal crown of gold, which Anastasius, emperor of Constantinople, had presented to him. The Pope Hormisdas placed upon the tiara this crown, which was at that time nothing more than a circle of gold surmounted by leaf work, being much such a coronet as is nowadays borne by marquises in France. The successor of Pope Hormisdas continued to wear the tiara with one crown only up to the time of Boniface VIII., but this pope, having claimed authority over things temporal as well as spiritual, wished to mark this double dominion on the pontifical tiara, on which he placed two crowns instead of one. Ultimately Pope John XXII. added a third crown.—St. James' Gazette.

Mark Twain's Joke on the Bishop.

Bishop Doane of Albany was at one time the rector of an Episcopal church in Hartford, and the services at this church Mark Twain would occasionally attend. Twain one Sunday played a joke upon the rector.

"Dr. Doane," he said at the end of the service, "I enjoyed your sermon this morning. I welcomed it like an old friend. I have, you know, a book at home containing every word of it."

"You have not," said Dr. Doane.

"I have so," said the humorist.

"Well, send that book to me. I'd like to see it."

"I'll send it," Twain replied.

And he sent the next morning an unabridged dictionary to the rector.—Boston Post.

Fish Need Air.

Fishes, like all other animals, need air. If they could not get it they would be suffocated just as you would if you were locked in an air tight trunk. When the sea is frozen for miles, as in the Arctic ocean, the fishes find it very hard to come to the top, and must then "breathe" the air which is dissolved in the water. You have often seen the tiny bubbles which collect on the inside of a glass which has been standing full of water overnight. Well, that is the air which has been dissolved in the water, and after the glass has been tapped, so that all these bubbles come to the top, fishes could not live in that water. In other words, they would drown.

Fasting For Health.

Thousands of years before it was practiced as a religious rite fasting was practiced as a health measure in Egypt, India and China. Contemporary to Cicero was Asclepiades, a Greek physician, who strongly advocated this idea, and 1,000 years after his day Ibn Sina, philosopher and medical sage, argued the virtues of temporary abstinence on the ground that it came easier than constant moderation.

Trimming Sails.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkking, "how do they trim the sails of a yacht?"

"Why—er—they just trim 'em, that's all."

"I know. But what kind of trimming do they use?"—Washington Star.

Your Health.

You young people, don't forget that health is greatly prized in old age. Young people can stand abuses to their health in youth, but terrible interest is collected later on.—Atchison Globe.

Still Harder.

"It's hard to have a lot of debts that you simply can't pay."

"Oh, I don't know. It's worse to have a lot that you simply have to pay."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Milton's Opinion.

Milton was once asked if he intended to instruct his daughter in the different languages. He replied: "No, sir. One tongue is sufficient for a woman."

Imposing.

She (at the review grounds)—What an imposing figure Captain Borrows has!

He—Yes; naturally so.

She—And why naturally, pray?

He—Oh, he's always imposing on his friends.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Called Him Brother.

Harlow—I noticed you called Fred "brother." Does he belong to some secret society that you do?

Shallop—I don't belong to any secret society. I call him brother because my wife once promised to be a sister to him.—Boston Transcript.

Like a Charm.

Customer (angrily)—You said that hair restorer you sold me a couple of weeks ago would work like a charm, and it didn't do any good at all.

Druggist—But, my dear sir, no one in this enlightened age believes in the efficacy of charms.

Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.—Socrates.

Progress of the Poster.

In England, up to 1870, no pictorial effort had appeared that would not have made an artist writhe in agony of spirit. When, in 1871, Frederick Walker designed a poster in black and white, advertising Wilkie Collins' new book, "The Woman In White," so much attention was attracted by it that people began for the first time to grasp the importance of artistic beauty and originality as applied to commercial purposes. Walter Crane followed, advertising the promenade concert in Covent Garden, the French Hippodrome and certain champagnes by a series of colored posters which amazed and delighted the public.

But the real home of the art poster is France and its real creator Cheret. When the rarely effective designs of this artist first appeared the people of Paris snatched them from the billboards or wherever else they startled the eye with their fascinations until the authorities were compelled to call the making off with a Cheret poster a crime.—Mahin's Magazine.

A Story of Lady Beaconsfield.

A story indicating the great affection and intense admiration which Lady Beaconsfield entertained for her husband is told as follows: On a certain day when Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli, had to make an important speech he and his wife drove to the house together. Arrived at their destination, he alighted from the carriage and shut the door with a bang. He stayed some minutes talking to his wife through the carriage window before he bade her farewell and entered the house. It was late at night when he arrived home, but he found his wife waiting for him. He noticed, however, that her left hand was swathed in bandages. On inquiring the cause of this he learned that when he left her he had shut her hand in the carriage door, and, though she suffered terrible pain, she had allowed no trace of it to appear on her face, knowing that if she did her husband would lose that self composure which is necessary to the delivery of a good speech.

Wounds by Rusty Nails.

Every little while we read in the papers that some one has stuck a rusty nail in his foot or hand or other portion of the body and lockjaw resulted therefrom and that the patient died. If every person were aware of a perfect remedy for all such wounds and would apply it then such reports would cease. The remedy is simple, always on hand and can be applied by any one, and, what is better, it is infallible. It is simply to smoke the wound or any bruise or wound that is inflamed with burning woolen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke will take the pain out of the worst case of inflammation arising from such a wound. People may sneer at this remedy as much as they please, but when they are afflicted by such wounds just let them try it.

A Queer Tug of War.

In Burma the inhabitants have a novel form of the sport that elsewhere is commonly called tug of war. In the Burmese game there is a rain party and a drought party, which pull one against the other, the victory of either party being considered to have immediate results as regards the weather. The drought party, however, obtains few victories, for the kind of weather it represents is commonly not so much desired as rain. In the face, therefore, of a strong public opinion the rain party is nearly always allowed to win, the palpable "roping" in the popular notion being generally followed by a fertilizing downpour.

Getting Even.

Some retaliations are too clever to be resented. They seem to be almost a logical part of the circumstances that evoked them.

Dr. Wines, says the Christian Register, was formerly the principal of a boys' school. One day he had occasion to trounce a lad, who naturally resented the punishment.

On the doctor's front door was a plate bearing the one word "Wines." That night a bold and clever hand added three words to the inscription, so that in the morning the doorplate read this way: "Wines and Other Lickers."

The Sincerity of Advice.

Gabber—Are you going to housekeeping?

Benedict—(Answer drowned by passing car.)

Gabber—That's right. Nothing like it. Have your own—

Benedict—I said I wasn't.

Gabber—Oh, well; that's where you're wise. You'll miss, etc.—Baltimore American.

A Shattered Romance.

"I think our teacher of composition is charming, don't you, Emily?"

"Fie, Bertha! That heartless monster? Captivated by his blue eyes the other day, I slipped a little affectionate note in my copy book."

"And what did he do?"

"He gave it me back with all the spelling mistakes corrected in red ink."

Reversing the Order.

Willie—Pa, you don't get chestnuts until after there's a frost, do you?

Pa—Except in the case of a farce comedy, my son. Then the chestnuts come first, and the frost afterward.—Exchange.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
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FOR SALLOW SKIN.
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GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

SINGS ITS DEATH SONG.

A Peculiar Bird Found In the Jungles of South America.

There is a queer bird in the jungles of northern South America which is called the "pauji" by the natives, but is known to science as the galeated curasson. It is chiefly remarkable because it sings its own death song.

It does not really sing, but makes a deep humming noise which sounds very much like the Spanish words "El muerto esta aqui" (the corpse lies here).

"It is while uttering this lugubrious chant," said a South American traveler, "that the 'pauji' usually meets its death, for the hunter can then easily track it to its retreat, and it falls a victim, as the Indians say, to its own death song."

If the "pauji" gets suspicious it immediately ceases humming, and that is a sure indication to the hunter that the bird has seen him or scents danger. In such a case the only thing for the sportsman to do is to remain perfectly still. The bird may become reassured after waiting awhile and again begin to call, "The corpse lies here." It can then be cautiously approached and killed.

If it is only wounded the "pauji" usually escapes, though it cannot fly much better than the ordinary domestic fowl. It is very fleet of foot and will outrun the hunter until it is lost in the dense undergrowth of the jungle.

In the mating season the male "pauji" is the most pugnacious of birds and will fight its own kind whenever it meets them. Often the fight ends in the annihilation of both combatants.

How Japs Play Ken.

In its most widely practiced form the basis of the Japanese game of ken is that the fully outstretched hand signifies paper, the fully closed hand a stone, and two fingers alone extended, the rest being closed, scissors. Each of the players, counting one, two, three, throws out his hand at the moment of pronouncing three, and the one whose manual symbol is superior to that of the others, according to the theory of the game, wins the trial.

Superiority is determined on the hypothesis that whereas scissors cannot cut a stone they can cut paper, and whereas paper is cut by scissors it can wrap up a stone. Consequently scissors is inferior to stone, but conquers paper; stone is inferior to paper, but conquers scissors, and paper is inferior to scissors, but conquers stone. There are innumerable varieties of the game, for it is not a mere method of determining a dispute or priority, and they are constantly added to by ingenious young ladies, the dancing girl class especially, who play it with exquisite grace and judicious enhancement of beautiful hands and arms.—Japan Mail.

Careful of the Thermometer.

In a certain village not very long ago a benevolent doctor offered to give a thermometer to every cottage, carefully explaining its use. Soon after their arrival a district visitor entered one house where the new thermometer hung proudly in the middle of the room dangling at the end of a string. The visitor complimented the owner upon it and inquired if she remembered the instructions.

"Aye, that I do," was the reply. "I 'angs un there and I watches un until 'e gets above 60."

"Quite right, Mrs. ——," said the lady, much pleased that the directions given had taken root. "And what do you do when it gets above 60?"

"Why, then," was the unlooked for answer, "I takes un down from the nail and puts un out in the garden and cools un down a bit!"—London Tit-Bits.

Cloves.

"Cloves," said a physician, "make an excellent and handy remedy for nausea, for the headache due to train rides and for slight attacks of seasickness. I went abroad last year, and on the boat the first day out I began to feel the approaches of seasickness. I took a clove every hour all the rest of the day, and by midnight the attack had left me, and it did not return again. My wife is much given to indigestion, particularly when she eats pastry, but experience has taught her that she may now eat pastry with impunity provided that she swallows a clove now and then for several hours after the meal."

They Hadn't Run, But—

A young couple rushed into the city hall the other day and breathlessly announced that they wished to get married.

The alderman eyed the nervous bridegroom elect and said severely, "I'm afraid this is a runaway match."

"Well, your honor, I can't exactly say we run, but we walked pretty smart," was the prompt reply. — New York News.

Not a Characteristic.

"That was your wife with you at the railway station, wasn't it?"

"What makes you think she was my wife?"

"Well, she gave you such a short answer."

"That wasn't my wife."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No More Money.

Old Lawyer—Why do you feel that your client will lose his case? Have you exhausted every means at your disposal to—

Young Lawyer—No, but I have exhausted all the means at his disposal.—Exchange.

A Living Proof.

Willie Sapphedd—No; I have no bwothers or sistahs. I'm the only child of my pawents.

Miss Oldestile—Dear me, and there are people who will persist in asserting that marriage isn't a failure!

Useful Spiders.

A French savant points out that spiders' webs improve the acoustic properties of a room. He says he knew in England a hall that was ideal for the conveyance of sound. In an evil moment it was decided to clean the ceilings, and all the spiders were dislodged. The hall was ruined as a place for speaking. The savant suggests that cotton strings might be hung loosely across ceilings to improve the sound carrying properties of the room.

About the Limit.

Mr. Slowman (on the occasion of his fiftieth call)—It's funny, Miss Peppers, that I should be so absent minded, but I really can't think what I have come here to see you about.

Miss Peppers—Can't, eh? Well, I can tell you. You have come here to see me about once too often.—Boston Courier.

Thankful For That.

He—Then you regret our engagement, do you?

She—Oh, no; but I am glad it is no worse.—Smart Set.

WHERE OLD HATS GO.

Clerk Tells of Unique Scheme For Making Cigar Money.

"Needn't send that old hat home," said the customer as he placed the newly purchased derby on his head. "It's too shiny around the edges, and it would just take up room in the closet."

The customer walked out of the store and the clerk turned to a friend.

"That means cigar money for me," he said, "and I smoke good cigars at that. In most stores it wouldn't do me very much good, as all the discarded hats are given to the drivers of the delivery wagons. But here the house allows the clerks to have the hats, and as result we make a little extra money. About once a week the bushelman comes around to the store looking for old hats, and when I give him all I have collected he pays on an average of 15 cents apiece for them.

"After the bushelman has made his rounds he takes the hats to a shop on South street, and there they are taken apart. The silk ribbons and bands and sweatbands are removed and the hat given a thorough cleaning and new material and trimmings put on. When it is all fixed up it is extremely difficult to tell it from a new hat, and in many cases it will sell for as high as $2. When you can buy a hat for 15 cents, clean it for about 5 cents, put 25 cents' worth of leather and ribbon on it and sell it for a dollar or more, you see where the profit comes in, don't you?"—Philadelphia Press.

The "Show" and the Showy People.

"Society" in England is divided into two classes—show people and showy people. To the first "society" belongs; the second are anxious to belong to "society."

Of the former there are comparatively few. It is a feature of the times that there are very many of the latter.

The show people are those who, because of their position, their popularity or their abilities, have attained prominence and are more or less associated together in the social life of their period.

The showy people, without the position, the popularity or the abilities, strive to become prominent by display, extravagance, eccentricities or self advertisement. Their carriages are painted in the most glaring color; they are dressed expensively even on ordinary occasions; they are tireless and tiresome in their endeavors to appear to be associated with "society;" their life may be described as one of continuous deceit and disappointment, and they take offense on the least provocation and are implacable in their vindictiveness.—London Truth.

The Actor's Mouth.

The actor's mouth is essentially facile and not infrequently it exhibits a tendency to turn to one side or the other. This is due, in part, to its being constantly used to express emotion and also to the peculiar but no less well recognized fact that when the mouth is somewhat crooked a greater effect can be produced than when it is opened quite straight. Example after example could be cited, but for obvious reasons names may not be mentioned. At one time it was considered the mark of the low comedian, for nearly every one of them had a mouth twisted either to the right or left as the result of "mugging." Some of the most serious actors—even those with a reputation for beauty—could, however, be pointed to as possessing the same characteristic, which has also been observed with not a few opera singers of the first rank.—London Tatler.

Sex Peculiarities.

A man will run as fast as he can to cross a railroad track in front of a train. Then he will watch it till it goes out of sight. Then he will walk leisurely away. He seems to be all right and probably is. That is a man.

A woman in a street car will open a satchel and take out a purse, take out a dime and close the purse, open the satchel, put in the purse, close the satchel and lock both ends. Then she will give the dime to the conductor, who will give her a nickel back. Then she will open the satchel and take out the purse, put in the nickel, close the purse, open the satchel and put in the purse, close the satchel and lock both ends. Then she will feel for the buckle at the back of her belt.—Kansas City Journal.

Wagner and Thirteen.

In the life of Richard Wagner the number thirteen played a curious part. He was born in 1813, the numerals of which, added together, are equal to thirteen, and he received a name the letters of which when added to those of his family name are also equal to thirteen. Moreover, he finished "Tannhauser" on April 13, 1860, and it was performed for the first time on March 13, 1861. Twenty-two years later he died, and again the mystical number was dominant, for he passed away on Feb. 13, 1883.

A Scientific Classification.

"Now, children," says the dear teacher, "I have explained to you how yeast grows until it is full of cells. Which little boy or girl will tell me the kingdom to which yeast belongs?"

The little wise boy lifted his hand.

"You may tell, Johnny."

"The criminal kingdom, teacher."—Chicago Tribune.

Practical.

The Rooster—Why can't you love me? I swear I'd go through fire and water for you!

The Hen—Oh, don't be ridiculous! You know you can't swim, and I just hate the smell of burned feathers.—Puck.

A gossip is usually willing to be a liar, so is the man who is always complaining.—Atchison Globe.

Duchesse de Berry at Dieppe.

Dieppe boasts of being the most ancient of all the "bains de mer." Henri III. repaired thither in 1578 "to bathe in the sea in order to cure certain ailments from which he suffered."

For a long time the Dieppe baths were reported to be efficacious in cases of hydrophobia. When Henry IV.'s little dog, Fanor, had been bitten by a big dog, supposed to be mad, it was dispatched to Dieppe in charge of a groom of the chamber, "pour etre mouille dans la mer," and Mme. de Sevigne relates that some ladies of the court who had been bitten by a mad dog went there in 1671.

It was, however, the Duchesse de Berry who popularized Dieppe. She went there regularly from 1824 to 1830 and once took part in a really remarkable ceremony of inauguration on the beach. While cannon thundered and bells pealed and bands played she publicly entered the water, led by the hand by the "royal medical inspector of the baths," who was attired in evening dress with kid gloves. One would give a great deal for a snap shot of that performance.—Pall Mall Gazette.

BLOOD CIRCULATION.

Breathing and Its Relation to the Secret of Good Health.

The secret of health, as every intelligent physician knows, is free and full circulation of the blood, and this circulation is dependent absolutely on thorough oxygenation. In many cases where erroneous habits of living have been so long continued that congestion has become chronic in one shape or another—obesity, gout, rheumatism, constipation or tuberculosis having camped in the system and crippled it—the patient is not apt to be in a condition to readily assimilate a sufficient quantity of oxygen direct from the atmosphere. The breathing apparatus must first be properly developed, so that the patient shall be able to gradually increase the supply of air to the system, until at last he recovers the normal power of deep breathing.

With the building up of the lungs through proper breathing there is a metabolism of all the tissues and organs, so that, for most men, breathing exercises are more important than any mere muscular exercise. Not only the lungs, but all the internal organs are brought into play by correct breathing. It develops the heart, stomach, liver and kidneys directly and indirectly and nourishes all these organs as they should be nourished by more blood and better blood in constant and regular circulation. Breathing, therefore, is a sovereign remedy for our national disease of nervous depletion. It might well replace the countless tonics, stimulants and anodynes now so commonly resorted to, where results are nothing less than tragic in thousands of cases.—Maurice Manning, M. D., in Vim.

Mohammedans and Pigs.

A recent traveler in Somaliland gives the following curious incident showing the Mohammedan hatred for pigs: "We shot two wart hogs, one a particularly big boar. Alan wished to keep the tusks, but of course none of the Somalis would touch the unclean animal. At last a bribe of 2 rupees induced the Midgan woman to chop the tusks out with a hatchet. Even then she would not touch them and with the help of two sticks, which she used like a pair of tongs, put them on a camel. Then there was a long dispute about the hatchet. No one would touch it. It had been defiled. Of course this was pure affectation and playing to the gallery on the ayah's part. At home with her native tribe she would have gorged all the pig she could get. But it flattered the Somalis, and we marched off, the ayah holding the hatchet at arm's length as if it were going to bite her."

Lore of the Clover.

Any one who carries about a four leaved clover will be lucky and will have the power of discovering ghosts or evil spirits. With it under the pillow the lover may insure dreams of the beloved one. A fragment in the shoe of a traveler insures a safe journey. Of the five leaved clover it is declared that if it be worn on the left side of a maiden's dress or fastened behind the hall door the Christian name of the first man who enters will be the same as that of the future husband. The power of the four leaved shamrock for good is familiar to all, from Lover's once popular and pretty song, the speaker in which pictures what she would do should she find the magic plant:

I would play the enchanter's part and
scatter bliss around,
And not a tear or aching heart should in
the world be found.

—London Globe.

As to Mobs.

You can't punish a mob unless you punish it while it is a mob. A man is not the same man while he is in a mob as he is while he is an individual, and this is one reason why it is so difficult ever to punish and individual for what he did as a part of a mob. This distinction is not fanciful; it is a real difference, and public sentiment and prosecuting officers and juries recognize it, whether they know it or not. For this reason it is generally useless to hope for the punishment of men after a mob has dispersed.—World's Work.

Alcohol In Medicine.

Our own opinion, which we have frequently set forth, is that alcoholic beverages are of value in certain forms of disease and that their value depends not so much upon the alcohol, but upon the vinous ethers which these beverages contain or should contain. No medical man doubts that intemperance in alcohol is an appalling factor in the spread of crime, disease and poverty, and it is undoubtedly the duty of the medical profession to endeavor to stay the curse of drink by every means in its power.—London Lancet.

Synonyms Discriminated.

Shortly before Napoleon III. appropriated the vacant throne of France he one day asked a great lady to explain the difference between "an accident" and "a misfortune."

"If," she said, "you were to fall into the Seine, that would be an accident; if they pulled you out again, that would be a misfortune."

Caution.

"Don't you think you'd better speak to papa tonight, George?" the girl suggested.

"He's just come in, hasn't he?" asked George.

"Yes."

"Well, I think I'll give him time to get his slippers on."—Chicago Post.

A Sport.

"So Mistah Erastus Pinkney is gwine to git married," said the coffee colored youth with the large scarfpin.

"Yes," was the answer. "Somebody done tol' him dat marriage was a lottery, an' he's sech a spoht dat he's boun' to take a chance."—Exchange.

An Amiable Hint.

An old Scotch woman, when advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon, replied, "Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?"—Seattle Churchman.

Those who are looking for the easy berths usually get the hard ones, but those who don't mind the hard ones soon get the easy ones.—Atchison Globe.

If It Only Were.

"After all, my friend," said the moralist, "life is but a dream."

"Not much it ain't," snorted the hardheaded man. "In nearly every dream I ever had I was gettin' more money than I knew what to do with."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Old Habit.

Towne—I suppose you have heard that old Lawyer Sharpe is lying at the point of death?

Browne—No. Well, well, the ruling passion strong in death, eh?—Philadelphia Press.

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

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Ivers & Pond Piano Co.,
114 Boylston Street, Boston.

Early English Meals.

In Anglo-Saxon times the great meal was noon meat, or dinner, about 3 o'clock, served with bread, bacon, horns of ale, cheese, salt butter, cabbage and beans.

Kneeling slaves offered long spits, on which were steaks of beef or venison. Poultry, game and geese followed, and, in grand houses, wine was sent round in goblets of gold or silver. In later Saxon days supper came into fashion, as evening food.

The Normans dined at 9 o'clock in the morning, took a light meal on rising and ate again just before going to bed.

In Chaucer's time breakfast was at 5, dinner at 9, supper at 4 o'clock, and he pictures for us the prioress who did not dip her fingers too far into the sauce and the jolly franklin who delighted in fat partridges and stewed bream or pike.

Queen Elizabeth's court dined at noon, using rosewater before their meal and quaffing sack, or "lamb's wool," a seductive compound of sound old ale, spice, sugar and roasted crab apple, with a sprig of rosemary to stir its fragrant depths.

Dinner Versus Inspiration.

Whistler's laxity in the matter of engagements was notorious. No one ever knew if he were coming or not to affairs. But his point of view is explained in his answer to a friend of his who knew that he had an engagement to dine with some swells in a distant part of London and who felt that it was most impolitic for Whistler to offend them. It was growing late, and yet Whistler was painting away, madly, intently.

"My dear fellow," he said to him at last, "it is frightfully late, and you have to dine with Lady Such-a-one. Don't you think you'd better stop?"

"Stop?" fairly shrieked Whistler. "Stop, when everything is going beautifully? Go and stuff myself with disgusting food when I can paint like this? Never! Never! Besides, they can't do anything until I get there—they never do!" And the entire speech is most characteristic of the man.—Harper's Weekly.

The Reason For the Fit.

The work of the regimental tailor may or may not be addressed to style. It all depends, as in other lines of soldiering, on his superior officer.

When Sir George Grove was a young man in the West Indies, superintending the erection of lighthouses, he met an English army officer who was so exceedingly well dressed that he was moved to say:

"You don't get those clothes here, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," replied the officer. "The regimental tailor made them for me."

"Is it really possible that the regimental tailor can fit you so well?" exclaimed the young engineer in surprise.

"I should think so!" the officer answered. "He had better fit me! I would give him three days' heavy drill if he didn't—and he knows it!"

Mixed on Her Geography.

The postmaster of the house of commons tells a story of his early experiences of postal work a good many years ago. It was a London branch office, and a customer came in and handed a letter over the counter to the young woman who was serving stamps and who, after reading the address, said it would be fivepence. "But I have never paid more than twopence halfpenny before," objected the customer. "Is it overweight?" No, it wasn't overweight, said the clerk, but all letters to China were fivepence, and as this was addressed to Dresden—

Forgot Something.

It was in a hotel, and a girl of sweet sixteen had left the table, at which her parents were still seated, and had gone the entire length of the dining room, when she paused in the doorway, and her fresh young voice cut the air with the word:

"Maw!"

"Well?" replied her "maw" shrilly.

"I forgot my gum. Fetch it when you come upstairs. It's stuck under the table right underneath my plate. I'll want it for the matinay this afternoon, you know."—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1903. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 45.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 22, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.32, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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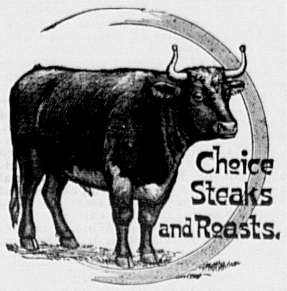

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
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EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

LADYLOVE

... By ...

MARTHA M'CULLOCH-WILLIAMS

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As Jack Vanston stepped through the French window into the library at Cresswell he made half a motion to turn back. Ladylove was crying hard, her head buried in her folded arms on the big library table. Aunt Nan sat a little way off, frowning, yet beaming over a letter. She it was who caught sight of Jack and called to him with little excited breaks between her words:

"Don't go away, Mr. Vanston. You must help me make this headstrong child listen to reason."

"If she's badly in need of discipline suppose you let me take her for a walk this morning?" Jack said, pulling a rebellious curl that strayed down over Ladylove's neck. "She told me yesterday she hated me."

Miss Nancy shook her head. "I cannot permit the walk—now." She put such emphasis on the last word Jack could not choose but ask, "Why?"

"Oh, Ja-ck!" Ladylove wailed, sitting up, but keeping her face hidden. "It's because she wants me to marry that fat, pig eyed Sandy Corlew. He—he has written to her—proposing—fancy proposing that way"—

"I at least appreciate dear Sandy's fine deference to your natural guardian," Miss Nancy said, sitting a thought straighter and caressing the letter with two fingers. Then, in answer to the question of Jack's eyes, she went on: "Of course Ladylove will accept. She came here to establish herself"—

"I didn't! It was just because I thought you were lonely and wanted me—and there were so many of us at home one could well be spared," Ladylove broke in, "and I had rather go back to daddy and the pigs and the chickens and the children and have only calico frocks than marry this—this oaf."

She was standing at the last word, one little foot stamping hard as she spoke. Jack dared not look straight at her—if he did he knew he should catch her in his arms and comfort her. That would ruin everything. It was clearly a case for diplomacy. He said soothingly to Ladylove, "Hush, naughty girl!" Then to Aunt Nancy: "I agree with you, Miss Cresswell. Sandy Corlew is a fine, solid fellow, who may always be depended on to do the right thing. But please let me see his letter—I'm not asking out of impertinent curiosity," as he saw denial in her face. "Do believe that! I—I have an idea—that—that you may not have understood quite what he meant."

Jack's breath came fast as he said it. He was by turns hot and cold. But desperate cases require desperate audacities. He bent toward Miss Nancy and half forcibly took the letter, read it through twice, folded it, read it again, then stood with it in his hand, the model of one impelled to speak, yet loath to obey the impulse. Miss Nancy, watching him as a bird watches a snake, at last snapped out: "Well, what's the matter? Do you find anything strange or startling in the fact that a gentleman has the courage and decency to say outright he wants to marry my niece?"

"I do not," Jack said; then in a constrained voice: "But—forgive me, Miss Nancy—has he said so? I think not."

"Why, bless and save us! Are you crazy?" Miss Cresswell demanded.

"Not a bit of it!" Jack retorted stoutly. "Only that you have misunderstood. Here is all the first page about how he has admired you all his life and now that he has reached man's estate 'hopes for a closer alliance.' And then with a manly courage most admirable he sums up, 'My heart is set on marrying the one woman in the world for me—Miss Nancy Walton Cresswell.' Ladylove is Nancy Walton Cresswell on the family register, but whoever heard her called so anywhere else?"

"Oh, you can't mean that! It would be too ridiculous," Miss Cresswell said, but as she said it she turned away her head to hide the blush that spread even to her round white chin. Ladylove sprang at her like a mad thing crying out: 'It's truth, Auntie Nan! It must be true. Sandy means you; nobody else. And you'll take him, and I'll adore my Uncle Sandy. He's only nicely fat after all, and I'm sure a pig's eyes can be kind and funny"—

"Ladylove, you forget yourself!" Jack said, his voice heavy with reproof. Then to Miss Cresswell: "Honestly I cannot doubt that Sandy meant you. That was why I insisted upon seeing the letter. I had heard him say things which made me sure you misunderstood, and I did not want you to make a grave mistake."

"Why, the boy is ten years younger than I am," Miss Cresswell said weakly, stealing a glance at herself in the mantel glass.

"And looks five years older at the very least," Jack said. "That is one advantage of being so—ahem—well, so finely built. At least think it over. Tell him you'll take a week to consider his proposal"—

"You don't think I could be so indelicate as to accept—I mean to say either yes or no—under a fortnight," Miss Cresswell said. "I'll write to Sandy that I must consult my brother and shall possibly give him a definite answer at the end of a fortnight."

With that she clutched the letter and vanished. The door had hardly shut behind her when Jack had Ladylove tight in his arms and was saying to the curls on the top of her head: "Honey girl, would you believe I sat up two full nights concocting that epistle for the good fat witted Sandy? Even at the last I was afraid he'd see through it, although truly it is a document you can read pretty well any way you choose. My heart was in my mouth until Aunty Nan took the bait. Now we two have plain sailing. Before the fortnight is up we can be"—

"What?" Ladylove asked breathlessly, freeing herself and standing in front of him on tiptoe. He caught both her hands and made her a reverence, saying softly: "Happy and married. My governor sailed for home three days back. Just let him get here, and I'll show the gossips I'm no such bad match for you as they have tried to make me out. He meant to stay away another year, but I cabled him how my life's happiness was at stake. Oh, I didn't doubt you, not the least. I knew you'd be equal to love in a cottage. It is our friendly enemies I wanted to confound."

"I'm wondering," Ladylove said in an almost awestruck whisper, "what Aunt Nan's answer will be."

"I hope yes, for Sandy's sake," Jack said. "But one can never tell what is going to happen when one man proposes as another man disposes."

* * * * * * *

The gossips of Creston were duly confounded. Jack married Ladylove, with Aunt Nan's beaming approval, the day before Sandy Corlew's probation ended. Such a piece of news, of course, ran through the country life wildfire. Sandy heard it about sundown and rode straight and hard to Cresswell. He found Miss Cresswell upon the porch there, a figure of graciously mature womanhood, wonderfully enchanting in the softening dusk. In spite of feeling that he had been fooled and played with, Sandy could not speak even gruffly when he asked, "What's all this cock and bull story of Ladylove marrying that artist chap Vanston and going off with him in a coach and four?"

"Oh, it's a real romance, a beautiful one!" Miss Cresswell said, rising and giving him her hand. She did it half shyly, as though fearing it might be detained. It was a very white hand, plump and dimpled as a baby's. Sandy held it between both his own big palms, while the owner of it ran on: "You see it was love at first sight with Jack and Ladylove, but I had to be cool to him because he was strange. Not a soul we knew had ever heard of him. He understood and really acted very well; waited until his father came to speak up for him. Then there was no withstanding them. I had to let them marry offhand"—

"I think you might have at least told me," Sandy said, half resentfully.

Miss Cresswell blushed—blushed unmistakably and said: "There were reasons against it. I—you see, I did not quite know my own mind. Besides it might have seemed to you—well, precipitate"—

"No such thing," Sandy said stoutly. Even through his denseness he began to see how the land lay. He began to see, too, how he could save his vanity from smart. Miss Cresswell was rich and handsome and kind. At the worst she could but refuse him.

"Now I am here, tell me you'll marry me Christmas," he went on masterfully. Miss Cresswell said nothing, only let him take her in his arms.

Five minutes later she whispered softly: "You owe Jack something Sandy—until he read your letter I thought you wanted Ladylove."

"Oh, Jack is a wise guy!" Sandy said, with the accent of conviction.

Translated.

"I heard her boasting that her dinner party was a success from the beginning and ended with the greatest 'eclaw.' What's 'eclaw,' anyway?"

"Why—er—that was the dessert, of course. Didn't you ever eat a 'chocolate eclaw?'"—Exchange.

ALWAYS
INSIST UPON HAVING
THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

THE SHIP'S PURSER.

Some of the Things That Make His Life at Times a Burden.

The lot of the purser is anything but a happy one. From his title one would think that he had only to look after the finance of the vessel, but in reality his office, so conveniently and picturesquely situated at the top of the grand staircase, is really as busy a bureau as any in Capel court or Wall street. It is no doubt legitimate enough to expect the purser to be quite au fait with the monetary matters, to explain to the Britisher the difference between a dollar and a crown or to the American that the greenback is treated with scorn and contumely in Europe, but our American friends are par excellence the interrogators of the world, and to them the purser is simply a walking encyclopedia.

He is expected to tell them all about the ship—that's right enough—but they want to know all about the passengers as well, who they are, where they have come from and where they are going, how much they are worth and any little titbit of news about their social life. He is also asked about every hotel, beginning at Liverpool and ending at Rome, the best shops whereat to purchase different articles, who will give the best discount for cash, where the questioner's wife can best be rigged up in European fashion and the most likely resort at which his daughter might run across some impecunious scion of British nobility.—Harry Furness in Strand.

Position of Wood and Its Durability.

The problem has troubled many why two pieces of wood sawed from the same section of a tree should possess very varied characteristics when used in different positions. For example, a gate post will be found to decay much faster if the butt end of the tree is uppermost than would be the case if the top were placed in this position. The reason is that the moisture of the atmosphere will permeate the pores of the wood much more rapidly the way the tree grew than it would if in the opposite direction.

Microscopical examination proves that the pores invite the ascent of moisture, while they repel its descent. Take the familiar case of a wooden bucket. Many may have noticed that some of the staves appear to be entirely saturated, while others are apparently quite dry. This arises from the same cause—the dry staves are in the position in which the tree grew, while the saturated ones are reversed.

A Reminiscence of Fanny Kemble.

Fanny Kemble is remembered by old residents of Germantown and Philadelphia as a superb horsewoman. She had a fiery temper, which matched that of her husband, Pierce Butler, and speedily brought about one of the most noted divorce trials reported in the law books. In her youth she was remarkably beautiful, and in the role of Juliet she was the personification of dazzling loveliness. She was noted for her keenness of wit even in the days of her old age. Once when an impertinent street lounger stepped up to her while she was looking in the window of a bric-a-brac store and said, "Are you fond of antiquities?" Mrs. Kemble quickly unpinned her veil and, turning on the man her aged face (she was then seventy-three), asked, "Are you?"

An Aggravating Speech.

One of the wits of the parliament house is said to have observed on the occasion of Judge Deas' promotion to the honor of knighthood, "The queen may make George Deas a knight, but no one will ever make him a gentleman." Deas was quite able, however, to hold his own, and he punished the wits when they came to make their maiden speeches before him. "Prisoner at the bar," he once said to an unfortunate wretch on whose behalf an infant advocate had been feebly urging "extenuating circumstances," "everything that your counsel has said in mitigation I consider to be an aggravation of your offense."

Two Ways of Doing Business.

The industrious man—the plain, everyday kind, we mean—gets to his work early. Three hours later the man of marked executive ability drops in to see that the industrious man keeps steadily at work. If everything is going well the man of marked executive ability leaves for the day, for there is no need for a display of his peculiar qualities. If everything is going ill the man of marked executive ability quits at once in order that his reputation may not be compromised by his presence.—Boston Transcript.

A Slave to Method.

A medical specialist was very much in the habit of using a notebook to assist his memory and insure precision. In course of time it happened that his aged father died. The worthy doctor attended the obsequies as chief mourner with due solemnity. At the close he was observed to take out his notebook and carefully to erase the words "Mem. Bury father."—Scottish American.

Mean.

"Come, dear, kiss my cheek and make up," she said forgivingly.

"I'll kiss it," he answered, "but I don't think it wants any more making up!"

There are no elevators running up and down the ladder of fame.

Herd your troubles; don't let them run wild.—Atchison Globe.

WHY HE DIDN'T MARRY.

Phil May's Story of an Australian Prisoner.

Phil May, the English artist, worked in his youth on the Bulletin of Sydney, Australia. Occasionally the young man would be assigned by the Bulletin people to the police courts, and from these assignments he would bring back sketches, now humorous and now pathetic, that were admirable.

One of the best of the Bulletin sketches portrays a thin, hangdog man in the prisoners' bar talking to a very mild and sympathetic looking judge. Mr. May's story of the sketch was that the prisoner had been dragged before the judge every few months for a number of years.

"Your face is familiar here," the latter now said.

"It is, your honor, worse luck," returned the prisoner.

"Are you married yet?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Not yet, eh? How long is it now that you have been engaged?"

"Seven years, your honor."

"So long as that? Why in the world haven't you got married in all that time?"

"Because, your honor," the prisoner explained, "Ann and I haven't managed to be both out of jail at the same time."—Boston Post.

British Museum Lottery.

The British museum was begun with $500,000 raised by a lottery scheme. Of that lottery, authorized in 1753, the archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chancellor and the speaker of the house of commons were the managers and trustees. The amount was $1,500,000, raised by fifteen dollar tickets, to provide $1,000,000 for prizes and $500,000 for the purchase of the Sloane collections and the Harleian library and for cases, house room and attendants.

The operations of one "Peter Leheup, Esq.," says the London Chronicle, made the lottery notorious. He fraudulently "cornered" the tickets, 6,000 or so of them passing by his aid to a Sampson Gideon, who sold them at a premium.

An inquiry instituted by the house of commons resulted in the prosecution by the attorney general of Leheup. The penalty was a fine of £1,000, but this was by no means excessive, as £40,000 was Leheup's estimated profits from the fraud.

China's Alum Mountain.

In China, about twelve miles from the village of Lionchek, there is, according to a writer in the Liverpool Post, a mountain of alum, which, in addition to being a natural curiosity, is a source of wealth for the inhabitants of the country, who dig from it yearly tons of alum. The mountain is not less than ten miles in circumference at its base and has a height of nearly 2,000 feet. The alum is obtained by quarrying large blocks of stone, which are first heated in great furnaces and then in vats filled with boiling water. The alum crystallizes and forms a layer about six inches in thickness. This layer is subsequently broken up into blocks weighing about ten pounds each.

Humble Pie.

We often hear of eating "humble pie." In the old hunting days of "Merrie England," when a stag was brought down, the "quarry was broken" on the spot, the choice parts of the venison being reserved for the huntsmen, while the entrails, heart, liver, etc., called in the hunting language of the day the "numbles," were given to the common people.

Of these they made a pie called "numble pie." Hence to eat "numble pie" became to abase oneself—apologize abjectly. The transition from "numble pie" to "humble pie" was easy, especially in view of the significance of the word.

A Death Feigning Plant.

That certain insects, birds, mammals and reptiles habitually pretend to be dead when danger threatens them is a well known fact, but it is generally believed that this stratagem is resorted to only by animals. In South America, however, there is a plant—a species of mimosa—which resorts to death feigning, evidently for the purpose of preventing the grass eating animals from eating it. In its natural state this plant has a vivid green hue, but directly it is touched by a human finger or by any living animal it collapses into a tangle of apparently dead and withered stems.—London Globe.

Henley and Stevenson.

W. E. Henley once met Robert Louis Stevenson and found his friend distressed because he was not a Voltaire or a Dumas, though he had an equipment which ought to have made him their peer. Stevenson put his "failure" down to the weakness of his lungs. "Perhaps you are right, Louis," said Henley. "I've always felt that if I had not been a blessed cripple I could have taken the earth in my hand and hurled it into the sun."

The Test.

Lily—Well, did you see her? Is it true? Is she really engaged to him or is it only idle rumor?

Nellie—There isn't a word of truth in it. I had a long talk with her and told her of the men who are just wild about me, and she never said a word about him.—Brooklyn Life.

Knew Her Danger.

Smythe—You say she had the burglar covered with her revolver while her maid went to call the police. Then how did it happen that he escaped?

Browne—Well, you see, the burglar was a foxy chap, so he said suddenly, "Look out, there's a mouse!" While she was getting on a chair he got out.—Baltimore American.

A One Sided Rule.

Once when P. T. Barnum was taking tickets at the entrance of his circus a man asked him if he could go in without paying.

"You can pay without going in," said Barnum, "but you can't go in without paying. The rule doesn't work both ways."

The law which all rascals believe should be enforced to the last letter is the statute of limitations.—New York World.

WHAT IS WEALTH?

Health and Ability to Work Better Than Money and Worry.

Does wealth consist in money, houses, lands, bank stocks, railroad bonds, etc., alone? We think not. The young man starting in life with no money, but with good digestion, good sleep, good health and ability to work in some profitable employment, has what the aged capitalist would be glad to exchange all his millions for.

What compensation is money for sleepless nights and painful days or the misconduct of dissipated children? Which brings the greater happiness, the glitter, show, jealousies and falsity of fashionable life or the heartfelt friendships which prevail so largely in the homes of the industrious poor? In how many of the palaces of our millionaires will you find greater happiness in the parlor than in the kitchen? How many millionaires will tell you that they are happier now than when starting in life without a dollar?

On the top of mountains we find rocks and ice and snow. It is down in the valleys that we find the vineyards. Let no man envy those richer than himself until taking all things into account—age, health, wife, children, friends—he is sure he would be willing to exchange.—George J. Angell in Our Dumb Animals.

The Erudite Prisoner.

"The charge ag'in ye," the police justice said, "is burglary. What have ye got to say?"

"As to that," replied the prisoner, a seedy looking man who appeared to have seen better days, "if by the term of 'burglary' you mean the offense which, according to English law and practice for centuries, has been clearly defined as 'house breaking by night,' the charge is palpably ridiculous. The policeman alleges that he detected me in the act of breaking into a house yesterday afternoon in broad daylight. If, on the other hand, the term is made to cover the same offense when committed by day, which, I believe, is your absurd American understanding of the word, in a legal sense, I shall have to concede the correctness of the charge, your honor, reserving, however, the right to regard with a species of contempt the crude jurisprudence of this country."

"Take 'im back to 'is cell," gasped the police justice, "an' let 'im sober up."—Chicago Tribune.

To Be Healthy Be Practical.

Theoretically, every adult person of any intelligence wishes to be strong and healthy. Practically, a majority of them wish nothing of the sort. They would like to be well enough, but are not willing to pay the price, though it really costs nothing. When a man gets out of health he usually wants to get something to "patch him up" so that he can continue the foolish things which have caused his bad condition; hence the almost universal resort to drug treatment instead of the natural means of restoring and maintaining health and strength. If a man is really desirous of being naturally sound and healthy he will try to study out the means of becoming so. These means are all included in the seven foundation principles of practical hygiene—namely, exercise, rest, air, light, food, drink and bathing.—Cooking Club.

When You Buy Cheese.

When you buy cheese bear in mind that all good cheese will be mellow to the touch, yet firm. The rind will be of an even tint, elastic and free from puffs, and a sample will reveal a firm, close, buttery grain of a nutty flavor. Cheese which feels so hard that you cannot dent it with your finger tips on the rind is either sour, salted too heavily, skimmed or cooked too much. On the other hand, if the rind breaks upon pressure or does not spring back readily when the finger is withdrawn this indicates an oversoft article, caused by the slack cooling of the curd or a want of acid. At best it will have an insipid flavor and will "go off" as it ages.

An Unappreciative Listener.

A well known lawyer whose first name is James has a brother whom he visited lately. His brother has a daughter, aged four years, whose mother had lectured her a few days before for telling "stories." The lawyer, thinking to entertain the little one, took her on his knee and told her two of his best folklore tales. Instead of being charmed, as he expected, "she never smiled, but when he had finished slid from his knee, with a solemn face, and, going to her mother, said: 'Mamma, Uncle Jim will go to the bad place sure. He has just told me two big stories.'"—Kansas City Journal.

Purely Conventional.

"Agatha," said her mother, "I don't like to hear a daughter of mine tell even a conventional lie. You know you can't bear Aunt Becky, and yet when she came the other day you said, 'Auntie, how glad I am to see you!'"

"That wasn't a lie, mamma," answered Agatha. "That was an exclamation."—Chicago Tribune.

Ayer's
To be sure, you are growing old. But why let everybody see it, in your gray hair? Keep your hair dark and rich and postpone age. If you will
Hair Vigor
only use Ayer's Hair Vigor, your gray hair will soon have all the deep, rich color of youth. Sold for 60 years.
"I am now over 60 years old, and I have a thick, glossy head of long hair which is a wonder to every one who sees it. And not a gray hair in it, all due to Ayer's Hair Vigor."
MRS. H. R. BUNTIS, Becida, Minn.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
White Hair

THE OLD RELIABLE

ROYAL
BAKING POW

Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

The Change of a Letter.

At the period when British Columbia was threatening to withdraw from the Dominion of Canada because the Carnarvon settlement had been ignored by the Mackenzie administration the late Lord Dufferin took part in a public function in Quebec. While the procession was moving through the principal streets a gentleman, breathless with excitement, hurried up to his excellency's carriage to say a "rebel" arch had been placed across the road so as to identify the viceroy with the approval of the disloyal inscription thereon. "Can you tell me what words there are on the arch?" quietly asked Dufferin. "Oh, yes," replied his informant; "they are 'Carnarvon Terms or Separation.'" "Send the committee to me," commanded his excellency. "Now, gentlemen," said he, with a smile to the committee, "I'll go under your beautiful arch on one condition. I won't ask you to do much, and I beg but a trifling favor. I merely ask that you alter one letter in your motto. Turn the S into an R—make it 'Carnarvon Terms or Reparation'—and I will gladly pass under it." The committee yielded, and eventually Dufferin contrived to smooth over the difficulties and to reconcile the malcontents.

Quinine.

Quinine was first introduced into Europe by the wife of a Spaniard who was viceroy of Peru. Then Jesuits carried it to Rome and throughout Spain and Italy, proclaiming it an infallible remedy for all ills and selling it to the rich at unheard of prices. An Englishman at last got hold of some of the quinine powder, cured Charles II. of a tertian fever and on the strength of it was appointed court physician and granted a knighthood. Later he similarly cured the dauphin of France and induced Louis XIV. to purchase his "secret." Still the medical faculty fought against quinine. Not even the patent efficacy of the thing could overcome the fact that it was introduced by one not of themselves. For many years the contest waged. Men faithful to the faculty died for want of quinine. Others, not caring a snap for the associated pedants, took their quinine and lived to see their children's children congratulate the medical schools of their day on climbing down and admitting that quinine was a good thing.

A Danger Signal.

A pair of frightened horses were dashing madly down the street. The coachman was sawing at the reins, and the carriage was swaying from side to side in a dangerous fashion. The occupants of the vehicle, an elderly woman, noted for her extreme parsimoniousness, and her pretty niece, gave no outward signs of fear, but just as the horses came to a standstill the younger woman unexpectedly fainted.

"I wasn't frightened a bit," she explained after, "until, just as we rounded that last corner with three wheels in the air, Aunt Caroline exclaimed, 'I'd give a dollar to be out of this!' I knew the case must be serious if Aunt Caroline was beginning to risk dollars in that fashion."

Spotting Light Fingered Gentry.

A policeman on the lookout for pickpockets in a crowd does not watch hands, but faces. If a person in the crowd is paying no attention to the common center of attraction, but is engaged in viewing his neighbors' clothing, that person, he knows, is apt to be a pickpocket. The suspicion may be strengthened by the nervous or cautious way in which the thief occasionally turns his head, presumably to ascertain if he is watched. Pickpockets never wear gloves and seldom work in the street in cold weather, for the cold numbs their fingers.—New York Press.

Tremendous Rainfall.

The annual rainfall on the Khasia hills, to the northeast of Calcutta, amounts to some 600 inches, 500 inches of which fall in seven months during the southwest monsoon. It is undoubtedly the wettest spot on the globe. As many as 150 inches have been registered in five consecutive days, or an average of thirty inches a day. This astonishing amount is due to the abruptness of the mountains which face the bay of Bengal, from which they are separated by 200 miles of low swamps and marshes.

Age Averages.

Here is an estimate of the average age attained by men in various European countries: Norway and Sweden head the list with fifty years. Then come England with forty-five and one-half years; France, forty-four and one-half; Prussia, thirty-nine; Wurttemberg, thirty-eight; Bavaria and other parts of Germany, thirty-six. In Austria and Spain the inhabitants have the shortest lives, the average age being only thirty-three.

Not Her Fault.

"Your daughter," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "has such verve. She fairly bubbles over with high spirits."

"I know it. She gets it from Josiah's side of the house, though. My folks are all strong temperance people."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, OCT. 9, 1903

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Governor,	John M. Bates
Lieut. Governor,	Curtis Guild, Jr.
Secretary of State,	William M. Olin
Treasurer,	Edward S. Bradford
Attorney General,	Herbert Parker
Auditor,	Henry E. Turner
County Commissioner,	Samuel O. Upham
Senator,	Francis Appleton
Representative,	Herbert S. Riley Charles H. Nowell
Councillor,	David I. Robinson

REGISTER AT ONCE!

The speech of His Excellency Gov. Bates extending the greetings of the Commonwealth to the Honorable Artillery Company at Symphony Hall Monday night was a gem. He is a graceful orator whose speeches are on a par with his able State papers. Three weeks from next Tuesday he will be reelected by a rousing majority if the Republicans do their duty.

Is it not time, gentlemen of the Republican City Committee, to bestir yourselves in arousing the Republicans of Woburn? Have you gotten every Republican's name on the voting list that can be placed there? Only four days more in which to do it.

The Registrars will be in session Saturday evening, Oct. 10th; Monday the 12th; Tuesday the 13th; and Wednesday the 14th from 12 M. to 10 P. M.

NOWELL & RILEY.

These gentlemen constitute the Republican Representative ticket for the 28th Middlesex District. They will, no doubt, be elected on Nov. 3 next.

Mr. Charles H. Nowell of Reading is serving his first term in the House and is doing so to the entire satisfaction of his constituents. He is a worthy man and able Representative.

Herbert S. Riley, Esq., of Woburn also deserves a full Republican support at the polls. He is well known in this end of the District and commands the confidence and respect of everybody. He is College bred, a good Lawyer, and honest man. Reading Republicans may rest assured that Mr. Riley is all right intellectually, morally and politically.

Now all the Republicans of the District have to do is to go ahead and elect Nowell and Riley to serve in the next House of Representatives.

☞ Of the Colorado towns and cities visited by Judge Edward F. Johnson of the District Court while on the Western trip from which he returned last week no one impressed him more favorably than Greeley, a fine place near the South Platte, about midway between Denver, Colorado, and Chyenne, Wyoming. He tarried there and was cordially entertained several days and became quite deeply enamored of the prosperous young city and its enterprising and whole-hearted people. He saw proof of thrift and wealth gathering on every hand, due to a proper soil, the clear water of Cache LaPoudre River, and intelligent farming. The handsome town grows, and the "Greeley Potato," world famous, is a surer and larger money-getter than the gold mines of the State. Greeley, a scheme of the late Horace Greeley of the N. Y. *Tribune*, was settled by a colony composed chiefly of New England people, and when the writer of this item landed on its soil in May, 1870, with the first batch of settlers, not as a colonist but a spectator, it was certainly as poor and forlorn a looking country as a man's eyes ever rested on. A railroad had just been ironed from Chyenne to Evans, four miles below Greeley, on which there were no stations, and a bridge across the Platte; and stretched on every hand was a broad, level, verdureless plain, shadeless, sunburned, and only two or three struggling trees on the Cache LaPoudre anywhere in sight. It was indeed a cheerles prospect for the colonists, especially for the women and children, and all were terribly disappointed; but they stuck to it, and it was well they did, for by the judicious employment of true Yankee grit, intelligence, and Puritan trust in the Lord, they have made of Greeley, in the 32 years of its existance, one of the best, pleasantest and most prosperous towns in Colorado.

☞ Now that nearly or quite all of the candidates on State and District tickets have been nominated one would think it about time that the matter of our city election should begin to claim earnest and candid consideration by the men who manage such things and tell the rank and file how to vote. It may be that the Democrats are already planning and plotting, for it is in a municipal campaign that they shine with greatest lustre and their most brilliant feats of legerdemain are performed; but a lukewarmness is apparent in the ranks of the Republicans that bodes the Party no good. Of course, the election of a large number of candidates on Nov 3 will claim considerable attention from our local politicians from now on to the close of the polls that day; but it does seem to an interested outsider as though the city campaign should begin to loom up.

☞ Republican affairs in Everett are getting to be greatly mixed and Brother Nason will have to keep his eye peeled to win the game. An independant candidate for Representative has put in an appearance in the person of ex-Mayor and ex-Representative Cate who offers $250 to the man who guesses nearest to the number of ballots that will be cast for him on election day. Brother Nason captured the caucuses, but there is no telling what the verdict will be on Nov. 3.

☞ Without exception the present State officials were renominated at the Republican convention last Friday which was right and proper and in accordance with the wishes of the Party. A good sound platform was adopted, and now all that the Republicans of Massachusetts have got to do is to march straight on to victory next month.

☞ It is reported in local political circles that Mr. Lawrence Reade is to be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Mayor for all he is worth this fall. His friends and supporters claim that his chances for winning a glorious victory were never so good as now, and that no opposition to him can by any possibility result in his defeat.

☞ At the Democratic Representative convention held at the Central House last Wednesday evening Mr. H M. Aldrich of Woburn and Mr. Flint of Reading were nominated.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

M. E. Church—Fair.
S. B. Morse—For Sale.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
B. McSweeney—Insurance.
Pettengill & Co.—Pinkham.
B. & L. S. R. Co.—Pets & Orders.

— Extra value in Underwear at Hammond & Son's.

— The W. R. C. Harvest Supper is to be spread on Oct. 16.

— "Egypta" is to be given at Hyde Park about Thanksgiving time.

— Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hunnewell are visiting at Rockland, Maine.

— Court Nordon will give a basket party on Thursday evening, Oct. 22

— No better insurance Cos. than those represented by C. E. Cooper.—4

— Thomas Beggs, Jr., returned to his home at Confluence, Pa., last Monday.

— The North Woburn Athletic Association is increasing in size and prospering.

— Hammond & Son have a splendid line of nobby "up to date" garments.

— A dance is being prepared for by the Y. P. Basket Ball team, to come off on Nov. 4.

— The annual Fair of the Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church is to be held on Oct 21.

— Please note the changes in the time table of the Lowell & Boston St. Railway in this paper.

— The Phalanx anniversary celebration is to take place on Oct. 16. It will be a grand affair.

— Miss Carrie Andruss is training for a teacher in Miss Hattie Bosworth's room at the Union street school.

—Men's Winter Overcoats are cut in three lengths this year—38, 42 and 50 inches, so correct authorities say.

— Caldwell has surrendered his big front windows for the use of the managers of the Homemade Food Fair.

— If you have a boy for whom you are to buy a new Suit, be sure to visit Hammond & Son, Leading Clothiers.

— Hope Circle are to give an entertainment and dance in Odd Fellows Hall on Wednesday evening, Oct. 14.

— A gentle rain last Monday washed the face of nature and saved the street sprinkler several trips over the roads.

— Mrs. Croly and son Rodney of Omaha, and Mrs. W. H. H. Tracy of Winchester, were guests in Woburn on

— The Woburn Brass Band played for the Boston Fusileers in the parade of the A. & H. and London Honorables in Boston last Sunday.

— It is a wonder that the B. & M. Street Railway Co. do not run cars on the Woburn & Reading line oftener than once an hour.

— It is said that the Greeks of North Woburn have set about securing money with which to build a church in that section of the city.

— Mrs. Lizzie M. Allen of Church avenue favored the Editor with a fine bouquet the other day, for which kindness we thank her.

— The football season has opened in great form in this city. Tufts Sophs and Woburn Highs will play a big game next Tuesday, Oct. 13.

— Mrs. Minnie Nichols of North Weare, N. H., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds of Church Ave., is visiting her parents.

— Mr. Bryan McSweeney is local agent for sound, firstclass Fire and Life Insurance Companies. Apply at 7 Munroe street.

— We hope to be pardoned for stopping the press long enough to work in a word of thanks to Mr. A. A. Persons for an elegant bouquet.

— Dr. S. W. Kelley and wife attended the wedding of the Doctor's niece, Miss Mollie G. Kelley of Lawrence, at Derry, N. H., last Tuesday.

— Everybody in this city ought to be getting ready for the Homemade Food Fair of the Unitarian women workers which is to be held this month.

— Half a dozen fine box cars for winter use have been added to the rolling stock of the N. W. Div. of the Boston & Northern Street Railway line.

— The employees of the North Woburn Division of the Boston & Northern Street Railway Company are to give a concert and ball on Oct. 23 in Armory Hall.

— Every namable kind of food that is consumed by ordinary mortals will be furnished at the Homemade Food Fair of the ladies of the Unitarian church.

— The Registrars of Voters are to hold sessions at 7 p. m. Oct. 10, 12, 13, and Oct. 14 from 12 m. to 10 30 p. m., to receive and register the names of voters.

— Hon. E. E. Thompson found the clear bracing atmosphere and genial sunshine of New Hampshire just what were needed to drive malaria germs out of his system.

— Mrs. Annie Lewis and her son Percyval are pleasantly domiciled at Leipsic, Germany, according to the tenor of a letter received from her by Miss Clara Carter lately.

— Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Edith Pollard Ralston and Mr. William Rice Jarvis, the ceremony to take place in the Unitarian church, this city, on Tuesday, Oct. 20.

— Mr. Harry F. Parker and his mother, Mrs. Julia F. Parker, who have been residents of Roxbury for a year or two past, are about to return and make their home here, as formerly.

— Hugh de Payens Commandery, to which many Woburn Masons belong, have fixed on Wednesday evening, Oct. 14, for a grand reception of the Ladies of the Sir Knights and a fine entertainment.

— The marriage of Miss Laura Everett Evans, daughter of Mr. Thomas B. Evans of 7 Scott street, to Mr. William Wilberforce Hicks, is announced for Wednesday evening, Oct. 14.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

FLOOR COVERINGS

Assortment—COMPLETE
Prices — — —RIGHT
Work — — —PROMPT

It is generally known that we are ***Distributors of Floor Coverings*** of every description, and we desire it to be equally well known that we have all grades of ***Upholstery Fabrics, Lace Curtains, Furniture Coverings, etc.***

The advice of an interior decorator is at your service, if desired. Goods displayed either in our show-room or at residences. Estimates furnished for covering single pieces of furniture or for completely decorating either a single room or an entire house.

For eighty-six years, under the same firm name, we have distributed to the public, to our neighbors, to our friends, Carpets and Rugs, and until we added Interior Decorations and Upholstery Fabrics our sole and entire business has been Floor Coverings.

Does not this record make for intelligent confidence on your part?

Pray Building, Washington St., opposite Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

New Line of FALL GOODS
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - Woburn

Toilet Requisites....

We take great pleasure in our Toilet Goods Department, having always made it a practice to order anything for which there was a call. The department has consequently grown until now it is looked upon as headquarters for Perfumes, Fine Soaps, Brushes, Creams and Lotions, Powders, and all sorts of Toilet Requisites. All our goods are first-class and at CUT PRICES.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
☞ The money saving store.
GREEN TRADING STAMPS.

— Popular interest in trading stamps appears to be on the wane.

— C. E. Cooper, 415 Main street, is giving much attention to Insurance. —4.

— The time is short for registering. Republicans should make a complete canvas and see that every man of them is on the list.

— The City Council have named the following polling places for the Nov. election: Ward 1, Music Hall; 2, Armory; 3 and 4, Auditorium; 5, 6, 7, at their respective hosehouses.

— Mr. A. Willoughby of Rockland, Maine, is visiting friends and acquaintances in this city, which used to be his home. Evidently Maine air and living agree with him, for he is looking fine.

— The ladies of the M. E. church are to give their annual Fair and Supper on Oct. 21, 22, and we do not hesitate, for one moment, to make the statement that it will be a grand one. See ad.

— "Old Folks Day" at the M. E. church last Sunday proved to be a refreshing season. Rev. George S Butters, D. D., preached an excellent sermon, and the Old Folks enjoyed the occasion highly.

— Disciples of Izaak Walton, the famous English angler of more than 200 years ago, and a prolific writer, in verse and prose, on the pleasing theme of fishing, are making frequent hauls of big pickerel from Horn Pond these days.

— The Woburn Mechanic Phalanx (Co. G, 5th Regt.) were of the military escort for the London Honorable Artillery Company in Boston last Friday. The Woburn Brass Band was one of the Bands that furnished music for the parade.

— Stalwart Republicans represented Woburn in the Republican State convention last week, but so far as we have been able to learn none of them were nominated for office. For some reason or other they were overlooked in the distribution of the plums.

— Among the other Woburnites who were present to welcome the London Honorable Artillery on Friday was Lieut. Col. John Black of the British Naval Military Vets. He was also honored with an invitation to the smoker of the A. & H. Artillery Co. in the evening.

— Mrs. W. A. Prior started from Woburn a few days ago on a journey to Portville, near Olean, N. Y., a prominent leather manufacturing centre, where she will visit the Fox family who went from here not so very long since, and other people who used to be residents of Woburn.

— Lyceum Hall Association on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 6, elected Waldo Thompson president, who with C. A. Burdett, Thomas Moore, J. F. Deland, and Winthrop Hammond were elected Directors. Mr. W. Hammond was elected Clerk and Treasurer; C. A. Burdett Auditor.

— The annual visitation of Right Worshipful Charles S. Soule, Dep. Dis. Master, and Suite to Mt. Horeb Lodge of A. F. A. M. last Wednesday evening was a notable affair. There was speechmaking, elegant refreshments, and splendid music by the Mendelssohn Quartet. The attendance was large.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— The October number of *Donahoe's Magazine* contains a fine poem by Miss Charlotte A. Callahan of this city, a popular and successful teacher in the public schools of Cambridge, entitled "Song of the Pines." This talented young lady is gaining, through the magazines, an enviable reputation as a poetess.

— Mrs. Bertha and Miss Marion Taylor, wife and daughter of Mr. George H. Taylor of Pleasant street, started several days ago on a visit to friends at Detroit, Michigan. They were to stop a short time at Buffalo and Niagara Falls to call on acquaintances there, and are to return by the way of New York City.

— The Sons of Veterans raked in quite a nice pot of the needful from the successful presentation of the opera "Egypta" in the early part of this week. They were greatly pleased with the entire musical and dramatic exhibition and especially so for its contribution to their exchequer. The S. of V. richly deserve all the benefits they derived from the fine entertainment.

— Mr. Simon Blake of Wakefield, N. H., came here last week and was cordially greeted by numerous good friends. He was engaged in the leather making business here a good many years before becoming a New Hampshire farmer, and made a success of it. He keeps up his acquaintance with Woburn people, by whom he is highly esteemed.

— The Woburn steam laundry stands at the head of such establishments in this county. Mr. Moore, the proprietor, is a gentleman whose aim is to serve the public in the best possible manner, and he succeeds to the entire satisfaction of his many patrons. His work is firstclass, his prices are fair, prompt service is rendered, and the people patronize the Woburn steam laundry.

— A large number of our people went to Boston last Friday morning to enjoy the grand reception of the Honorable Artillery Company of London, England, by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, which was organized in 1638, and witness the great military parade that followed the landing of the distinguished visitors. The morning trains and trolleys were loaded down with suburban sightseers.

— It is with extreme reluctance that the JOURNAL feels itself obliged to decline "The Woman Question" written by our gifted townswoman, Miss Clara J. Carter, and recently published in *The Club Woman*, the official organ of women's clubs and societies, but its length compels us to do so. We desire to say that the paper is admirably composed and makes interesting reading, particularly for club women.

— The 5th Regiment boys and other State military organizations that did escort duty for the Honorables from London and the A. & H. of Boston last Sunday were greatly put out because rations were not provided for them by the A. & H. Regimental and Company officers were invited to eat, but as the privates were left out in the cold the officers declined the invitation. The A. & H. ought to have been ashamed of themselves.

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— C. E. Cooper, 415 Main street, is Insurance Agent.—4.

— The Mechanics Phalanx are to celebrate their 68th anniversary on Wednesday, Oct 14, with a target shoot and banquet.

— A considerable batch of Woburn people went to Boston last Sunday to see the Honorable Artillery Company of London, England, march to Trinity church to attend divine services, and were delighted with the show. They were escorted by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, and made a brilliant display.

— The Harvest Moon, at the present time shedding its effulgent rays on Mother Earth, enabling the evening wayfarer to find and keep the road, and incidentally to save this city a considerable sum for electricity, fulled last Sunday, and since that date has been steadily on the wane. It is called Harvest Moon because its full comes about at a date nearest to the English harvest. It is sometimes called the Hunters Moon.

— Col. A. L. Richardson was one of the 1000 people who sat at the bountifully laden tables of the great banquet given by the Ancient & Honorable Artillery Company of Boston in Symphony Hall last Monday evening in honor of their distinguished visitors, the Honorable Artillery Company of London, England, after which the A. & H. was named 265 years ago, and of which Lord Denbigh is Commander. It was the most brilliant affair ever witnessed in Boston.

— The price of coal is in the neighborhood of a dollar higher now than last year and several preceding years, but so long as people believe that the advance is legitimate, that is to say, the effect of the operation of the law of supply and demand, they do not grumble. They are content that the dealers should live and move and have their being, but when they get it into their heads that they are being cheated —well, that is another story.

— At work in the James Robertson leather factory on Eastern avenue are three generations of Brauers, John Brauer, his son Lewis, and a grandson, all good workmen and thrifty. John was born and lived in Germany until a young man, when he came across the ocean and settled at Baltimore in Maryland. He celebrated his 75th birthday anniversary about three weeks ago, and the 48th anniversary of his wedding day last week. He and the sweetheart he married in New York City almost a half century ago were close neighbors in the old Fader Land.

— On some two days towards the close of this month the women of the Unitarian church will give the public something novel, outre, and highly attractive in the shape of a Fair. It is to be a Homemade Food Fair, at which will be offered for sale everything that can be thought of in the line of eatables. And every article home-made! Think of that! In a future issue of the JOURNAL the task of enumerating, or naming, a hundred or two of the food articles to be sold, ranging from poundcake to picalilli, may be undertaken; but suffice it to say for the present that the Fair is going to be a big thing.

— Edwin G. Clarke, a native of Woburn, second son of Wm. Horatio Clarke, is the leader of the orchestra in the new Globe Theatre in Boston. Mr. Clarke has been a musical Director since he was 16, and was with Sousa on one of his European tours. His brother, Herbert L. Clarke, was both Gilmore's and Sousa's cornet soloist, and was twice in Europe with the latter. He is now Director of Clarke's Providence Band, and has received many medals and testimonials of appreciation. Ernest H. Clarke, another brother, is principal trombonist with the Damrosch orchestra in New York, and was the trombone soloist with the late P. S. Gilmore, being constantly in demand in his profession.

— Mr. Abijah Thompson has handed us a copy of the Somerville *Journal* of Sept. 10, 1887, which contains a full report of the reunion of the 39th M. V. Regiment held at Somerville on Sept. 6, 1887, with a complete roster of that gallant old command. Company K of Woburn was represented on the occasion by 27 Veterans, namely: Luke R. Tidd, H. J. Persons, W. P. Warren, A. P. Barrett, Albert Bancroft, P. L. Eaton, Ed. Hoskins, C. H. Johnson, Timothy Mahoney, A. L. Richardson, John Gilcreast, Abijah Thompson, J. F. Lewis, George E. Fowle, Oscar Persons, W. P. Brown, A. R. Linscott, J. P. Downing, Geo. A. Dean, J. W. Garfield, Sylvester Murray, A. H. Richardson, F. E. Colby, M. B. Baldwin, A. G. Brown, John H. Sheehan, C. H. Colegate. There were speeches, music, banquets, and the Vets had a glorious good time.

— The presentation of the opera "Egypta" in Lyceum Hall on Monday and Tuesday evenings and Wednesday afternoon was a great art, musical and pecuniary success. It was given under the auspices of Camp 66, Sons of Veterans, by its proprietors assisted by any amount of home talent in music and dramatics, and went off in the finest kind of style. The gay appearance and excellent singing of several hundred children was a treat more than all the money one had to pay to see and hear the opera; and it is absolutely true that as a magnet they draw stronger than any other feature of the performance. Almost everybody in town attended, by whom a unanimous verdict was rendered highly flattering to the merits of the piece and its presentation here. The gentlemen of this city who filled leading parts of the play acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner and elicited by their perfect performances much hearty applause. The S of V. must have reaped a rich harvest of greenbacks from the grand triple entertainment.

— When, 10 years ago, Miss Mary G. Kenney, as Master Owen's Assistant, took charge of the Commercial Department of the Woburn High School only about 20 pupils were in attendance for study under her instruction, while now, at the beginning of her eleventh year, there are at least 150 enrolled for a business education. The introduction of this branch of work into the High School was viewed somewhat doubtfully by some of the School Committee, but Master Owen favored it warmly, and Mr. William F. Kenney, a member of the Board, was indefatigable in overcoming objections and securing the establishment of the Department. It was a success from the beginning and has proved of immense value to a great number of the boys and girls of this city. Miss Kenney is an able instructor in this important branch of learning, and scores of young men and women are now filling responsible and lucrative positions as stenographers, bookkeepers, typewriters, etc. who owe their ability to do so to her thorough and excellent teaching.

"ON THE STREET"

By "the Street" is usually meant the financial centre of a great city.

The men who do business there are among the best-dressed men in the world.

What "the Street" says is as final in matters of attire as in matters of finance.

We clothe a great many of these men and have done so for years.

We ask *you* to consider this fact when next you buy clothing.

Macullar Parker Company,
Clothing for Men and Boys,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.

Cut Prices on Hot Water Bottles!

Whitcher's PRICES!

ON STANDARD QUALITY GOODS.

2 quart, regular 85c., for 59c.
2 quart, regular $1.25, for 98c.
2 quart, cloth inserted, regular $1.25, for 97c.
Other sizes at equally low prices.

City Council.

The Board of Aldermen held a meeting last Monday evening.

Petitions were received from the Directors of the Lowell & Boston Street Railway Company asking for franchises which revive the old matters of the Cummingsville and Arlington Road lines, for particulars of which see the JOURNAL's advertising columns.

John P. Miller and Frank R. Cummings were drawn as jurors.

The Board of Public Works asked for $800 for sewers on Charles street, and $1200 for the Public Property Dept.

The Finance Committee recommended the payment of $1000 to A. S. Wood, H. C. Blake, and J. H. Foster in settlement of their claims for sewer damages.

Several minor petitions were acted on.

— M. Bancroft, Sewing Machines and finding, 410 Main street.—6m

Representative Convention.

Woburn and Reading delegates to the 28th Republican Representative convention assembled at the Headquarters of the Woburn Republican Ward and City Committee at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening, Oct. 6, 1903, to place in nomination two candidates to represent the District in the Massachusetts House of Representatives in the Legislature of 1904.

At a conference of the Woburn delegates held immediately prior to the convention an informal ballot was taken for a Woburn candidate which resulted in 14 of the 17 ballots being thrown for Herbert S. Riley, Esq. On motion of Mr. Winthrop Hammond the vote was made formal and unanimous.

Returning to the room of the convention Mr. Riley was presented for nomination by Capt. E. F. Wyer in a neat and appropriate speech; which was followed by the presentation of the name of Mr. Charles H. Nowell by ex-Representative Arthur E. Roberts of Reading who paid his fellowtownsman a handsome and well deserved compliment for the record he made in the House of 1903, and his merits as a man. Messrs. Riley and Nowell were unanimously nominated, and each accepted the honor in excellent speeches. Subsequently remarks were made by Reading and Woburn delegates concerning the duty of the Republicans of the District to the candidates and the prospect of their election.

The convention was presided over by Mr. J. F. Turner of Reading, and Mr. Ed. Q. Brackett of Woburn was Secretary.

The District Committee was reelected.

— C. E. Cooper, 415 Main street, insures property on easy terms.—4.

WE RECKON

there must be something out of the common about our Boys' Norfolk Suits, or we would not be having such a splendid business on them.

Ask any school boy where his clothes came from and nine chances in ten he will say "Hammond's."

Price $3 to $8.

Extra values at $4 and $5.

Hammond & Son,
Leading Clothiers,
Lyceum Hall Building,
403 Main St., WOBURN.

Senatorial Convention.

The Middlesex-Essex Senatorial district convention (Republican) was held in Peabody town hall last Saturday, Oct. 3. It was called to order at 3 P. M. by James A. Jones of Stoneham, Chairman of the District Committee. Capt. E. F. Wyer of Woburn, who was made Chairman of the Committee on credentials, reported 44 delegates present.

The convention organized by the choice of Hon. Charles F. Woodward of Wakefield as Chairman and Frank E. Wetherell of Woburn as Secretary. Capt. Wyer of Woburn in a brief speech presented the name of Gen. Francis H. Appleton of Peabody as a Senatorial candidate for a second term, and moved his nomination by acclamation. The motion was unanimously carried.

Hon. A. S. Wood of Woburn nominated Horace H. Atherton, Jr., of Saugus, for a third term as member of the State Central Committee, and that gentleman was unanimously chosen. Mr. B. Frank Kimball of Woburn was one of the committee to nominate a District Committee. The following were chosen members of the Committee: James N. Waitt, Ward 6, Lynn; Geo. C. Farrington, Peabody; A. Clarke Newhall, Saugus; A. N. Richardson, Lynnfield; M. E. Tyler, Middleton; James A. Jones, Stoneham; R. S. Strout, Wakefield; Frank E. Wetherell, Woburn; George F. Putnam, North Reading.

Gen. Appleton, the nominee, was presented to the convention and voiced his thanks in pleasant phrase. The officers of the convention were empowered to fill vacancies, and the convention adjourned.

Lunch was served after the session and special electrics were provided for the transportation of delegates.

The District Committee organized by choice of Mr. Jones of Stoneham as Chairman, and Mr. Wetherell of Woburn as Secretary.

Interesting Figures.

The following is a list of cases tried in the Fourth District Court of Eastern Middlesex during the years ending Sept. 30, 1902 and 1903. The attention of sober people is asked for the item "Drunkenness," and a comparison of the figures for 1902 and 1903:

	1902	1903
Abortion		1
Assault	65	76
Arson	8	1
Breaking and entering	11	13
Bastardy	4	7
City Ordinance,	10	22
Cruelty	8	5
Disturbing the peace	37	26
Dog unlicensed keeping		5
Drunkenness	489	878
Embezzlement	1	
Escape		1
Evading fare		1
Fraud	2	1
Fish and game law violation	1	1
Gaming	20	
House of ill repute	1	
Indecent exposure		1
Idle and disorderly	4	9
Larceny	71	79
Liquor law violation	13	1
Lord's Day violation		5
Malicious Mischief	20	9
Neglect of family	8	13
Peddling unlicensed	2	2
Stealing a ride		1
Stubbornness	3	
Tramps	3	3
Truancy	5	5
Threats	1	
Trespass	13	4
Vagrant		1
Total,	801	1171

Salem T. Brigham.

Thursday morning, Oct. 8, 1903, Mr. SALEM T. BRIGHAM passed peacefully away at his home No. 6 Court street, this city, at the ripe age of 78 years, 11 months, and 21 days.

He was born at Brookfield, Mass., on Oct. 17, 1824, and in early life learned the trade of house painter, which he followed until he retired from business a few years ago. He came to Woburn in 1856, and has always made his home here.

On Oct 6, 1850, he married Miss Maria Davis of Portland, Maine, at Haverhill, Mass., who, with one daughter, Mrs. L. Waldo Thompson, and one son, Mr. Edward T. Brigham, survives to mourn his death.

Mr. Brigham enlisted in Co. C, 5th M. V. Regt. in 1864, and served 100 days in the Civil War. He was a member of G. A. R. Post 161 of Woburn.

Wanted.

We would like to ask, through the columns of your paper, if there is any person who has used Green's August Flower for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and Liver Troubles that has not been cured—and we also mean their results, such as sour stomach, fermentation of food, habitual costiveness, nervous dyspepsia, headaches, despondent feelings, sleeplessness—in fact, any trouble connected with the stomach or liver? This medicine has been sold for many years in all civilized countries, and we wish to correspond with you and send you one of our books free of cost. If you never tried August Flower, try a 25 cent bottle first. We have never known of its failing. If so, something more serious is the matter with you. The 25 cent size has just been introduced this year. Regular size 75 cents. At A. W. Whitcher's.

Woman's Club.

The opening meeting for the season 1903-4 of the Woburn Woman's Club will be held Friday, Oct. 16, at 3 P. M. in the hall of the Towanda Club House.

There will be a short address by the President followed by a concert by the Appleton Ladies Quartet of Boston.

This quartet consisting of Eleanor Fox Allen, Bessie May Busiel, Edith Louise Monroe and Jennie Frances Cook have appeared with unqualified success in nearly every State in the Union, and have received the most flattering encomiums from press and public.

At the close of the program a reception to the new members will be held.

A. C. K., Recording Clerk.

— Apply to C. E. Cooper, 415 Main street, for Insurance.—4.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Twenty-eight Franklin Street.

The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.

The National Graded Course Used.
P. O. Box 344.

MISS DORA A. WINN,
WILL RESUME
Pianoforte Instruction,
October 1, 1903.
6 Highland Street, Woburn.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Divine Unity."
Sunday School at 12 M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—18th Sunday after Trinity. No service during repairs.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service. Subject: "Meat and Drink."
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening, at 7.30.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Doctrine of Atonement."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: "What is it to be a Christian?"
12 M. Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., Preaching by the pastor. Subject: "An Earthly King Resisting a Heavenly King." Ladies Quartette.
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "A Glad Surprise With Its Lessons."
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Can It Be True."
7.45 P. M., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 3, by Rev. Stephen A. Norton, George Nelson Anger and Maude Yates, both of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 6, by Rev. William J. Menchin, Louis Stephen Nichols and Kitty Gertrupe Nichols, both of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 7, by Rev. George H. Tilton, Ralph Burtell Goodwin and Inez Edna Mudgett, both of Maine.

In this city, Oct. 7, by Rev. George H. Tilton, Edwin Wheeler Small of Boston and Lucy May Cummings of Woburn.

In Readville, Oct. 6, by Rev. Henry H. Hoyt, Charles Arthur Platts of Woburn and Bertha Lillian Rice of Readville.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 5, Susan Kelley, aged 39 years, 3 months, 21 days.

In this city, Oct. 8, Salem T. Brigham, aged 78 years, 11 months, 21 days.

METHODIST

FAIR!

The LADIES' AID SOCIETY of the M. E. Church, Woburn, will hold a Fair on

Wednes. and Thurs. Oct. 21 and 22

Fair opens Wednesday at 5 P. M.
Supper Wednesday, 6.30 to 8 P. M.
Entertainment both evenings.
Useful and Fancy Articles will be on sale.

Admission, 10 Cents
Supper, 25 Cents

To Let.
Two Modern Flats.

Shaw house on Main street, next to Methodist Church, to be rented into two flats with all modern improvements. Rent low.

Write to JOHN W. SHAW,
15 Green St., Brockton.

For Sale.

30 acres of the best farming land within 10 miles of Boston. Apply to S. B. MORSE, 180 Bedford street, Woburn.

Bad Place.

Do the city officials who are responsible for the manner in which the work is done on our highways realize that the high stone wall on the west side of Main street north of Warren avenue is in a threatening and dangerous condition? The embankment behind the wall has caved in from the top down to the street so far that the heavy coping stones [illegible] wall [illegible] renders it liable to fall [illegible] during [illegible] in grading for the new concrete sidewalk at this point [illegible] such depth that the foot of the wall resting [illegible] stones is [illegible] of the sidewalk. This defect alone would render a wall insecure, and [illegible] battered [illegible] glaring [illegible] dangerous. Many school children [illegible] pass this point three times daily.—X.

Carlberg—Anderson.

At Mechanics Hall last Wednesday evening, Mr. CARL CARLBERG and Miss IDA VICTORIA ANDERSON, both of Woburn, were united in the holy bonds of wedlock by [illegible] pastor of the Scandinavian Evangelical Free church of this city.

A large reception was held in the hall, at the close of which the happy pair started on their bridal tour.

Have You Guessed?

Count the Stamps in our window and fill in a blank.

Double Stamps, commencing Friday, and continuing until Saturday, Oct. 24.

Four Stamps for one on all Dress Skirts bought during the Double Stamp Sale.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Pork AND Lard Are Cheaper

Best Pure Lard,	10c per lb.
Pork,	10c " "
Peanut Butter,	15c " "
Queen Olives,	35c per qt.

We are headquarters for

Kennedy's Biscuits.

Call and see the great variety we keep.

DO YOU USE SALADA TEA?

☞ We sell it.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE

Registrars of Voters

will be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common St., on the evenings of

Saturday, Oct. 10, Monday, Oct. 12, Tuesday, Oct. 13, at 7 o'clock P. M. and Wednesday, Oct. 14, from 12 M. to 10 P. M.

for the PURPOSE OF REGISTERING all persons legally qualified to vote in State Election and for correcting the List of Voters.

Registration for the State Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of Oct. 14th.

☞ All naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

Thomas E. Mathews,
Fred F. Lowell,
Charles H. Harrington,
John H. Finn,
Registrars of Voters

Woburn, Sept. 29, 1903.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Gilman F. Jones, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and codicil—of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by Sarah S. Jones, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell in said County of Middlesex, on the twentieth day of October, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Charles Choate, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John M. Harlow, the Trustee under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the third account of his trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-seventh day of October, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

NOTICE

is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Eleanor S. Stubbs, late of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ANNIE L. FOSTER, Admx.,
71 Rutland Street, Boston.

July 28th, 1903.

To Let.

One half of a double house on Court street. Inquire of Mrs. PHINNEY,
29 Warren Avenue.

To Let.

Tenement of six rooms at 37 Salem street, $11.00 per month.

E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount street.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Public Hearing.

To the Honorable City Council of the City of Woburn:

Respectfully represent your petitioners, the directors of the Lowell & Boston Street Railway Company, that said railway company is a corporation duly organized under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; that its tracks have been located in your city by orders of your honorable board heretofore granted; that your petitioners desire a location for the extension of the tracks of said railway company in your city as follows: Beginning at the terminus of its line and tracks at the corner of North Warren Street and Pleasant Street in Woburn, thence across Pleasant Street and the tracks of the Woburn & Boston Street Railway Company to Arlington Road, and thence through, over and along Arlington Road to its junction with Lake Avenue, thence over, upon and through Lake Avenue to the Winchester Line.

Wherefore your petitioners pray that your honorable board will, after due notice and a hearing of all parties interested, grant said railway company a location for the extension of its tracks as aforesaid, and will grant it permission to erect, maintain and operate a street railway upon said location with all necessary turnouts and connections and the right to erect and use an overhead system of electric motive power, and to erect and use the necessary poles, wires and equipment along the route of its track, and do such underground work and surface and other work as may be requisite for said purpose.

T. I. REED,
EDWARD A. MEAD,
F. E. COTTON,
F. A. PARTRIDGE,
RICHARD FAULKNER,
Directors of Lowell & Boston St. Ry. Co.

Upon the foregoing petition it is

Ordered, That fourteen days' notice be given, that the City Council on Wednesday evening, October 21st, at 8 o'clock P. M., at the Council Chamber, Municipal Building, consider said petition and give a public hearing thereon, at which time and place all persons interested therein may appear and be heard.

Said notice to be given by publication of a copy of said petition with this order thereon, at the expense of the petitioners in the Woburn Daily Times, Woburn Journal and Woburn News.

City Council, Oct. 5, 1903.
Adopted.
Attest: JOHN H. FINN, Clerk.
A true copy,
Attest: JOHN H. FINN, Clerk.

To the Honorable City Council of the City of Woburn:

Respectfully represent your petitioners, the directors of the Lowell & Boston Street Railway Company, that said railway company is a corporation duly organized under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; that its tracks have been located in your city by orders of your honorable board, heretofore granted; that your petitioners desire a location for the extension of its tracks in your city as follows: Beginning on Winn Street at the corner of Bedford Street and at its own tracks, thence over, along and through Bedford Street to its junction with Willow Street, thence over, along and through Willow Street to Burlington Street, thence over, along and through Burlington Street to the dividing line between the City of Woburn and the Town of Burlington.

Wherefore your petitioners pray that your honorable board will, after due notice and a hearing of all parties interested, grant said railway company a location for the extension of its tracks as aforesaid, and will grant it permission to erect, maintain and operate a street railway upon said location with all necessary turnouts and connections and the right to erect and use an overhead system of electric motive power and to erect and use the necessary poles, wires and equipment along the route of its track, and do such underground work and surface and other work as may be requisite for said purposes.

T. I. REED,
EDWARD A. MEAD,
F. E. COTTON,
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City Council, Oct. 5, 1903.
Adopted.
Attest: JOHN H. FINN, Clerk.
A true copy,
Attest: JOHN H. FINN, Clerk.

Japol Tablets

a sure cure for hoarseness and tickling in the throat

Japol Powder

a remedy for cold in the head.

Japol Ice

unequalled in neuralgia and catarrh.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

Peppermints.

HOME-MADE
ALWAYS GOOD

CRAWFORD'S
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

To Let.

House on Frances street, eight rooms and storage attic. Bathroom, hot and cold water; cemented cellar with laundry. Economical heater; sunny, pleasant outlook. Apply to C. A. BURDETT, Mishawum Road, cor. Main street.

M. E. Church Fair Committees.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Walter Daw, Chairman
Mr. Hubbard Copeland
Mr. M. W. True
Mrs. Fort Staples
" Charles F. French
" Arthur W. Whitcher
" Helena Collyer
" Frank McMahon
" James Graydon
Miss Matilda McFarland
Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Frye
" " " Everett Dickinson
" Charles W. French

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

M. W. True
Charles French
James Farrell
Fort Staples
Chester Fowle
Joseph Farrell

ADVERTISING AND PRINTING.

Mrs. N. W. Frye

ADMISSION TICKETS.

N. W. Frye

TREASURER.

Hubbard Copeland

DECORATING COMMITTEE.

Mrs. A. W. Whitcher, Chairman
C. W. French
Joseph Farrell
James Farrell
Miss Agnes Clough
Walter Daw
Earl Fraser

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Helena Collyer, Chairman
" Frank McMahon.

HOUSEKEEPER'S TABLE.

Mrs. Fort Staples, Chairman
" Thomas Wilson
" Lucy Ball
" Sara Gerrish

APRON TABLE.

Mrs. C. F. French, Chairman
" F. W. Legg
" M. W. True
" James Fraser
" Annie Wright

TEA BOOTH.

Miss Grace Stowers, Chairman
" Leila Seller
" Marion Young
" Stella Daw
" Elsie Parker

HANDKERCHIEF TABLE.

Miss May Langill, Chairman
" May Armstrong
" Thaunie Gleason
" Cora Daw
" Mabel West
" Maggie Livingstone
" Carrie Long

FANCY TABLE.

Miss Matilda McFarland, Chairman
Mrs. Joseph Farrell
" Rufus Snow
" N. W. Frye
Miss Mabel West
" Lottie Rollins
" Daisy Holdridge
" Bertha Long
" Carrie Corbin

REMEMBRANCE TABLE.

Mrs. Herbert Stevens, Chairman
" Frank McMahon
Miss Edith Esterbrook
" Ada Cook

CANDY TABLE.

Mrs. A. L. Holdridge, Chairman
Mrs. Bessie Parks
Miss Eva Langill
" Florence Delino
" Jessie Rollins
" Louise Wheeler
" Grace Allen

ICE CREAM.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Dickinson, Chairman.
Miss Bertha Esterbrook
" Mildred Collyer
" Jennie West
" Blanch Blackburn
" Calla Legg
" Florence Howe
" Sadie Bryenton
" Bertha Sanborn
" Cora Burall
" Lizzie Richardson
" Hattie Jones

SUPPER COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Lettie J. Greydon, Chairman
" Mary E. Fowle
" Lizzie West
" Jennie L. Bruce
" Henrietta C. Langill
" L. C. Cobb
" Whittie
" Lora B. Given
" Fred Given
" Edgar C. Allen
" Cynthia Dixon
" Mary F. Parker
" Margaret Long
" William Bolewine
" Mary J. Cummings
" Mary Stewart, Kilby street
" Mary Richardson
" Langdill
" Louie Ames
" Fred Gamester
Miss Orinda Chandler

Literary Notices.

The October number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE of Boston is high-water mark for that periodical. Among the contributors of special articles and current comment are Poultney Bigelow, Senator Tillman, Dallas Lore Sharp, Charles Ferguson, Dr. Felix Oswald, Major R. S. Porter, Colonel James Matlack Scovel, George T. Richardson, Kate Sanborn, Joe Mitchell Chapple and Frank Putnam. The story tellers of the number are Eva Hampton Prather of Atlanta, Carrie Hunt Latta of Indianapolis, Jack B. Norman and Ellis Parker Butler of New York, Henry Oyen of Chicago, H. Arthur Powell of Connecticut and Abbie Libbey Holmes of Wisconsin. The poets are Yone Noguchi, the Japanese celebrity; Helen Hicks of Ontario, Oscar Johnson of Iowa, Columbine of New Orleans and Mrs. Robert N. Pollard of Virginia. Senator Tillman predicts the repeal of the amendment granting suffrage to the negro; Major Porter reports vividly a bit of savage fighting in the Philippines; Poultney Bigelow writes a rollicking story of a canoe trip in an Alpine stream. Charles Ferguson's Genius of Business comes to a brilliant conclusion in this number. Not the least striking feature of the number is a little Indian girl's prize story of how she got an Indian hunter to subscribe for the Magazine.

The October number of THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE is interesting and artistic from cover to cover. Short stories—and of the kind that every one nowadays delights in—seem to be the main feature. F. Hopkinson Smith, than whom there is no cleverer story-teller in contemporaneous English letters, contributes a fascinating Venetian story, and illustrates it with a frontispiece in colors. W. A. Fraser, who is called the American Kipling, begins a series of animal tales, as told by the animals themselves, called The Sa'-Zada Tales. The illustrations are by Arthur Heming, an artist who has followed the forest's denizens almost into their lairs, to study them so as to depict them with absolute truthfulness. Other fiction includes The Ray of Displacement, by Harriet Prescott Spofford; The Drums of the Heiau, by Ethel Watts Mumford; A Creature of the Machine, by James Gardner Sanderson; Uncle Ab's 'Marse-cot', by Margaret Nielson Barry; Saunders's Vacation, by William Hamilton Osborne; A Strange, Square Bundle, by Lulie Wells Smith; The Tribe of Hodder, by Sewell Ford; and Peering Jimmy, by John Fleming Wilson. There are several illustrated articles: The Village Gardens of Brittany, Professional Conscience, Cha-mi-ni, the Apache, New York Homes of Famous Stage Folk, besides the continuation of Maurice Hewlett's serial, The Queen's Quair, considered by far a better story than his popular Forest Lovers. The cover design is a striking effect in color by John Cecil Clay. All in all, the October number of THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE is a capital issue.

Football plays a prominent part in the October AMERICAN BOY. The front cover shows two strong American boys in action on the football field and makes a striking picture. Football at Yale and a football story, A Bit of Red Ribbon, will interest lovers of the game. Surely no menu for a boy's mental feast could be more attractive than that spread out in the 32 pages of the paper before us, and the good thing about it is that there is not a word of it all but will prove helpful to the boy. Boys ought to appreciate having such a splendid publication to represent them as THE AMERICAN BOY. There are 45 pictures in this number. The illustrated stories are especially strong. The titles are At Dwight Mill; Eliza, a story of a goat, a boy and a maiden aunt; Lost at Sea; Joe Jolly Boy, Hal Herrick, First Striker, a sea story; The Victoria Cross, a war story; A Rabbit for a Start; The Cripple and the Third Grade; Loys DeChastelnaye; The Losing of William Henry, and Ted's Practical Idea. Leading illustrated articles dealing with boy life include United States Senate Pages; Unsalaried Friends; How the President Keeps in Touch With the World; A Boy in the Hall of Fame; William Pitt; The Boys of the White House, and The Freedom of Boys. Departments chock full of life are those devoted to the American Boy Lyceum The Order of the American Boy; The Boy Photographer; Boys and Animals; Boy Mechanics and Artisans; Book Reviews; Boys in Games and Sport; Stamps, Coins and Curios; With the Boys; Boys in the Home and School; Boys as Money Makers, and Tangles. Singles copies 10 cents; annual subscription, $1.00. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

— C. E. Cooper, 415 Main street, represents solid Insurance Cos.—4.

WINCHESTER.

Mr. Hall is to be the Representative from this District.

Last week's *Star* was emphatically a "Count Rumford" number.

The reinstalment of the bell on the Congregational church is generally and heartily approved of by the people of this village.

Mr. Edward A. Brackett of this town is 85 years old and the oldest member of the State Fish and Game Commission, in the Union. He is smart and up to date.

The people of the Second Baptist church are to hold a Financial Rally on Sunday, Oct. 18, to raise funds with which to build a new meetinghouse. They are meeting with gratifying pecuniary success, and deserve it.

There is strong talk of supplying this town with a new Y. M. C. A. building of modern pattern and abundantly capacious for the purposes required of one. It is said that the Winchester Y. M. C. A. are more prosperous than almost any others in this part of the State owing to good management and the prevalence of the right kind of a Christian spirit among our people.

Some of Mr. S. W. Twombley's friends have been trying to get him to make another run for the Legislature, and he himself is not averse to the idea. In my humble judgment he ought to be satisfied with the well deserved honors that the people of Winchester have conferred on him in the past and leave the field clear to us younger men of the Party. If he persists in running all the time, when and where are the rest of us to come in?

I am utterly opposed to the alleged scheme to relegate ex Selectman Johnson to a condition of innoxious desuetude, in public affairs, and shall fight it to the bitter end. He is a man altogether too valuable in town business to be unceremoniously shelved by designing politicians, or men who do not endorse his financial and political vagaries, and don't like him very well, anyhow. No, Sir, I do not endorse the cry of "too much Johnson" in this case.

Wedgemere Colony, U. O. P. F., have elected the following officers: Gov., John J. McAteer; Lieut. Gov., Michael Flaherty; Sec., Mary F. Burke; Treas., Patrick Dowd; Collector, James H. Roach; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mrs. James H. Roach; Deputy Sergeant at-Arms, Mrs. William H. Vayo; Chaplain, Mrs. Maria Nelson; Sentinel of Inner Gate, Thos. Shaughnessy; Sentinel of Outer Gate, Mrs. Mary Hoban; Trustee for Three Years, John T. Cosgrove; Director of Music, Miss Mary McDonald. Installation Oct. 26.

— Favorable insurance rates by C. E. Cooper.—4.

His Distinguished Uncle.

A young lady, the beautiful daughter of a western congressman, was introduced on her arrival in Washington to a dapper young government official, a relative of the late Thomas F. Bayard. During their talk about the Delaware statesman she pronounced his name as it is spelled, giving the first "a" its long sound. The young man felt it his duty to correct her, saying that the name was pronounced "Byard." A few days later he sent her a note asking for the privilege of entertaining her and some friends who were visiting her from the west by taking them to dinner at his club. In the reply that she wrote she said she would have been pleased to accept his invitation, only the messenger that he had "hayard" seemed very "tayard" and had dallied upon the way, so that she had entered into another engagement before the note reached her. However, if he "desayard" her company at some future time she would be "al-fayard" glad to hear from him again.—Chicago Record-Herald.

WANTED—A TRUSTWORTHY GENTLEMAN or lady in each county to manage business for an old established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly salary of $18.00 paid by check each Monday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Enclose addressed envelope. Manager, 360 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

THE MILKY SEA.

A Curious Sight Occasionally Witnessed In Tropical Waters.

Of the many sights witnessed in the oceans of the globe, one of the most curious and most weird is that described by sailors as "the milky sea," ships being surrounded for several hours by water that appears to be a snowy whiteness. The spectacle is restricted to the darkness of night and rare occasions, and, while it is limited mainly to the warmer waters of the tropical belt, it appears to be more common in the Indian ocean than in the Atlantic and Pacific. From the white water the light is so strong that ordinary newspaper print can be read on board ship, but the scene all round is of an awe inspiring description. The horizon is blotted out, sea and sky seem to become one in a sort of universal luminous fog, which, like a London fog, robs the observer of the sense of distance and direction, the deck being lit up with a ghastly, shadowless light. Once off the west coast of South America a bucket of the white water emptied back into the sea resembled molten lead. This curious sight has interested scientific investigators, but while it is no doubt related to the many phosphorescent displays common at sea there is no sufficient explanation forthcoming of this particular manifestation or of the singular atmospheric effects resulting from it.

Charles V. at Table.

Emperor Charles V. of Austria, by far the most powerful ruler of his day, was thus described as he appeared at table by Roger Ascham, secretary to the English ambassador, in 1550: "I stood hard by the emperor's table. He had four courses; he had sod beef—very good, roast mutton, baked hare; these be no service in England. The emperor hath a good face, a constant look; he fed well of a capon; I have had a better from mine hostess Barnes many times in my chamber. He and Ferdinando, king of the Romans, ate together very handsomely, carving themselves where they list, without any curiosity. The emperor drank the best that ever I saw; he had his head in the glass five times as long as any of us and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine." It was notorious that the emperor ate and drank immoderately, and as a natural result he suffered terribly from gout from the time he was thirty years old.

The Arabic Language.

There is no language more poetical than the Arabic language, where snow is called "hair of the mountain" and the rainbow is "bride of the rain." Red mullet is "the sultan of fishes," maidenhair fern is translated by "little cane of the well." Ordinary Arabic words show an extraordinary gift of description. The word for secretly means literally "under the matting" and never is expressed thus: "When the charcoal takes root and the salt buds." Uncontrolled ascendency of imagination marks the Arab and endows his nature with a fascination all its own. An outdoor life is his heritage, and the things of nature are a part of himself. Spring he calls "grass;" summer is "gleaning;" autumn is "fruit;" winter is "rainy."

A Queer Police Force.

The policemen in Haiti are paid by results. They get capitation fees for all the arrests they make. As they come from the worst class of the population and are under no discipline, it follows that a man is very liable to be arrested in Haiti unless he is willing to pay the policeman more than the capitation fee. As this fee is only 15 cents, the price of freedom is not prohibitive.

If a man objects to paying the fee and says he would rather go before the judge the policeman soon convinces him of the unpleasantness of arrest with a thick club.

A Soft Pack.

A soft pack is the most effective method known for alleviating inflammation and getting rid of irritation in rheumatic gout. To afford relief every night a piece of flannel should be applied. This flannel should be saturated in brine and then wrapped around the affected joint or joints. The flannel should then be covered with a rubber or oil silk bandage. Both should be kept on all night.

Ether and Either.

When the friends of the rival claimants of the discovery of anæsthesia were proposing monuments for each other Oliver Wendell Holmes suggested that all should unite in erecting a single memorial, with a central group symbolizing painless surgery, a statue of Jackson on one side, a statue of Morton on the other and the inscription beneath, "To E(i)ther."

Odd Chinese Custom.

In China a jar placed on the roof of a house with the bottom end toward the street indicates that the daughter of the house is not yet of age to marry. As soon as she has developed into a marriageable maiden the jar is turned with its mouth toward the street. When the young lady gets married the jar is removed altogether.

Cut Out the Bread.

"Idleness is a sin. The good book says that man shall eat bread in the sweat of his face."

"I ain't pertickler about bread, mum. Jis' gimme some meat and a little pie and cake if der's any handy, and I'll git along. I ain't no great bread eater meself, mum."

Not In Stock.

Shop Walker—She complains that you didn't show her common civility.

Shopgirl—I showed her everything in my department, sir.

Quite Deliberate.

"I am glad to say," remarked Mr. Seekton, "that I never spoke a hasty word to you."

"No, Leonidas," answered his wife rather gently; "I'm willing to give you credit for not hurrying about anything."

In a truly heroic life there is no peradventure. It is always either doing or dying.—Hitchcock.

All Will Be Discovered.

Barnes Tormer—I am in a quandary. I have been offered an engagement by two managers, and I don't know how to act.

Sue Brette—Well, don't worry. They'll soon find it out.

A Mean Suggestion.

Photographer's Assistant—Mrs. Van Perkins complains that her portraits don't look like her.

Photographer—Complains, does she? She ought to be grateful.

Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing.

The Mammoth Ocean Appetite.

"It is often said," remarked the traveled man, "that steamship companies make big profits out of seasick passengers. So they may, but the others make the balance even.

"There are so many meals on an ocean liner, and such healthy appetites are cultivated at sea that I can't imagine how the companies make any profit out of passengers.

"Not long ago I traveled from Panama to Guayaquil on an English liner. We hardly stopped eating all the way. The first breakfast was from 7 to 9, the second from 9:30 to 12, lunch from 1 to 3, tea from 4 to 5, dinner from 6 to 8 and supper from 9 to 11. If anybody got hungry between meals, as often happened, the deck steward came around with beef tea, biscuits, oranges, bananas and other trifles.

"I never missed a meal, and I don't think anybody else did. They were good, hearty meals too.

"The German lines across the Atlantic and the lines running from England to the West Indies are also very liberal in feeding passengers."

All Contraltos Dark.

"Did you ever see a blond contralto?" asked a teacher of vocal music. "I'll be bound you never did, for the reason that all contraltos are dark. For a matter of twenty years I have observed the human voice, and I have come to the conclusion that the coloring of a person has some sort of influence upon the vocal organs. Blond persons with blue eyes, ruddy complexions and yellow hair incline to have high, sharp, metallic voices—soprano voices. I won't go so far as to say that I can tell by a woman's appearance what type of voice she has, but I will say that I can usually give a pretty good guess as to her voice. To be sure, I have seen blonds with deep voices and brunettes with high ones, but I have only seen this rarely. Never in my life have I seen a blond contralto—a naturally blond one, I mean."—Philadelphia Record.

In Westminster Abbey.

Fox's tomb is perhaps the most ridiculous in the abbey, but others run it hard—the naked figure of General Wolfe supported by one of his staff in full regimentals and receiving a crown from Victory; William Wilberforce apparently listening to Sheridan telling a comic tale and contorting his features in the endeavor not to laugh; the Sir Cloudesley Shovel in periwig and Roman toga, which excited the mirth even of contemporaries, and all the monuments erected by the East India company, with palm trees and other tropical exuberances, to the memory of great soldiers, like Sir Eyre Coote. From the point of view of good taste a dictator would be justified in dismissing these and many more to the stone mason's yard.—Cornhill Magazine.

Willing to Call It Square.

"Call me a liar, do you?" exclaimed the little man with the red head. "You'll apologize for that or take a licking!"

The other man repeated the offense.

Then there was a fight.

It was a fierce battle, but the other man whipped.

"I didn't want to do it," he said, "but nothing else would satisfy you."

The little man picked himself up, brushed the dust off his clothes, removed the evidences of the conflict from his nose and turned to his antagonist.

"I accept your apology," he said stiffly.—Chicago Tribune.

The Silver Penny.

According to high authority the silver penny of King Alfred is the earliest authentic Saxon coin that can be traced with certainty to the London mint. Athelstan, about 928, was the first British king to enact regulations for the government of the mint, but the coinage was debased by the minters during the several reigns following. To such an extent was this fraud carried on that in the reign of Henry I. dealers in the markets refused to accept current money, and when the king summoned the minters to appear at Winchester only three men out of ninety-four escaped mutilation and banishment. Henry I. is said to have instituted a mint at Winchester in 1125, but the English do not seem to have been proficient in the art of coining, for Stow relates that in the reign of Edward I. the mint was kept by Italians. In Henry III.'s time English money greatly improved in appearance, and in his reign took place the first gold coinage in that country. In the following reigns money was again debased, and it became so bad that Queen Elizabeth called in all corrupted coins and new ones were issued, for the first time having the edges milled.

For a Change.

There was good talk at a tea party given once at the observatory of Cambridge, England. Sydney Smith was there, and although he took the wonderful work of the place seriously he had a light manner of expressing himself. The party had been led up to look at Jupiter, and this was his comment:

"Jupiter? If you hadn't told me I should have taken it for a bad shilling."

"Where is Sir John Herschel?" asked one of the guests.

"He is at Cape of Good Hope," said the astronomer, Airy. "He was ordered there to observe the stars of the southern hemisphere."

"Ah!" said Sydney Smith. "I suppose you astronomers, when you are ill, are advised to change your stars just as we ordinary mortals are told to change our air."

The Boys In Gray.

A question often asked, according to the United Service, is why the army cadets at West Point wear a gray uniform, while the uniform of the army is blue. The origin of the distinction dates back to the war of 1812-14, when the commissary general of the army could not procure the blue cloth required for General Winfield Scott's brigade, and so they were clad in gray. So distinguished was the conduct of that brigade at Lundy's Lane and Chippewa that when, after the war of 1812, a reorganization of West Point Military academy was made, out of compliment to General Scott and his brigade the uniform of the corps of cadets was changed from blue to gray.

The Twelve Jurymen.

A prisoner is tried by twelve of his fellow countrymen. This custom is a thousand years old, and we get it from the Vikings. The Vikings divided their country up into cantons, which were subdivided into twelve portions, each under a chieftain. When a malefactor was brought to justice it was usual for each chieftain to select a man from the district over which he ruled and compel him to try the prisoner, the verdict of these twelve men being declared by the judge to be final.

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OSBORN
GILLETTE.

The First American Bible.

In 1663 the first Bible printed in America was published in Cambridge. It was unlawful to print an English version of the Scriptures, that right being a monopoly enjoyed by privilege and patent in England. The one printed in Massachusetts was Eliot's famous "Indian Bible," and, although 1,500 copies were struck off, they are quite rare and "sealed books," as the tongue in which they are written is literally a "dead language," the tribe and all who had a knowledge of the dialect being long extinct.

Eliot's work is unique, being at once a monument to his piety, perseverance and learning. Its literary successor was Newman's "Concordance of the Scriptures." This was compiled by the light of pine knots in a log cabin in one of the frontier settlements of Massachusetts. It was the first of its kind and for more than a century was admitted to be the most perfect, holding its place in public esteem until superseded by Cruden's, which it suggested.

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GENTRY, GAMBLER

By........

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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"Pass," said Dugan laconically, laying down his cards.

"That puts me out," remarked the lean Yankee from the Cross Triangle outfit. The third man, Davies, as he called himself, rapped the table with his knuckles indifferently. He was ahead of the game and could afford to lose the pot.

There remained old man Lorry. To him Gentry looked with surprising insouciance. Having dealt the cards, the gambler was disturbed by no doubts as to Lorry's action. He would raise and promptly. Lorry had cut before the deal, it is true, but Gentry had reversed the cut adroitly, unobtrusively.

Nevertheless, to the gambler's surprise, Lorry was uncommonly slow. He vacillated mentally between caution and cupidity; his weak, red rimmed eyes shone feverishly behind the iron bound glasses, and he chewed nervously upon one end of his ragged, tobacco stained mustache. Finally he slammed his hand upon the table. Gentry arched his brows inquiringly.

"Out?" he asked, motioning toward the discard.

Old man Lorry swore abandonedly. "Naw!" he replied. "See yer twenty an' go yer a hundred better."

From the interior of his shirt he produced a roll of bills which the gambler appraised with amazement. He had not thought to find such rich prey. Lorry, conscious that he was creating a sensation, threw two bills upon the table with an air.

"Steddy, pop," cautioned Healy, proprietor of the saloon.

"Mind yer own business," responded old man Lorry sharply.

"And five hundred better," Gentry remarked softly.

"An' five hundred."

"Again."

Lorry glanced defiantly about the table. Healy had turned his back. As for the rest, startled out of their composure by this abrupt change in the complexion of the game, they watched breathlessly.

"Call yer!" exclaimed the old man, depositing the remainder of his fortune in the pot.

"Aces up an' queens!" he added, with an oath, as Gentry displayed his cards. "Better 'n my kings up an' jacks"— He broke off, staring blankly at the gambler as he calmly raked in his spoils and passed the cards to Dugan. The latter shook his head, with an air of finality.

"Nope," he said. "No more for me."

"None in mine," agreed the lean Yankee briefly, and Davies nodded assent to the judgment of the others.

Lorry shambled dispiritedly toward the bar. "Gimme some 'ski, Billy," he demanded.

Gentry arose and placed a fifty in the bartender's hands. "You can pay for the drinks out of that. I'm going to take a little walk to cool off. See you later, gentlemen." He paused on the threshold, but none answered him, and he passed on out into the infinite silent peace of the mountain night.

He walked a few steps along the apology for a road which formed the main street of the half deserted mining village, then halted suddenly.

"Old fool," he muttered impatiently, comforting himself against the thought of the wrong he had done old man Lorry. "He should have known better. Well, what's his loss is my gain. If I hadn't got it some other fellow would."

Gentry lighted a cigar, stuck his hands in his trousers pockets jauntily and retraced his steps toward Healy's. But he did not stop there. Through its open windows fragments of an argument floated to his ears, punctuated with old man Lorry's voice, bleating that he had been shorn. That was quite true, but the gambler did not wish to discuss the question with him since of necessity it would mean eventual bloodshed. He stepped quickly past the fan of light which the doorway threw across the road and began an ascent of the mountain trail. He would return ere long, when things were quieted, saddle his horse and ride on to the next camp.

The night air was warm and soothing with the balm of the pine scent. The gambler strolled beneath a high, broad arched, brilliant sky, fretted with bright stars. But from these he kept his face. His thoughts were too near to the earth for contemplation of the firmament. As he left the straggling village behind him he entered upon a great sweet solitude whose essence was in the mystery of night upon the mountains. The road wound temptingly on, a forest aisle empty, dusty, now white in the glare of the heavens, now blackly shadowed by massed pines, through whose interstices the starlight fell.

Presently the gambler came upon a little clearing in which, set at a distance back from the road and surrounded by a dilapidated picket fence, was a small cabin, vine clad. Its windows shone dimly with yellow lamplight, this although the hour was past midnight. As he stopped, puffing speculatively upon his cigar, a voice hailed him—a feminine voice, singularly rich in intonation and clear—and at that he made out a slender figure swaying upon the gate of the fence. He tossed away his smoke, removed his slouch hat and approached.

"Good evening," he said courteously.

"Howdy, stranger. Be you from Hammels, down yonder?"

Gentry failed to repress a start. The uncouthness of the words, the strong touch of dialect, was so distinctly out of keeping with what the beauty of the girl's voice had led him to expect. And, now that he could see her, there was positive refinement of feature in the face, wholly charming, upturned to him.

"Yes," he answered her.

The girl regarded him with unconcealed curiosity. "An' what might be yer name, stranger?"

"Mason," he lied without wondering why he should lie, lacking a reason.

"Oh," she sighed, with evident relief. "I didn't know—from yer style, yer know—but what yer might be Gentry."

"Who's Gentry?"

"Aw—a gambler what I heerd had come to town. Pappy went down early tonight to get in the game with him. Say, Mr. Mason, did yer see my pappy down there?"

"I don't know, really. Who"—

"Lorry," she interrupted. "Ole man Lorry they calls him, mostly. Did yer see him around?"

"Come to think of it, I did." He smiled blandly upon her to conceal a rising uneasiness.

"Was he drunk?" she continued frankly.

"N-no. I didn't notice that he was."

"He warn't gamblin' with that hound Gentry, was he?"

"No," said the hound heartily. "Gentry left town today, I hear."

"That's good!" She smiled at the gambler, shading her beautiful eyes with a deep fringe of upcurled lashes. "He'll only come home drunk, then," she added pensively. "I don't mind that. Never had to manage a man, did yer, stranger?"

"Only myself," he laughed.

"Then yer don't know nothin' about it—the trouble, I mean. Pappy's an ole fool. He don't know no more about playin' poker 'n a tenderfoot, an' he thinks he knows it all. He—he"— She hesitated.

"Well?" he encouraged her.

"Aw—nothin', only he made a strike a little while ago. It warn't much of a strike, only a couple of thousand, an' he promised to send me back east—to the home folks, you know—next week."

"And?" said Gentry softly.

"That was the money he took to gamble with," she laughed, a trifle harshly. "Said he'd send me back in style—with his winnin's. Well, so long's Gentry ain't there I reckon I may get a chance to get some book learnin', after all, if I can keep him home till next week. Goin' already, stranger?"

"Yes; I must hit the trail early tomorrow, Miss Lorry."

"Waal, so long. If yer see the ole man start him along home, will yer? Thanks, an' good night to yer, Mr. Mason."

* * * * * * *

Some distance down the trail the gambler stumbled over the prostrate form of a man. With something of a strong presentiment Gentry turned the body over and lit a match to see the face.

It was old man Lorry, hopelessly intoxicated, sleeping the dead sleep of alcohol.

"There's most of my fifty," remarked the gambler grimly. "It's like throwing good money after bad. I'm a darned fool."

To prove his assertion he took from his wallet the bills of which he had robbed the miner and stuffed them in the latter's pockets. Then he helped him to his feet, meaning to see him home. To his wonder Gentry found that the man, once afoot, was able to walk after a fashion. He lurched along unsteadily, but made progress toward his cabin.

The gambler followed him to the clearing, stepping noiselessly, then turned and went back for his horse and his last glimpse of Healy's.

Bright Benny.

"What a fine boy Benny is getting to be!" remarked Mr. Bloobumper's mother-in-law, who was taking dinner with Bloobumper.

"Yes, indeed," replied Bloobumper proudly. "He's a regular logician too. He'll ask questions and deduct conclusions in a masterly manner. He's inherited his father's brain power," added Bloobumper modestly.

A few moments later the conversation turned upon Mormonism, and Benny, in his search for knowledge, asked, "Papa, what is a Mormon?"

"A Mormon, Benny, is a man who marries more than one wife."

"Then you are a Mormon, ain't you, papa?" asked Benny, anxious to display the deductive powers which his father had commended.

"I a Mormon, Benny! Why, how in the world did you get such an idea in your head as that?"

"Why, I heard you tell Mr. Spratts yesterday that you had married all your wife's family."

"Mrs. Bloobumper," said that gentleman, turning to his wife, "I think Benny had better be sent to bed. He's been up quite late enough."

Revenged.

He was asking the old man for his daughter in marriage. He was talking tremblingly, hesitatingly, as you read in story books. Now came the old man's turn to speak, and as he began his face was white with passion and his voice shook with excitement.

"You want to marry my daughter?" he said. "Ah! Twenty years ago your father crippled me in a business deal and I swore to be revenged, and now my time has come."

He paused for breath, and the aspirant for the maiden's hand was about to beat a hasty retreat in the face of supposed defeat, when the father broke forth again:

"Yes, sir; I swore to be revenged, and I'll now strike the father through the son. Want my daughter, eh? Well, take her, and may she prove as expensive to you as she has to me."

The old man dropped into his chair, worn out with the excitement of his plot, and the young man fainted.

He Watched the Cow.

When Sir Stafford Northcote, afterward the Earl of Iddesleigh, was an officer in a yeomanry regiment in Devonshire one of the men who was leading a small force across the country was taking a rather circuitous instead of a straight course.

"Why don't you keep your eye on a given point?" asked his officer.

"I do, sir."

"Well, what point?"

"That old cow, sir," replied the man.

The earl was often known to use this anecdote when political leaders did not go straight.—Illustrated Bits.

The Devil's Knell.

Among the famous bells of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, England, is one known as "Black Tom of Scothill," which was presented to the church in expiation of a murder. "Black Tom" is always rung on Christmas eve. Its solemn tolling as it strikes the first tap at exactly midnight is known all over Yorkshire as the "devil's knell," it being the notion that when Christ was born the devil died.

Too Self Possessed.

Mrs. Manykids—There is one thing about our girls—they are always self possessed.

Papa Manykids (grimly)—Yes; they're too self possessed. I wish they'd get some one else to possess them.

A Just Reward.

"Too bad about Dr. Killem falling into the well, wasn't it?"

"Serves him right. He should have attended to the sick and left the well alone."—Melbourne Australian.

Her Long Dream.

Estelle—Ah! His proposal was just like a dream!

Agnes—Well, you ought to know, dear. You've been dreaming of that proposal for years.

Theory and Practice.

Theory is almost always still busy taking aim long after practice has made the bullseye.

When you make one mistake don't make another by trying to lie out of it.

HENRY CLAY, TROTTER.

The Price George M. Patchen, His Owner, Put Upon Him.

When William Wadsworth of Genesco, as John Gilmer Speed tells the story in the Century, went to George M. Patchen of New Jersey to buy the famous racing stallion Henry Clay, Mr. Patchen thought to put a prohibitive price upon him.

"We will give the horse all the water he can drink," said he, "and then weigh him, and you may give me a dollar a pound for him." Mr. Wadsworth promptly accepted, and as the horse weighed 1,050 pounds that fixed his price in dollars for what Mr. Speed evidently thinks one of the finest sires in the history of the American turf.

The story is told of Henry Clay that when Mr. Wadsworth needed for his sister a doctor from Rochester, thirty-eight miles away, Henry Clay was harnessed to a two seated wagon and did the journey both ways in less than five hours.

"Then again," Mr. Speed writes, "when Mr. Wadsworth had a match at mile heats, best three in five, he drove his horse ninety-five miles the day before the race rather than pay forfeit and then won the race, one heat being trotted in 2:35. This was in 1847. Consider the clumsy shoes, the heavy sulkies and other impedimenta of that time in comparison with the wirelike plates, ball bearing, pneumatic tired sulkies and cobweblike harness of today, and decide whether even the most phenomenal of our trotters is better than that."

Liszt Playing Chopin.

As Liszt played his demeanor changed in sympathy with the intensely dramatic content of the work. During the somber fantasie his teeth were set, his lips and massive jaw firm, his entire face almost rigid, his gray eyes burned with the composer's inspiration, and his body straightened out as he leaned somewhat away from the keyboard. When he struck the ponderous chords of terror there was a vehemence almost diabolical in the sudden swoop of his great hands, and the tremendous crash fairly made one shiver. His nostrils became distended, and his breath came quickly, as one laboring under great excitement. Indeed, it seemed that the spell of the great "tone poet," with whom in his earlier years he had been on such friendly terms, had completely mastered him, as though he felt himself again in his presence and he would once more prove his devotion to Chopin's inspired art and show him that Liszt still knew and could portray his innermost soul.—Silas G. Pratt in the Booklover's Magazine.

By Hook or Crook.

Several explanations are given of the expression "by hook or crook." Two London lawyers, Hook and Crook, were celebrated for locating sites of buildings after the great fire, the owners often concluding that they must get back their property by "Hook or Crook." Once voters open to bribery indicated it by placing straws in their shoes and were called "straw men," and when prosecuted for this offense they were brought before Judges Hook and Crook and often got off "by Hook and Crook." It not infrequently happened that a writ of habeas corpus was issued, and as often the sheriff's return had not the indorsement "hic est corpus"—that is, "here is the body"—and the offender went scot free, which action the public regarded as "hocus pocus."

The Women of Moro.

The women's dress in Bongoa shows great variety of color, but because of their black hued teeth, which are often filed to an arch in front, they are, as a rule, not charming to look upon. Their hair is fringed over the forehead and temples, while at the back it is drawn into a knot, from which one end invariably straggles, giving a most untidy effect. The wealthier women wear their finger nails very long, in some instances almost as long as the finger itself, and sometimes the nail is protected with an artificial shield of silver. All have their ears pierced, and many of them wear a round bone or a stick resembling a cigarette in shape and size thrust through the aperture.—Everybody's Magazine.

"Imp" and "Brat."

How the use of words changes is well illustrated by this extract from Bacon's "Pathway Unto Prayer:"

"Let us pray for the preservation of the king's most excellent majesty and for the prosperous success of his entirely beloved son, Edward, our prince, that most angelic imp."

In those days "brat" had also quite another significance. In an old hymn by Gascoigne is the line:

"O Abraham's brats, O brood of blessed seed."—John Bull.

A Self Milker.

Mrs. Meadows—Yaas, Hiram got rid o' thet brindle cow thet uster steal her own milk.

Mrs. Korntop—Dew tell! I s'pose he took most anything he could get for her?

Mrs. Meadows—He jest got double w'at he paid fur her; sold her to thet new man from the city ez a "self milker."

The Spur of the Occasion.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot make spurs. If you expect to make spurs you must win them. If you wish to use them you must buckle them to your heels before you go into the fight.

Better Suited.

Si—I thought Hank was to college for a career as preacher.

Hy—So he was, but from the big bills he kep' sendin' in I thought I ought to make a doctor of him.—Beverly Times

Marrying For Money.

"I married for lub de fust time," said Ebenezer Snow, "but dis time I marries for money, an' don't you forget it."

"Your bride elect has money, has she?"

"Yes, suh. Dat girl has no less dan $34.78 in de savin's bank, for she showed me de book."—Detroit Free Press.

Bad Attack of Paralysis.

Gentleman—You can't work on account of paralysis! Nonsense! You look as strong as I do.

Tramp—Well, ye see, boss, it's paralysis of de will dat I'm troubled wit.—Exchange.

Accidents Will Happen.

Landlady—Yes, sir, two chickens went into that soup.

Boarder—Never mind, madam, never mind. No harm done. No one would ever suspect it, I assure you.—Town and Country.

Narrow minds think nothing right above their own capacity.—Rochefoucauld.

NEVER MET DEFEAT.

Military Leaders Who Were Always Successful In Battle.

The Duke of Alva, one of the most eminent soldiers of the sixteenth century, never throughout his long and eventful career lost a battle. The archbishop of Cologne was struck by his effort to avoid a conflict, having on one occasion urged him to engage the Dutch.

"The object of a general," replied Alva, "is not to fight, but to conquer. He fights enough who obtains the victory."

Oliver Cromwell throughout his military career never lost a battle, though he nearly sustained a reverse at Dunbar.

The Duke of Marlborough fought several battles against the most experienced generals in Europe and was never once defeated.

The famous Russian general Suvaroff was another commander destined never to suffer defeat. He gained several victories against the Turks and against the Poles, and in Italy he was opposed by Moreau, and, being completely outnumbered, he effected a brilliant retreat over the mountains of Switzerland, through Germany, into Russia.

The Duke of Wellington throughout his brilliant campaigns, both in India and in the peninsula, preserved to himself a remarkable record of uninterrupted successes from the first battle in which he was vested with supreme command throughout the peninsular war, in which he defeated the ablest of Napoleon's marshals, until the eventful day at Waterloo.

An Unavailing Rain Penance.

No country subject to drought is without its own peculiar method of supplicating for rain. That in Kumaon, northern India, is not the least curious of them.

In a country where the population is almost entirely dependent upon grain as a means of subsistence drought means famine and starvation. During a drought in Kumaon a Hindoo fakir imposed a penance on himself and was suspended by his feet from a wooden beam. In this position he was swung back and forth for a considerable time by means of a rope attached to his body and pulled by a fellow fakir. Both men were besprinkled with ashes and mud and were minus all clothing except for a small cloth around the waist.

It is to be regretted that such pious zeal should have gone without the expected reward, for the chronicler sadly related that no rain fell until weeks after.

A Host of Reporters.

It is said that a reporter who had been assigned to talk with an American millionaire on an important question was repeatedly refused admittance to his house. Then he sought out a senator who was a personal friend of the millionaire and petitioned for his aid. Armed with the senator's card, he returned to the millionaire's house and sent in his talisman. This time he was admitted.

"Young man," said the millionaire, "do you know that sixteen reporters have called upon me today about this very question and that I have refused to see them all?"

"I ought to know it, sir," responded the visitor, "for I am the whole sixteen!"

Quaker Paraphrases.

A book on Nantucket contains some stories that are well known to lovers of the good old town, but may not have been widely repeated. One of them hangs on the Quaker custom of numbering the months and the days of the week instead of using the profane mythological names.

A Quaker schoolmaster set this copy on the blackboard for his writing class:

Beauty fadeth soon,
Like a rose in sixth month.

It was probably the same man who read to his scholars about Robinson Crusoe and his good man "Sixth Day."

Sold Him His Own Book.

A man appeared in a Paris bookstore the other day and asked for a volume of Balzac. The clerk showed him a rare edition, asking 40 francs for it. When the customer said that was too much the clerk advised him to go into the proprietor's office and see if he could get it cheaper. But the customer went and offered it for 25 francs, and the proprietor promptly paid the sum and afterward showed his "bargain" to the clerk.

Wouldn't Be Swindled.

Mrs. Newed—I would like a pound of your best cheese.

Grocer—Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Newed (examining it)—Why, this cheese is full of holes!

Grocer—Yes, ma'am; that's the way it comes.

Mrs. Newed—Well, I don't want any of it. I'm not going to pay for a pound of cheese that contains a half pound of holes!

Taking Away From the Subject.

When Frederick Robertson of Brighton, the great preacher who had written much about Tennyson's poems and for whom the poet had a high regard, first called upon him, "I felt," said Tennyson, "as if he had come to pluck out the heart of my mystery, so I talked to him about nothing but beer."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

FALLING FROM ALOFT.

Peculiar Exemption of Sailor Men From Accidents of This Kind.

"One of the wonders of seafaring life," writes Charles Protheroe in "Life In the Mercantile Marine," "is the singularly small proportion of sailors who meet with death or accident by falling from aloft. Whether or no the cherub who is supposed to sit aloft and watch over poor Jack is responsible for it I am not prepared to say, but the fact remains.

"Having to tumble up aloft at all hours and in all weathers to perform acrobatic feats that would almost puzzle a monkey, the saying among sailors about 'hanging on by the eyebrows' becomes almost a truism.

"One would think the situation was highly spiced enough by danger without needlessly increasing it. Yet it is not altogether an uncommon thing to see a man, if he happens to be barefooted, run out along the yard in preference to using the footrope placed under it for the purpose, to reach what is a post of honor, the weather earring.

"In spite of all this, although not knowing the actual percentage, I make bold to say that not more than one sailor man in hundreds is killed or injured by falling from aloft. If I use my own experience as a base, the proportion would be less, for in over twenty years of sea life I was never caused the pain of witnessing such a catastrophe."

Parents as Teachers.

Of all the teaching in the world ninety-nine one-hundredths at least is done by fathers and mothers. Every child learns more in the way of actual facts from the day of its birth until the end of its seventh year than it can possibly learn in all the rest of its life put together. During these first hours and years of life the child learns to walk, to talk, and, what is far more important, it learns the beginnings of self control. During the first years the child puts itself in touch with the world into which it is born, and in these early years the parents, and the mother especially, are the teachers. They start the operations of the mind, giving it its first bent. And however able the teachers of the future may be, however conscientious and learned, in the great majority of cases the child's future, its success or failure, depends upon the first teaching influences of the mother and father.—New York American.

A Live Oak Too.

The bride was fair and slight and the bridegroom was dark and stalwart. They made a most interesting pair, and the people on the long distance train who had watched them more or less openly from San Francisco were cheered by the sight of a shower of rice which fell out of the bride's parasol two days later.

The bridegroom saw the smiles, and, putting his arm round his blushing wife, he faced the carful of friendly strangers.

"I reckon there's no need for me to say we haven't been married long," he announced in full chest tones, "but I can tell you one thing. You don't want to smile any more than 's polite, for she's my violet and I'm her sheltering oak, and I weigh 204 pounds."

A Quaint Examination.

Silence, it appears, is an unknown quantity at a divinity examination in Mandalay. The commencement is signaled by the clashing of cymbals and the beating of drums. While the candidates are writing their answers they are surrounded by a jabbering crowd, who pass audible remarks about what is being done. The test lasts ten days, and the people make the examination the occasion for gaining merit by feeding the candidates, and cart loads of provisions of all sorts find their way to the pagoda precincts, and Burmans from every quarter go round collecting money to provide the competitors with the necessaries of life and luxuries as well.—Rangun Times.

The Death of Mark Antony.

Mark Antony gave the world for a woman's love, but found himself so poorly compensated by the exchange that in desperation at the approach of Octavius and being informed that Cleopatra was endeavoring to make terms for herself by surrendering him he stabbed himself with his dagger. Being revived, he received the message sent by Cleopatra that she desired to see him. He was carried to her place of refuge. Cleopatra and her maids raised him by ropes to the window of the tower where the fallen queen found her last home. He was lifted in and died in her arms.

Peculiarities of Fish.

There are two popular delusions about fish—one that they cannot live out of water and the other that they can live in any pure water, the food supply taking care of itself. As a matter of fact, there are fish in Africa which, having to exist in absolutely dry rivers for a portion of the year, have developed lungs, while in many an amateur's aquarium fish cannot live in the water provided owing to lack of food.—London Field.

Reasonably Certain.

"I understand old Skinflint has got religion."

"It's possible."

"Do you really think so?"

"Well, if Skinflint and religion have come together at all I think it is safe to say that he has got religion. There certainly is nothing to indicate that religion has got him."—Chicago Post.

The same boy who is taught to believe that the drumstick is the best part of the turkey grows up to imagine that his wife always gives in to him.—New York Press.

A Tale of a Hated Dish.

There is a charming story told of the great French painter Corot. Being hospitable he frequently assembled his friends to dinner, and a dish of haddock and potatoes, which everybody hated, invariably followed the soup.

The friends, who thought Corot partial to the dish, always gave it when he dined with them. At last, in reply to the painter's query, they admitted that they detested the dish, but supposed he liked it.

Corot was grinning broadly. "My dear fellow, if you only knew how I hate the sight of it even. But Adele, my cook, simply adores haddock and potatoes. And it is no good—I dare not go against her wishes. It is as much as my place is worth. Not for worlds would my awe of Adele induce me to undeceive her as regards the value I attach to this one particular article of diet."

And for the sake of Adele this little group of great painters had for thirty years been eating a dish they could none of them bear.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 11.

Text of the Lesson, II Sam. vii, 4-16. Memory Verses, 8, 9—Golden Text, II Sam. vii, 16—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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In this remarkable chapter, the whole of which we are asked to study, we have three sections—verses 1 to 3, David's purpose and Nathan's approval; 4 to 17, the Lord's message to David through Nathan; 18 to 29, David's communion with God. As David says in verse 23, Israel was unlike any other nation on earth, inasmuch as God had redeemed them to make them a special people unto Himself, to do great things for them, that through them He might be made known to other nations. "That the world may believe, that the world may know" (John xvii, 21, 23)—this is the desire of God as revealed in all Scripture. Whether it be through an individual, as Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Joseph, Daniel, David or any other king, priest or prophet, or through Israel as a nation, or the church as the body of Christ, God desires to reveal Himself in some measure as He fully did in Christ Jesus, and the great question ever is, "Who, then, is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?" (I Chron. xxix, 5.)

If there is the least leaning to our own understanding there will be failure. It must be the wisdom of God, and that alone, from first to last. In our last lesson we saw how the wisdom of David and all his counselors only brought trouble, but as soon as they obeyed God all was well with them. Now, David has a suggestion which commends itself even to the prophet Nathan, who says to David, "Go, do all that is in thine heart, for the Lord is with thee" (verse 3); but neither the king nor the prophet had the mind of God. The verses assigned as our lesson give us the mind of God as revealed to Nathan, and through him to David, which both accept as soon as they know it. At this day the church is full of plans which she is laboring to work out and which may prove only wood, hay and stubble (I Cor. iii, 11-15), because they are like David and Nathan agreeing to build a temple without seeking first to know the mind of God. The building of a temple was all right and would come to pass in God's time and way, and the Lord actually gave David the plan of it by His spirit (I Chron. xxviii, 11, 12, 19), but now David must learn something more important and far reaching, and the message of God through the prophet is, "The Lord telleth thee that He will make thee an house. * * * and thy throne shall be established forever (verses 11, 16). So David is told, to his great surprise, of an everlasting kingdom, and a King, his Son, who shall reign forever. In other words, David is told that the seed of the woman who is to bruise the serpent's head, the seed of Abraham who is to bless all nations, is to be his seed also and sit upon his throne.

That David so understood it is evident from verse 19, and from Acts ii, 30, where we read that he knew that God had sworn with an oath to him that of the fruit of his loins, according to the flesh, He would raise up Christ to sit on his throne. See this confirmed by the prophets and by Gabriel, the mighty angel in Isa. ix, 6, 7; Jer. xxiii, 5, 6; Ezek. xxxvii, 21, 22; Luke i, 32, 33. See also in Matt. i, 1, and Rev. xxii, 16, the Lord Jesus spoken of in this relation, and let us in obedience to Isa. lxii, 6, 7, pray for the time when the covenant with David shall be fulfilled. When the Lord Jesus came in humiliation the kingdom here described was at hand, but when the people to whom He came rejected Him and determined to kill Him He then taught them that the kingdom would be postponed till His return (Luke xix, 11-15). He found the house desolate and left it desolate till His return because they would not accept their deliverer (Matt. xxiii, 38, 39). Our lesson is not the story of Solomon, but of Christ, and of Him not in relation to the church, but to Israel in her future glory.

If any object to the words in verse 14, "If he commit iniquity," as not being applicable to Christ, it may interest such to know that Bishop Horsley translates the passage, "When guilt is laid upon him," and Dr. Clarke reads it, "In suffering for iniquity." It is Christ, according to Isa. liii, suffering for Israel's and for our sins. Bishop Horsley translates the last clause of verse 19, "And this is the arrangement about the Man." Luther has written upon this verse: "Thou speakest of an eternal kingdom in which no man can be king. He must be God and Man, for he is to be My Son, and yet he is to be King forever." Let Berean Christians consider well the three unconditional covenants of Scripture made by God with Noah and Abraham and David, and may the comfort that came to David come to all such, "Although my house be not so with God, yet He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure" (II Sam. xxiii, 5). The comfort is found in the faithfulness of God notwithstanding all our unfaithfulness. See I Cor. i, 9; x, 13; I Thess. v, 24. Concerning all the promises to us as children of God and joint heirs with Christ, by virtue of His precious blood, let our hearts say as David said, "Thou, O Lord God, hast spoken it. * * * Do as Thou hast said" (verses 29, 25). But let us not think, as many do, that God will do otherwise than He has purposed, and that to think out a seemingly good plan and then seek God's blessing upon it is all that is necessary. God Himself must originate it or all will be vain. Let us therefore walk with Him (Amos iii, 3).

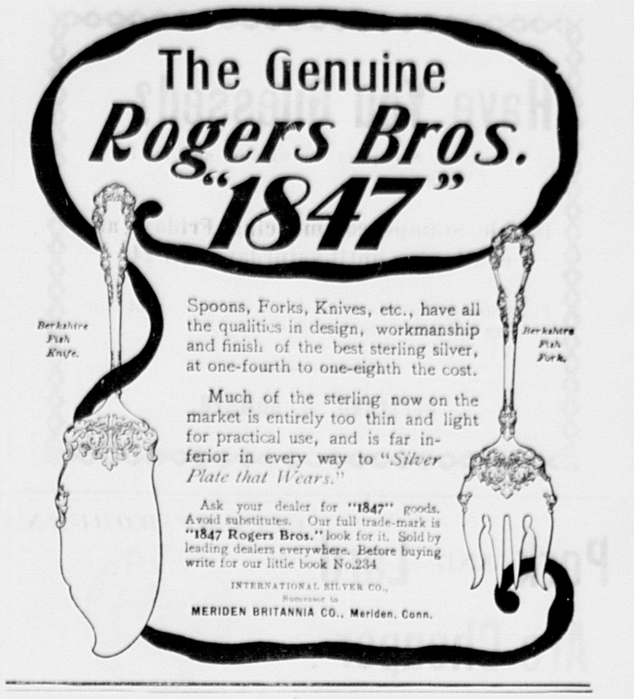
A Seaside Mayor.

The fishing fleets on the coast of Newfoundland elect, on their return to land, one of their number to whom they give the title of "seaside mayor." His duty is to preside over and control all the business connected with the distribution and curing of the fish that have been caught, to hear all cases of dispute and to mete out punishment to offenders. This post is much coveted by the fishermen, as it carries with it absolute authority, and implicit obedience is rendered by all to the seaside mayor during his term of office.

Her Degree of Courage.

Amie had been suffering from toothache for several days. At last she consented to go with her papa to the dentist. When she was starting, her mamma said: "Now, dearest, be a brave little girl. Show fortitude, and mamma will be proud of you."

In due time Amie returned. "And did you show fortitude?" mamma inquired. Amie hesitated. "It hurted awful, mamma, I guess"—reflectively—"I showed about twentytude."—Kansas City Journal.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Janauschek Got Even.

The following incident, which occurred in Washington some years ago, illustrates Mme. Janauschek's determination of character and minute sense of justice.

She was staying at a hotel whose management was noted for its smallness. She chanced to break a washbowl and when her bill came found that she was charged with an entire toilet set.

"I only broke a washbowl," she said to the manager.

"But it was a portion of the set," was the answer.

She made no further protest. Presently the occupants of rooms looking on an inner court were startled by a crash. It was followed by another. The manager rushed to Janauschek's room, from whose windows chinaware was being thrown.

"What's all this?" he asked.

"It is my toilet set," she answered as she poised the last piece on the window sill. "I purchased it, and I am disposing of it according to my own ideas."

How Yeast Works.

The growth of the yeast plant is so rapid that its individual cells can be seen under the microscope to spring up as buds upon the parent cell and to grow to full size. These presently give off buds themselves that expand in like manner. In the case of the yeast plant the cells remain attached to each other and thus form branches of elongated cells fixed end to end. In other cases the buds drop off, so that the plant never takes any definite shape, but remains as a mass of free cells. If a new cell be formed every minute by each of the cells present you may calculate the number that will be produced in an hour. Thus at the end of the first minute there will be two, in two minutes four, in three minutes eight, and so on. In five minutes there will be thirty-two, in ten minutes the number will have increased to 1,024, and in fifteen minutes there will be 32,768 cells.—Hospital.

Superstitious Hungarian Peasants.

A queer case of superstition which resulted in the loss of two lives is reported from Hungary. A peasant living in Nosztany died of heart disease while attending market in Kurd. His relatives started to take the body home, but were forcibly prevented from carrying the body through the village of Iharos, whose inhabitants believed that the passage of a strange corpse through their town would bring endless misfortune to it. The procession returned to Kurd, and the next day it set out again, this time with an escort of gendarmes. When it reached Iharos it was met by the whole population of the village, armed with scythes, pitchforks, axes and anything that could be used as a weapon. The gendarmes were forced to fire three volleys before they could get through the place. Two of the villagers were killed and many wounded.

Value of the Kangaroo's Tail.

So important is the kangaroo's tail in his rapid progress that experienced hunters with guns are accustomed to fire at the point where this appendage joins the body, when, the tail being disabled for its office of balancing, the animal is as effectually stopped as if hamstrung. Hit elsewhere, except with a rifle bullet or at point blank range, the kangaroo is pretty likely to get off.

One peculiarity of the kangaroo is that, after being started up, he very rarely swerves from his course, through which peculiarity he is easily "potted" by hunters, who conceal themselves while a man on horseback drives the herd toward them.

An Ominous Symptom.

"A good wife is heaven's greatest gift to man and the rarest gem the earth holds," remarked Mr. Jarphly the other morning. "She is his joy, his inspiration and his very soul. Through her he learns to reach the pure and true, and her loving hands lead him softly over the rough places. She is"—

"Jeremiah," said Mrs. Jarphly solemnly, "Jeremiah, what wickedness have you been up to now?"

Chivalry.

The essence of chivalry is to look out for the little ones. Wherever a child can be helped, wherever a stranger can be guided or a friend who is shy set at ease, wherever a weak brother can be saved from falling and shame, wherever an old man's step can be made easy, wherever a servant's position can be dignified in his eyes, is the chance for chivalry to show itself.

A Thrilling Novel.

"Lizette," said Mrs. Goldrich to her maid, "I wish you would run up to my room, get the novel on my writing desk, cut the pages, take it back to Miss Bookhides, present my compliments and thanks and tell her the story aroused my most profound interest."

Books.

There are many books in the world and few years in which to read them; why should I spend even an hour in reading one that gives me less pleasure and does me less good when I can be reading one from which I get more pleasure and profit?—Anon.

Be true to yourself, and you do not need to worry about what the neighbors think.

Business Cards.

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Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on handall kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

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We have a few desirable pianos of our own make that have had slight use in one way or another. We frequently loan new pianos for use at recitals or rent them to careful people; and sometimes have pianos returned from our dealers' warerooms. In many cases such slight use as the pianos have had is really an advantage, as the action and strings get thoroughly settled, and will wear and stand in tune better for it. Some of these can hardly be told from new. Easy payments; a list of our bargains in used pianos might interest you. Send for it.

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114 Boylston Street, Boston.

Opening "Bucking" Safes.

Every big concern dealing in strong boxes employs a professional safe breaker against those frequent and often costly occasions when the safe sold to some consumer "gets out of whack," says a New York paper. The work of opening a bucking safe is usually a matter of minutes with the professional, but occasionally he is obliged to send for a half ton of tools before he is enabled to procure the magic sesame. Often a half hundred clerks are kept idle for hours and business managers spin around like tops while the safe breaker leisurely pothers about with the combination. When the safe or vault is finally opened it is usually discovered that some one connected with the firm is to blame for altering the combination and then keeping the matter to himself. The professional safe opener frequently has calls from out of town, and on these occasions he usually finds that some merchant who has just bought his first safe changed the combination and then forgot it.

Cold and the Universe.

Heat can exist only where there is an atmosphere, and then it must be constantly supplied with fuel to overcome the law of constant repulsion and diffusion. Cold is the absence of heat and exists everywhere. It overcomes disintegration and preserves the universe. It enforces the universal law of the electric attraction and cohesion of atoms and worlds.

Cold must predominate to preserve the universe. There is a billion times a billion more cold in the universe than heat. There always has been and there always will be. The heat of the sun compared with the cold that surrounds it is as a mustard seed to Jupiter. The earth's heat in comparison to the cold that surrounds it is as an orange to the solar system.

Then what folly to talk of the universe having begun in white heat and the earth having been a molten world and the sun's great burning spheres!—Booklover's Magazine.

Servants In Sweden.

In Stockholm there is an Old Servants' home, occupying a row of buildings upon a pleasant street, where servants who are too old to work are given shelter and care. The institution is supported by public subscription and by the interest derived from a large endowment. When a household servant has been engaged for a long time in the same family and has become too old to work and the family is not in circumstances to support her, application can be made to the trustees, who investigate the case, and if it is found that the servant is deserving and her former employers are not able to provide for her properly she is admitted to the home. The institution is always full, and there is generally a long waiting list of applicants.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 22, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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(Successor to L. Thompson
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Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

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NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

ANDREWS of THE APRIL FLOOD

By WM. H. OSBORNE

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Andrews rose from his seat and looked down upon the girl. He fumbled with his hat.

"I—I'm sorry," he faltered. "I thought it right to be different. I'm getting along so well over in town, and this spring I thought perhaps that we—that I—I might build somewhere around here and"— He paused. "I'm sorry," he repeated.

The girl flushed. She glanced over toward the mountain. It was in the month of April, but the mountain top was still white with the winter's snow.

"I'm sorry, too," she replied in a tone that indicated that she was not so sorry as she seemed. Andrews started off. Suddenly he returned and once more laid down his hat.

"Louise," he exclaimed impulsively, "tell me something. I can stand it, and I want to know. We—we've grown up together. You can afford to be frank with me. Is there anybody else?"

She slowly shook her head. "No one in particular," she said.

"What is it, then?" he persisted. She looked him full in the face.

"I'll tell you, Stephen Andrews," she said. "It is not your fault, but you are not my kind of a man. Oh, I know," she added hastily, "you are a college fellow and what these people call smart and all that"— She hesitated. "I don't know," she continued, "whether I have been reading too many novels in my time or not, but I—I—there must be something more in the man that I—I don't know just how to express it. I think you understand."

Andrews smiled in spite of himself. "You mean," he said, "that I wear spectacles and that I don't tan up quite so much as the other fellows in the summer. I am not impulsive. My name is not Ivanhoe. Is that it, Louise?"

The girl sighed and looked off toward the white hills. "I do like strong, muscular men," she admitted. She had no hesitation in saying this to Andrews, for she generally said to him just what she meant. Andrews smiled a grim smile. He had never told her that he held the record for boxing and wrestling in his college class, and he did not propose to tell her now.

"Like John Duryea, for instance," he suggested. Again the girl flushed, for as she sat there she had contrasted the two men, somewhat to the detriment of the man before her.

"As you please," she answered, a bit coldly. Suddenly she turned to him. "You said," she went on, "that I thought you were not impulsive. Tell me honestly, if this house were on fire, and I were upstairs, and you were down below, would you brave the danger that might exist and rush in to my rescue at the risk of your life? Would you do that?"

Andrews smiled again. "Would John Duryea?" he asked. The girl nodded. "He would—I know he would," she answered. Andrews shook his head.

"It's a hard thing to answer," he replied. "Circumstances might alter cases. I should stop to think first, and then"—

"And then?" pursued the girl.

"I can't tell," returned the man. "I would do the best I could. It's a nice question," he added.

He said all this in an amused sort of way. The girl was serious. Andrews became serious again. He knew too well that the girl was uttering her thoughts—thoughts that with other girls exist, but remain unuttered. He realized with bitterness that the man who looks and acts like a hero is the man, after all. Duryea was such a man.

"I am sorry," he reiterated, and he went.

John Duryea was not a youth of intellect, but he had a kindling eye, and he had that appearance of animal courage and spirits that is so taking. Andrews envied him. He would have given all his intelligence and experience, he would have relinquished all the lessons he had learned in youthful adversity and hard work, to be in the shoes of this man Duryea.

The snow on the mountains melted—melted in a day and a night. The river rose. It rose so much that the town talked of it. The roar of the waters could be heard afar off. Duryea called at the girl's house. "Come down and see the flood," he said. They had been down before, but it was at all times an interesting sight. They strolled toward the long bridge. The waters roared under this bridge like a cataract. The eye could detect clearly the trembling of its timbers.

"We'd better not go on the bridge," exclaimed the girl, halting just before they reached it. Duryea threw back his shoulders.

"Come on," he said, with an air of bravado. "I'll take care of you." The girl looked at him with admiration and laughed. They went. She shivered as she felt the timbers tremble beneath her feet. The man lightly put his arm about her. It was good to feel his strength. It gave confidence. Suddenly he pointed down the road. "Look!" he shouted in her ear. "Here comes Andrews!" The girl looked. Sure enough, it was Andrews, running and waving his hand. He was warning them off the bridge, but they waved lightly back to him. He reached the entrance and stood there. They beckoned him to come, but he shook his head. He was afraid.

A mile above the bridge something was coming down. It was nothing but a congenial little spring convocation of logs.

"Your friend Andrews is afraid," shouted Duryea to the girl. She nodded. At that moment something happened. With a roar and a crash like thunder and lightning a few of the logs struck one end of the bridge, and it went down. Duryea turned pale. He was impulsive. He was muscular and agile. And as a result in no time he had sprinted toward the other end and stood on terra firma. The girl was too dazed to move. The second edition of logs hurled itself against the bridge. The middle of the bridge went down. On the shore two men watched. The girl had disappeared.

One man cast himself upon the ground and cried aloud in frenzy. He was a muscular chap. His name was Duryea. The other stood watching and thinking. He thought twice before he acted. Suddenly he caught a glimpse of a pale face and a few tresses of golden hair still untouched by the flood.

Then he did a queer thing. He darted down the side of the stream for a hundred yards until he caught up with this pale face and golden hair. When he was even with it he leaped far out into the stream and worked his way through the muddy torrent and over the impetuous logs to the place where he had seen the face of the girl he loved. The flood had claimed her for an instant, but as her face again appeared Andrews claimed her from the flood. And then the fight began. It was the forest and the stream, both raging mad, against one man and the girl he held within his arms.

By this time a crowd lined the shore. Andrews never knew what he did or how he did it. His iron muscles wrestled and fought and buffeted with odds that he had never met before. He fought like a wild man—fought to regain the shore, fought to regain life for the girl and for himself. Suddenly there was a shout. Some one had thrown a rope. Andrews caught it. Then the crowd held its breath. Then of a sudden there was a mighty shout. There was one man that did not hear it. It was Andrews—Andrews, who had staggered up out of the torrent, out of the jaws of death, with his bride to be—Andrews, a man with a broken arm and a broken thigh. Slowly he opened his eyes and looked at the girl who bent over him. "My name is Ivanhoe," he groaned, with a weary smile.

Sheep or Swine!

An example of the humor of the Puritan settlers in New England comes from old Newbury, a town which was incorporated so long ago as 1635. Although it was a staid community rather than a frivolous one, there was for many years an established town jest which was repeated in town meeting with unimpaired relish as often as its local officers were to be elected.

The lowest office in the gift of the people being that of town hog reeve, the person whose duty it is to herd and impound stray hogs, they had made it the custom to elect to that unenviable position the latest married resident of the place, fit or unfit, willing or unwilling.

Once—there must have been an especial spirit of audacity rife at town meeting on that occasion—they even went so far as to elect the Rev. Dr. Leonard Withington, then newly settled over the parish, and a committee, acting in a spirit of mirth, yet perhaps with a dash of inward trepidation, was sent to notify him of the honor, which, of course, it was expected he would not accept.

"Hog reeve," he repeated thoughtfully. "It is true I came to this place expecting to act as shepherd of a flock, but if my sheep have changed their character I see in that no reason to decline the task."

The reverend gentleman led, drove and exhorted his flock in the way they should go for the rest of his lifetime with notable success.—Youth's Companion.

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MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Another Moving Job.

"Moving again, Fitz?" asked Pullet as Fitzgoober came out of the gate with a washtub tightly clasped in his arms and trailing a mirror behind him.

"Yes," moaned the afflicted man, mopping his perspiring brow, "I'm going to leave this hole."

"What for? Don't you like the neighborhood?"

"Oh, no, not that; the neighbors are all right."

"Water not good, maybe?"

"No better can be found."

"The rent hasn't been raised, has it?"

"No; that's the reason I'm going to seek another house."

"What!" exclaimed the surprised Pullet. "Moving from a place because the rent has not been raised! Surely you don't object to that, Fitz?"

"No, I do not," sadly replied Fitz as he started back for the kitchen set of furniture, "but the landlord does, you know."—London Answers.

Back Numbers.

"William," said Mrs. Van Gelder to the man of all work, "I want you to clean out that large closet in the hall just outside the parlor. Burn all the old newspapers, waste paper and any other rubbish you may find there."

After a short time she met William in the hall carrying in his arms a huge pile of sheet music, the property of her eldest daughter.

"What are you going to do with Mabel's music?" she asked.

"Why, burn it, sure, as you told me to. It was in the closet there with the other rubbish."

"But I didn't mean the music. Put it back at once."

Noting his mistress' displeasure, William inquired in surprise:

"Why, hasn't she played it all?"—Lippincott's.

How He Won His Bet.

In a certain office building in the downtown district there is a club on an upper floor, with an express elevator service for members. The other day two of the latter emerged from the dining room, where they had eaten luncheon, and eyed the elevator floor indicator. The arrow moved in two shafts, one of them the club elevator express route.

"It's wonderful how much time a man can save by these expresses," remarked one of the pair.

"Nonsense," said his companion, "I can get to the bottom on a local and beat you while I am doing it."

"Ten dollars that you can't," was the reply.

The cages in both shafts opened with a click, and without further parley the two men separated, entering the different elevators. The local got away a fraction of a moment ahead of the express. When the man in the latter stepped out his acquaintance was waiting for him.

"How did you do it?" gasped the express passenger, digging down for the forfeited bank note.

"That was easy," said his companion. "I gave my elevator man half of the bet—in advance—and he didn't make any stops."—New York Post.

Worked a Living Chain.

Dr. P. L. Hurt's pointer dog was the cause of a good deal of amusement and excitement in Boonville one day. The doctor stopped at a trough to water his horse. A sewer pipe about a hundred feet long passes under a crossing at this place, and the dog, being warm from running, crawled into the pipe to get cool. When the time came to leave he could not turn around, and as the pipe was crooked he could not see the opposite end of it, so there he stuck. After various suggestions had been made for getting him out a small negro boy was sent in after him. The boy got him by the leg, but then found that he himself could not back out. Here was a pretty howdy do. Finally a second negro boy was sent in. His legs remained within reach from the outside, and when he had caught the first boy by the legs and the first boy had got a secure hold on the dog's legs some strong men took the second boy by his legs, and thus they were all pulled out.—Exchange.

Fresh Air.

Fresh air is a prophylactic. It wards off disease and kills bacteria. No person who leads an outdoor life will ever die of consumption. On the other hand, hundreds of consumptives have lived for years by keeping continually in the open, even sleeping on cots placed in tents or on piazzas.—Albany Argus.

Learn From Your Enemies.

Men of sense often learn from their enemies. It is from their foes, not their friends, that cities learn the lesson of building high walls and ships of war, and this lesson saves their children, their homes and their properties.—Aristophanes.

Exciting.

The City Boy—There isn't much excitement on a farm, is there, uncle?

Uncle Hi—Mm! Ye never teached a part weaned calf to drink out uv a pail, did ye?—Houston Post.

Appropriate.

Mrs. Henpeck—I wonder why they always put a woman's head on coins?

Mr. Henpeck—Oh, well, money talks, you know.—Milwaukee Journal.

WHEN THE LIGHT CAME

By William Walker Hines

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

At last his excellency the governor was alone. The tide of office seekers, lobbyists and politicians had been turned from the executive wing of the statehouse, and the exodus of clerks and stenographers had begun. In the anteroom his private secretary awaited his dismissal for the day, impatient of the unusual delay. Down the tiled corridor echoed the footfalls of the janitor, master of all he surveyed.

All day the governor had longed for the moment, yet now he sat idle. His gaze wandered toward the window, and he found himself thinking that when the slant rays of the setting sun flashed into the room he would find light to continue his work. It was for a pitifully few moments only that the sunshine penetrated the governor's private office, with its subdued colorings, its massive furniture and its patriotic memories.

His hand rested on the paper he had no need to read—"Senate bill No. 214."

It had passed both senate and house without serious discussion, and the vote had drawn party lines sharply. The governor's own party was responsible for the measure, and it had met with only half hearted opposition. Apparently no one considered the bill of any special importance.

The governor had not quite understood why he took the precaution, but some instinct advised him to probe beneath the surface of this innocent looking measure. This instinct, this indefinable suspicion, was confirmed in a way that appalled him.

The days of indecision which followed had not been pleasant ones for the state's chief executive. Secure in their position, the sponsors of the bill had not urged its immediate signing, and the governor had carefully weighed the question.

Now he realized that the hour for action had come. Either he must veto the measure in the interest of those whose votes had given him the highest office in the state and whose welfare he had sworn to protect or throw his influence and his signature with those who were conspiring to mulct their ingenuous constituency.

There could be no compromise. Either with the masses he must stand or with their enemies. And their enemies were his lifelong friends, the men who had made him politically, the men whom he had known in boyhood, in ambitious young manhood, in ripe and successful middle age—the men with whom he had marched and sung and fought and bled during the mighty civil war. It seemed to him in this dark hour that he loved those men, every one of them. He knew their wives, their sons, their daughters. He had broken bread at their tables. He had rejoiced with them in their successes, sympathized with them when clouds had gathered. Political ties had been welded into friendship's fetters of steel. He brought his fist down on the mocking paper with a terrific crash. The men behind that bill were bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, and yet—

Then came another thought, a thought purely selfish. If he turned against these men who had made him what he was what did the future offer? An honest politician, he had no financial returns from a score of years given to his state's service. Part of his salary each year had gone to pay interest on the mortgage which had hung heavily on the old farm. His law practice had been scattered among many younger rivals. And he had passed that age when men can compete successfully with new blood.

There was his wife too. She had grown accustomed to the proportion of purple and fine linen accruing to the governor's wife—and Marion. He remembered that very morning watching the girl, apple of his eye, mount her horse and canter down the driveway. Was it fair that he should dash the cup of pleasure she was just raising to her lips? He could almost feel the fresh, cool kiss of his cheek as she whispered:

"Father, dear, I am so happy, so happy!"

Would she be happy if he took her back to the old farm, with its straggling buildings, its neglected land, to begin all over again?

He bent forward, one hand supporting his aching head. Then suddenly came the sunbeam, striking full and fair through the casement. It fell upon his great seal ring, bearing the state's coat of arms, and he pulled his hand back into the shadows.

The sun's ray traveled across the room, tilting upward, and in a whimsical mood he followed its course over the great flat topped desk with its fixtures, past the high backed carved chairs straight to the mantel, and there it struck something that brought him to his feet.

It was an oil painting of himself, life size and made from an old daguerreotype. He remembered the very day that faded little picture had been taken. He had worn his uniform, then bright and new. The painting was the gift of the men of his company, some of whom were numbered among the ranks of those supporting the bill which lay on yonder desk. Why had they followed him in those dark days of secession and civil strife? Why had they followed where he led? Why, if he was not stronger than they, if the gift of leadership was not mighty within him? They had trusted him then, they had followed him then, and now where was he leading them? No; he was not leading, he was following. Following them where? To dishonor, to dishonesty!

But would they see it that way? Would they realize that the same belief in a great underlying principle which had led him to don that uniform in a lost cause dominated him?

Some one opened the door, but he did not turn. Rather he stood as one fascinated, for the draft from the open door had stirred the two flags across above the picture, the two flags which he now loved with a strangely commingled and yet divided affection. Something stronger than sentiment took possession of him. He had found the light.

He turned toward his desk and picked up his pen with a hand that did not tremble. It was the work of a moment only.

Then he looked up to face—Marion, with a happy light in her eyes, the lilt of a meadowlark in her voice.

"Father, dear, I am so glad to catch you alone for just a little minute, dearest," she coaxed as she glanced at the stacks of papers. "You wouldn't mind if I sat on your knee, just as we used to sit together. Dear me, how long it was!"

The governor smiled indulgently and held her cool, smooth cheek close to his feverish one.

"You are so busy all the time it really doesn't seem as if I had a father now, but I have something so important to tell you. You remember Jerry Gaylord, father, dear? I used to go to school with Jerry. You often took us to the crossroads in your buggy. Well, Jerry has been here—yes, several times—and we—I—I—think I'll go back with him next time if you don't mind. Mother says it is simply absurd. Jerry isn't very remarkable. He isn't even a state senator, and he doesn't want to be, but I think I'll see more of him than mother does of you, and I don't care for a husband who is too successful to love me. Oh, father, dear, I don't mean that! But please may I marry him and go back to Bridgeport? It's very quiet at Bridgeport, I know, but I like it better."

And he had been afraid to dash the cup from her lips! He had thought she loved it all—the excitement, the homage paid her as daughter of the governor.

"Back to Bridgeport!"

He had quite forgotten Jerry, though when she had first spoken he had thought of Jerry as a promising young fellow.

"Back to Bridgeport!"

He glanced at the lines he had just penned and suddenly straightened up. There was a new light in his eyes, a stronger ring in his voice.

"Of course you may. Jerry is all right, and—well, there is no telling; I may go back to Bridgeport myself one of these days."

Then he kissed her, gravely and tenderly, and arm in arm they walked out of the office. He closed the door, and the secretary picked up his hat. The day's work was done.

The Dangers of Imagination.

A story of Coleridge's boyhood, which appears in a book by Mr. Wilfred Brown on the poet's childhood and later years, shows the dangers that beset the star gazer and also the rewards that come to him. From his early youth Coleridge lived in a world of books and dreams, yet his favorite walk seems to have been the Strand, the last place in the world for a poet to lose himself in reverie.

As he strolled down the street he imagined himself swimming the Hellespont, the feat of which other poets had written and which the poet Byron was to accomplish later. Once, while the mind of Coleridge was thus far from the busy Strand, he absently thrust his hands before him in the manner of one swimming. Suddenly one hand came in contact with a gentleman's pocket.

The gentleman, thinking to capture a thief, seized the hand and exclaimed: "What! So young and so wicked!" He accused the poor, poetic boy of an attempt at pocket picking.

With some fright and a few tears the boy explained, and we can imagine that words did not fail him who was to become the most brilliant talker of his age. The gentleman was delighted with Coleridge's imagination, which could turn the Strand into the Hellespont. The intelligence of the young Leander made the stranger inquire into Coleridge's tastes, and when he found the boy liked books he opened for him a subscription at the circulating library in Cheapside.

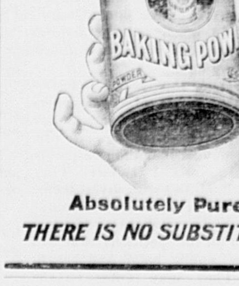
Missed a Train That Was a Day Late.

When the Switz City division of the Illinois Central was built it was known as the Indiana and Illinois Southern. It was a narrow gauge road, the roadbed was bad, the engines and cars were built on a miniature scale, and, while there was a schedule, had a train been on time the fact would have been regarded as a miracle. The road was known as the "Try-Weakly."

On one occasion Josiah McConnell desired to go to Switz City from Sullivan, but missed the train by a minute or two. The clock at the station showed that the train had left Sullivan five minutes ahead of time, and McConnell sued the railroad company for $5,000 damages. On a trial of the case it was proved beyond a doubt that the train McConnell missed should have gone the day before and was really twenty-three hours and fifty-five minutes late.—Indianapolis News.

Ayer's
Doctors first prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral over 60 years ago. They use it today more than ever. They
Cherry Pectoral
rely upon it for colds, coughs, bronchitis, consumption. They will tell you how it heals inflamed lungs.
"I had a very bad cough for three years. Then I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. My sore lungs were soon healed and my cough dropped away."
Mrs. Pearl Hyde, Guthrie Centre, Ia.
25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Old Coughs
One Ayer's Pill at bedtime insures a natural action next morning.

THE OLD RELIABLE



Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

THE WORD MELODRAMA.

It Has Drifted From Its Derivation and Original Significance.

Nowadays "melodrama" is in general use as denoting a purely sensational play, with an all but impossible hero, heroine and villain among the characters represented. Formerly the word kept more closely in its signification to actual derivation. "Melodrama" is compounded of the Greek words melos, a song, and drama, an action, a play, and was applied to two sorts of performances when it first came into use.

It signified a play, generally of the romantic school, in which the dialogue was frequently relieved by music, sometimes of an incidental and sometimes of a purely dramatic character. On the strength of his "Pygmalion" J. J. Rousseau is credited with the invention of this style. Some of the so called English operas of the older school, such as the once famous "Beggar's Opera" and the once popular "No Song, No Supper," are in reality true melodramas.

In the second place "melodrama" was applied to a peculiar kind of theatrical composition in which the actor recited his part in an ordinary speaking voice, while the orchestra played a more or less elaborate accompaniment appropriate to the situation and calculated to bring its salient features into the highest possible relief. The merit of the invention of this description of melodrama belongs to George Benda, who used it with striking effect in his "Ariadne auf Naxos," produced at Gotha in 1774.—London Globe.

The Ordeals of a Doctor.

It is often claimed by outsiders that having a profession dulls a woman's sympathies, but I cannot believe that this is true in the practice of medicine, where one side of the work is so immeasurably sad. I have seen a baby that came after fifteen years of waiting and hoping and was rejoiced over daily and hourly for a wonderful year suddenly struck down and gasp its little life out in a day with pneumonia. These are the times when it hurts to be a doctor, to find that all the knowledge that you possess, all the skill at your command, is as so much chaff before the wind. To have a woman cling to you, begging you to save her baby, is an ordeal to which no human being can grow callous. You must feel as though the brand of Cain were upon you when, with all your efforts, you cannot save the little life. Not years nor experience can lighten hours such as these.—Everybody's Magazine.

Storms of Old England.

In the year 944 in London alone 1,500 houses were blown down; in October, 1091, a great number of churches and 500 houses were destroyed; in 1235 it thundered for fifteen days consecutively. The dreadful night during which Cromwell's spirit passed has formed a theme for poet and partisan. And the great storm that "o'er pale Britannia passed" in November, 1703, the most terrible in British annals, also has its enduring record in poetry. It did damage in London to the amount of £2,000,000; over 8,000 people were drowned in floods in various parts of the country; twelve men-of-war, with over 1,800 men on board, went down in sight of land, and the Eddystone lighthouse, along with Winstanley, its inventor, was swept away.

Blind Swimmer's Straight Steering.

It is a standing puzzle that all blind swimmers are able to hold an almost perfectly straight course for very considerable distances, though no more guidance is given to them than some species of call or whistle coming from the winning goal. A blind man, in fact, desiring to go in a straight line possesses the curious power of being able to do so almost exactly. A provincial mayor instituted a series of contests in an open lake between blind men and ordinary ones of about equal skill and strength, and the result was marvelous so far as the straight steering of the blind was concerned.—London Chronicle.

Moths and Butterflies.

Butterflies are active in the day and fold their wings together when they settle. Their antennæ end in clubs. The fore and hind wings never hook together. The chrysalis is angular and not inclosed in a cocoon or silken case.

Moths, on the other hand, are usually active in the dusk or at night and do not fold their wings together on settling. The feelers are very various in shape, but rarely clubbed. The fore and hind wings are generally fastened together during flight by a "hook and eye" arrangement. The chrysalis is not angular and is inclosed in some sort of case or cocoon.

Jewels on an Idol.

The jewels of an Indian idol must be worth stealing if many of those remarkably hideous images possess such valuable gold ornaments as one made for the idol Parthasathy, in the Triplicane temple at Madras. The ornament is worth some 50,000 rupees and is made of sovereign gold studded with diamonds, emeralds and rubies, the largest emerald being valued at 1,000 rupees and the biggest ruby and diamond at 300 rupees apiece.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, OCT. 16, 1903

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Governor,	John M. Bates
Lieut. Governor,	Curtis Guild, Jr.
Secretary of State,	William M. Olin
Treasurer,	Edward S. Bradford
Attorney General,	Herbert Parker
Auditor,	Henry E. Turner
County Commissioner,	Samuel O. Upham
Senator,	Francis Appleton
Representative,	Herbert S. Riley Charles H. Nowell
Councillor,	David I. Robinson

FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

At 8 o'clock Wednesday evening, Oct. 21, the City Council are to give a hearing on two petitions of the Lowell & Boston Street Railway Company for franchises to extend their Billerica and Woburn line to and from Cummingsville, and also from Pleasant street over Arlington Road and Lake avenue to the Winchester town line. It is a revival of the petitions of two years ago for authority to build what were called the Cummingsville and Arlington Road routs, over which the Council experienced so much trouble, and out of which several personal suits at law arose, not long ago.

The object of this notice is to impress upon the minds of the members of the city government the importance of considering and acting on this matter in a manner that shall be purely for the best interests of the city. They should, and doubtless will, divest themselves of every vestige of individual preferences and prejudices, and come to a decision on the petitions that will promote the public good and benefit our city. They may differ on the question of what the interests of Woburn demand, but wrangling and bitterness should find no place in their deliberations and votes.

Woburn needs bolstering up in many directions to insure for her a proper place among the lesser cities of the State, and it is to the City Council that the people look for succor.

The Council will, we believe, consider this important matter with an eye single to the promotion of the best interests of our town, and there we leave it.

☞ We had entertained no serious apprehensions for the fate of Riley and Nowell at the polls. Not so much as the shadow of a doubt of their ability to win a glorious victory had crossed our mental plane until their alleged portraits appeared on parade in the public prints. Then we were reluctantly compelled to admit that a sight of those pictures staggered us and filled our soul with fear and trembling for the safety of those worthy gentlemen. They deserved a better fate. However, amid the gloom that settled on the JOURNAL's mind at sight of those alleged portraits, and the dire forebodings that weighted down its soul when it, in melancholly mood, contemplated the disastrous effect they might have on the vote, one small solitary ray of hope and consolation shed its trembling light over the situation, to wit: the poison of the pictures was accompanied by an antidote in the shape of portraits (also alleged) of the Democratic candidates, and the thought worked itself through our somewhat obtuse understanding that possibly "the hair of the same dog might cure the wound," an old and trite saying, as we hasten to inform our readers. They might possibly act as a counter irritant and save Riley and Nowell, after all. Let us hope and fervently pray that they may accomplish that greatly desired end.

☞ Mr. Riley, one of the Republican Representative nominees, in his speech of acceptance pointed out a fact not fully appreciated, which was that the failure to vote for Representative means the defeat of the reasons for which, to a certain extent, one goes to the polls to make his vote count. The prospects appear to be that the only contest in this District will be for Representative. Last year there were in the vicinity of 300 Republican voters who did not mark through the ticket to Representative. This is an awful waste of votes when good men need them.—*Reading Chronicle.*

The Republicans of this District are wideawake and every mother's son of them may be counted on to vote for Riley and Nowell on Nov. 3. They'll get to the bottom of the ballot this year, and don't you forget it!

☞ Our esteemed friend and respected fellow citizen, Lawyer Samuel W. Mendum, failed to capture the Legislative nomination at the Democratic convention last week. It was a short and disastrous campaign for Samuel. The real fact of the case is, Woburn Democrats have turned their backs on Free Trade and its advocates.

☞ The Woburn Republicans could not have selected a better Representative candidate than H. S. Riley if they had tried ever so hard. He deserves, and will probably get, every Republican vote in the district, and some Democratic ones.

☞ Hon. John P. Feeney, Mayor of Woburn, was reelected a District member of the Democratic State Committee at the Middlesex Essex Democratic Senatorial convention, over which Laurence Reade of this city presided, at West Lynn last Saturday.

☞ The Bostons defeated the Pittsburgs in the final ball game of the series for the world's championship in Boston last Tuesday, and now proudly wear the much coveted belt.

☞ Representative Aldrich has favored us with the Massachusetts "Blue Book," or book containing the Acts and Resolves of the Legislature of 1903, for which we thank him.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

M. C. Felch—To Let.
C. A. Jones—Citation.
Fitzwilliam—Business.
Unitarian Church—Sale.
L. W. Thompson—Citation.
Lowell Textile School—Art Class.

— Ald. M. T. Felch advertises a good 6-room house to let.

— Remember the Ladies' Aid Fair at the M. E. church Oct. 21-22.

— We have had some beautiful weather since the big storm ended.

— Angy Crovo's "Royal" oranges can't be beat.

— Fishballs ready to cook, at the Homemade Food Sale, Oct. 24.

— Harry Hoskins of Hazleton, Pa., is visiting relatives and friends here.

— The Board of Public Works held a meeting Wednesday evening and did things.

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— Mr. and Mrs. Warren N. Blake and youngster are visiting Mrs. Blake's in Vermont.

— Reasonable prices will be the rule at the Homemade Food Sale at Caldwell's on Oct. 24.

— Please remember the Harvest supper by Hope Circle in Odd Fellows Hall this evening.

— Ladies, to avoid cooking on Sunday buy your food at the Homemade Food Sale, Oct. 24.

— The Womans Club's first meeting of the season will be held this evening in Towanda Club Hall.

— Police Officer Austin G. French has been under the weather and off duty for a week, or so.

— Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O O F., paid a fraternal visit to Melrose Lodge of Melrose last evening.

— Harry Dodge had a successful hunting tour in Nova Scotia and has got back well and sound.

— Last week Mr. Cyrus Lamb entertained his nephew Mr. F. E. Lamb of Parsboro, N. S.

— Mrs. G. M. Center of Milford, N. H., is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. Elisha F. Hayward.

— Mr. Herbert B. Dow, who has been quite ill, is much better. His physician is Dr. Chalmers.

— Mrs. Dr. Hoyt of Georgetown, formerly Miss Helena Brown of this city, was in town Thursday.

— Arthur Whitcher says "The Loop" is the best cigar that anybody ever took between his lips.

— The report of a teacher in our schools being sick with scarlet fever was destitute of foundation.

— There is no sort of doubt but that Lawrence Reade, Esq., is setting his cap for the next Mayoralty.

— Pork-and-beans and rye-and-injun bread at the Homemade Food Sale, Oct. 24, for Sunday morning.

— Dr. Lewis, Fred Dow, and other Woburn sportsmen are hunting moose in the Maine forests this week.

— Hibernian Div. 3 are to enjoy their annual reunion in A. O. H. Hall on Thursday evening, Oct. 29.

— The dwellinghouse, No. 7 Wyer's Court, advertised for rent by Mrs. A. J. Plummer, is an excellent one.

— A fine concert and dance are to be given by Aberjona Colony, U. O. P. F., at K. of C. Hall, Oct. 26.

— Miss Rosanna Tidd has returned from her summer outing in Maine. Miss Mary Nichols is visiting with her.

— Some folks pretend to think that Samuel W. Mendum will be a potent factor in the next Woburn City election.

— Miss Louise Burgess and Miss Bertha Heald accompany Mrs. Minnie Nichols to her home at North Weare, N. H.

— Mr. J. W. Francis, janitor of the Public Library since 1879, has recovered from a recent severe attack of illness.

— The *Times* says it is perfectly willing to boom political candidates at regular advertising rates. Hard hearted Haggerty!

— Miss Helen Pratt, a teacher in Boston, fell from a stepladder last Saturday at 5 Johnson street, and broke hes hip.

— Please read Mr. Moore's notice of the sale of valuable land in Cummingsville. He offers a rare opportunity to buy cheap.

— The employees of the Boston & Northern Street Railway Co. are to give a ball at the Woburn Armory on Friday evening, Oct. 23.

— Applepie, punkinpie, squashpie, custardpie, mincepie, Washingtonpie, eggpie, and pie, at the Homemade Food Sale at Caldwell's on Oct. 24.

— Mrs. E. H. Hobbs of Portland, Maine, is visiting the JOURNAL's family this week. She is en route home from Western Massachusetts.

— The fiercest political fight ever known to take place in this city will come off at the Democratic convention for the nomination of a Mayoralty candidate.

— Michael Joe Mathews, a graduate of the JOURNAL establishment several years ago, now a Boston policeman, spent his vacation with relatives and friends in this city.

— After all said and done there is to be a veritable polo season here, and it is to open for active operations on Oct. 28, with a tussle between Woburn and Stoneham teams.

— A couple of colored gentlemen got into a hot war of words on Park street last Saturday evening over the affections of a colored lady and harmless pistol shots followed.

— Choice cake of all kinds, cookies, bread, pancakes, doughnuts, ginger snaps; also, picalilli, chowchow, jellies, preserves—all home made—at the Food Sale at Caldwell's, Oct. 24.

— The reader will find a fine piece of composition in our advertising columns entitled "Decorative Art Course" by W. W. Crosby, Principal of the Lowell Textile School.

— The funeral of Salem T. Brigham, an old citizen highly respected for his sterling integrity, took place on Friday afternoon, Oct. 9, and was attended by numerous friends and neighbors.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
FLOOR COVERINGS

Assortment — COMPLETE
Prices — — — RIGHT
Work — — — PROMPT

It is generally known that we are *Distributors of Floor Coverings* of every description, and we desire it to be equally well known that we have all grades of *Upholstery Fabrics, Lace Curtains, Furniture Coverings, etc.*

The advice of an interior decorator is at your service, if desired. Goods displayed either in our show-room or at residence. Estimates furnished for covering single pieces of furniture or for completely decorating either a single room or an entire house.

For eighty-six years, under the same firm name, we have distributed to the public, to our neighbors, to our friends, Carpets and Rugs, and until we added Interior Decorations and Upholstery Fabrics our sole and entire business has been Floor Coverings.

Does not this record make for intelligent confidence on your part?

Pray Building, Washington St., opposite Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

New Line of FALL GOODS
—AT—
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

Toilet Requisites....

We take great pleasure in our Toilet Goods Department, having always made it a practice to order anything for which there was a call. The department has consequently grown until now it is looked upon as headquarters for Perfumes, Fine Soaps, Brushes, Creams and Lotions, Powders, and all sorts of Toilet Requisites. All our goods are first-class and at CUT PRICES.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
☞ The money saving store.
GREEN TRADING STAMPS.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Nearly 40 valuable prizes were awarded to the riflemen of Co. G and Fine Members at the anniversary shoot Wednesday.

— Mr. Bryan McSweeney is local agent for sound, firstclass Fire and Life Insurance Companies. Apply at 7 Munroe street.—5

— The store of Brown, DeLoria & Co. on South Market street, Boston, was badly damaged by fire last Monday night. Mr. Joseph F. DeLoria of this city is one of the owners of the store.

— Miss Sarah M. Frye, a cousin of Mrs. Judge P. L. Converse of Salem street, died at Dover, N. H, on Oct. 6, 1903. She was born at Salem, Mass., Dec. 27, 1814, of Quaker parentage.

— Another one of this fall's several "greatest storms of the season" set in last Saturday and halfway cleared up Tuesday afternoon. It rained about all the time, and the wind had spells of blowing like all possessed.

— The public will do well to peruse carefully the Fitzwilliam card in this paper. Fitz is rushing things at his popular store, and all other dealers should be careful to "look out for the bell while the engine rings."

— The Mechanic Phalanx had splendid weather last Wednesday for their annual target shoot at Brookside Range and the evening's banquet, speeches and entertainment at the Armory. It was a tremendously succesaful anniversary occasion.

— At about 12 last Saturday night John Malloy of Elijah street, while returning home from the last Boston train, was held up at the corner of Elijah and Winn streets by two highwaymen and robbed of $32 at the muzzle of a 6-shooter.

— Last Saturday night, at the corner of Main and Fowle streets, Cornelius Delaney was set upon and kicked half to death by a trio of thugs. When they had got nearly through with him they found out that he was not the man they were after, and fled.

— Mr. Frank S. Eaton, the B. & M. Station Agent here until promoted to a higher and more lucrative position, and a right down fine kind of a gentleman, has bought a home on Bennett street, where he has driven his stakes for good and all.

— A large number of Woburn Sir Knights and their women attended the Ladies Night of Hugh de Payens Commandery at Melrose last Wednesday evening, and had a gay time. They chartered a special trolley car and filled it. Dill, the caterer, reported 320 guests at the banquet table.

— All Hallow Eve comes on the 31st day of this month. It is devoted to rough sports and sometimes to damaging mischief by rollicking boys and girls, but not, we hope, by Woburn boys and girls. How many of them, is it supposed, can write out a history and give the significance of Halloween?

— Mr. Frank C. Nichols took a prominent part in the annual rifle shooting match of the Phalanx at Brookside Range last Wednesday. His friends were privately warned by Mr. B. H. Nichols to run to cover and get out of danger while Mr. Frank C. was operating his shootingiron, which advice would have been acted on if there had been any certainty as to the direction of Frank's shots.

— Early last Wednesday morning Mr. Elijah P. Marion came up the JOURNAL elevator with a large basket on his right shoulder. Reaching the Editorial sanctum sanctorum, Mr. Marion puffed for breath. The basket contained five choice varieties of as fine pears as ever grew on trees, including mammoth specimens of the famous Sheldon, and every one was lucious. After resting awhile Mr. Marion left our office with the hearty thanks of the boss.

— The George E. Brown Building Company of this city have their hands full of business this fall, and deserve it. They are enlarging a dwelling house in Wilmington; building an addition to the residence of Mr. F. H. Taylor, Pleasant street; a 4-room schoolhouse at Concord, N. H., a contract which was awarded to them on a lower bid of $1; enlarging the home of C. L. Babcock at North Woburn; and doing a heap of job carpentering. The company have a large number of hands in their employ.

— It was just 21 years ago that Mrs. Jennings, 419 Main street, established an Intelligence and Employment Office in this city, and it has grown to be the largest and best patronized one in this part of the county. Its success has come from a knowledge of the wants of the community and how to fill them in the best way. Not altogether, for reliability and honesty in dealing with employers and employees must be taken into account in finding the secret of the high standing of her establishment. Parties seeking her aid have confidence in her.

— It is rumored that Mr. Elmore A. Pierce is about to establish a newspaper in the city of Quincy, where a fine field presents itself for journalistic enterprise. Here's hoping the rumor is true, and that he will make a success of it. He is a natural born newspaper man and has been engaged in the business, more or less steadily, for the last 25 years. As a district and local reporter he has done the best kind of work for several Boston dailies and the Associated Press, and was never in better trim for editing and conducting a firstclass weekly or daily than at the present time.

— E. Prior's Real Estate Agency reports sale of real estate situated corner Cross and Main streets, consisting of 2 dwellinghouses and about 1-2 acre of land in Woburn & Winchester belonging to John H. Hovey, to Richard Reynolds who buys for investment. Also, dwellinghouse No. 3 Bennett street, with about 5078 ft. of land, belonging to Ellen T. Ellis, to Frank S. Eaton, who buys for occupancy. Also, the Martha Carter heirs estate, consisting of dwelling, with about 9424 ft. of land, situated rear of 60 Park street, Woburn, to Daniel O'Connor, who buys for investment.

— The Swedish Evangelical Lutheran church of this city, Rev. C. W. Andeer, pastor, have issued an elaborate programme for a Fair to be held in the church on Thursday and Saturday, Oct. 29, 31, and Thursday and Saturday, Nov. 5, 7. The main features of the Fair are to be religious services, recitations, addresses, vocal and instrumental music, sales, and abundant refreshments. Some fine talent has been secured for it, among which may be mentioned Rev. N. E. Kron, former pastor of the church, now of Manchester, N. H., and his accomplished wife, and Miss Dora A. Winn, for the accompanist.

— In good health and spirits Mrs. Alexander Brown passed the 90th anniversary of her birthday at her home, 30 Mt. Pleasant street, last Wednesday. She has been a resident of Woburn since 1849. About 50 of her good friends called on her Wednesday bringing flowers and presents with kind regards and hearty congratulations.

— Loughlin McDonald, an employee of the Woburn Light, Heat & Power Co., received an electric shock of 2000 volts while adjusting wires of the Co. at No. Woburn last Tuesday morning. He was rendered unconcious, but was restored by doctors Bixby and Carroll after considerable hard work. He was badly burned, and taken to the Mass. Gen. Hospital.

— School Census Taker, Mr. Thos Mulkeen, finished the task of enumerating the children in this city last week and kindly furnished us with the figures. They are slightly in excess of those in his report of 1902, which is highly gratifying, inasmuch as the departures of families from this city to other parts this year was supposed to be larger than in former years, which was doubtless true, but the new comers, in the same period, have been more than enough to fill up the gaps. The census is taken in September of each year, and last month Enumerator Mulkeen found the number of children

Between 5 and 15 years to be	3310
Scholars over 15,	1835
Whole number pupils,	5145

Mr. Mulkeen is a careful, conscientious School Census Taker, and his report may be relied on as absolutely correct.

— The Evening School opened with flying colors in the High School building last Monday evening, with an attendance large enough to cheer the heart of every friend of the education of youth in this city. The number of pupils enrolled was 120, exactly the same as last year, and the same corps of teachers, with a single exception, are employed. They are: Lillian A. Phillips, Principal; Susan E. Tidd, mechanical drawing and bookkeeping; Annie E. Cook, stenography and typewriting; Ida L. Robbins, same as Miss Cook; Theodore Govostes, Greek; Margaret E. Hern, Greek class; Mary R. Walsh and Mary E. Breslin, elementary classes. The School Board, Supt. Clapp, Miss Bryant, the accommodating and efficient office clerk, and teachers, are enthusiastic over the prospective good results of this year's Evening School, which, from a practical point of view, is one of the most important and beneficial departments for knowledge gaining in the city.

— Nearly a column of small type was used by the Toledo (Ohio) *Blade* in giving an account of the wedding of Mr. Clifford Hanson, son of Mrs Helen C. Hanson of this city, who was present, and Miss Alice Melvin of Toledo, which took place in that city last week. The *Blade* prefaced a more particular description of the splendid event in these words: "The most brilliant of the early autumn weddings filled the First Congregational church with a handsomely-gowned assemblage of guests, last evening, gathered to witness the marriage of Miss Alice Melvin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Melvin, to Mr. Clifford Hanson, formerly of Boston, but who has recently come to Toledo to make his home." When a lad in the public schools of Woburn Clifford was one of the JOURNAL's prime favorites, and its Editor can truthfully say, and is happy to do so, that a better, honester, or smarter young man never left this city to seek his fortune in a hustling, bustling world. And his wife is congratulated by the JOURNAL and Clifford's hosts of friends here on having won such a valuable matrimonial prize.

— Mr. Ralph F. Goddard, Junior member of the Insurance firm of S. B. Goddard & Son, left here early this week for a fortnight's bird shooting in the woods and pastures of Maine. It is the season for woodcock and other feathered game down there and, thanks to well executed laws, the shooting is fine this year. Ralph eschews the pursuit of deer, moose, caribou, etc., for which a large majority of sportsmen hanker, and gives his attention to birds. The large four-footed animal game has become so plenty in Maine that to shoot it requires but little more skill, and is of but little more credit, than it would be to go out into the pastures and fire into flocks of sheep, and this is not to Mr. Goddard's taste. The Senior Goddard, S. B., has been a skilled gunner, and a lover of the sport, all his days. With dog and gun he has, in years gone by, roamed over the broad prairies of Illinois and Minnesota and the forests of Wisconsin and never failed to bring in big bags of prairie chickens, grouse, quail, partridges, woodcock (a hard bird to follow and kill), but he has only seldom given his attention to the big fellows of Northern New England. Birds have always been his favorite, and Ralph comes honestly by his preference for that kind of exciting sport.

— The Ware (Mass.) *River News* of Oct. 8, contained an elaborate descriptive and historical article on "Gilbertville: A Thriving Community," etc., which those people who enjoy the privilege of an acquaintance with the most genial and gentlemanly of Winchester's choice population, Mr. George H. Gilbert, will be interested in reading. The writer makes out that Gilbertville, founded by the Winchester Gilbert's father, is about the choicest manufacturing place in Western Massachusetts, or State, and has been made so by the Gilbert family, proprietors of factories that employ 700 people and the 200 cottages occupied by them, of which George H. of Winchester is a member. But any village, town or city without a church and minister would be a howling wilderness to him, so we append the following paragraph from the article:

"Few rich churches in larger towns and cities can boast so grand a place of worship as this little Gilbertville church society, with a membership of perhaps a little over 200. The edifice was built and presented to the church society in 1874 by George H Gilbert and family and was dedicated Sept. 10, 1874. Its cost has never been given out exactly, but it is variously estimated at from $50,000 to $100,000."

"ON THE STREET"

By "the Street" is usually meant the financial centre of a great city.

The men who do business there are among the best-dressed men in the world.

What "the Street" says is as final in matters of attire as in matters of finance.

We clothe a great many of these men and have done so for years.

We ask you to consider this fact when next you buy clothing.

Macullar Parker Company,
Clothing for Men and Boys,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.

Cool Weather Is Here!!
WITH IT COMES
PEANUT TAFFY.
Same old price Same old place.
NEXT TO P. O. Whitcher's NEXT TO P. O.

$3.00 WORTH OF STAMPS
—WITH A—
ONE DOLLAR PURCHASE!

Cut out the coupon below and present it at the store of

E. P. Fitzwilliam & Co.
373 MAIN STREET,

and with a One Dollar purchase you will receive Three Dollars worth of Stamps.

GOOD FOR
$3 Worth of Stamps
With a $1.00 Purchase.
GOOD ONLY at the store of
E. P. FITZWILLIAM & CO.,
373 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Miss McCarron.

At 11 o'clock last Saturday morning, Oct. 10, 1903, MARY REGINA, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip McCarron, died at her home, 57 Harrison avenue, at the early age of 20 years and 6 months. She graduated from the Woburn High School in Class 1901, and from the Burdett Boston Business College in 1902. She was employed by the Harvard Coöperative Society of the Harvard Medical School, Boston, and was one of Woburn's brightest young women. She left to deeply mourn her decease a father and mother; three brothers, Arthur, Frank and Michael; and four sisters, Margaret, Catherine, Annie and Nellie.

The funeral, which was a large one, was held at St. Charles church on Monday morning, Oct. 12. Rev. James F. Doherty being the celebrant. Miss Nellie O'Brien sang "Pie Jesu." John Lynch rendered "One Sweet and Solemn Thought." After the Mass while the body was being carried from the church, John Lynch sang "The Dirge."

Among the mass of beautiful floral tributes were: Pillar, from the family; reclining wreath, Uncle Patrick F. McEleney and wife; spray of pink roses, Miss Alice O'Brien; chrysanthemums, Commissioner M. J. Kennedy and wife; wreath, Miss Etta Brophy; crescent, Rondo Club; spray of asters, Mrs. Harrington and family of Wakefield; standing cross, Ladies Auxiliary of the St. Charles C. T. A. S.; spray of chrysanthemums and pinks; Class of '01, Woburn High School; spray of chrysanthemums, Misses Anna and Ella Maloney; spray of roses, Miss Kittie O'Mara of Cambridge; spray of asters, Mrs. Michael Reddy and family; bouquet of pinks, Miss Margaret Hearn; spray of asters, Miss Charlotte Calnan of Somerville; wreath of roses, Mrs. Margaret McGonagle and family; spray of roses, young gentlemen friends of the neighborhood.

WE RECKON

there must be something out of the common about our Boys' Norfolk Suits, or we would not be having such a splendid business on them.

Ask any school boy where his clothes came from and nine chances in ten he will say "Hammond's."

Price $3 to $8.
Extra values at $4 and $5.

Hammond & Son,
Leading Clothiers,
Lyceum Hall Building,
403 Main St., WOBURN.

Hicks—Evans.

The wedding of Mr. WILLIAM W. HICKS of Cambridge and Miss LAURA E. EVANS of this city was solemnized at the home of the bride, 7 Scott st., Wednesday evening, October 14, 1903. The interior of the house was prettily decorated with autumn foliage and greenery. The Episcopal service was read by Rev. Charles Perry of St. Peter's church, Cambridge, and the reception, from 8 to 10, was attended by numerous friends and acquaintances of the bride and groom.

Miss Alma F. Foster attended the bride, and Mr. Herbert C. Hicks was best man. The ushers were Mr. Thos. F. Murray and Mr. Philip B. Dallinger of Cambridge, and Mr. Fred E. Leathe and Mr. Geo. N. Parker of Woburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Hicks left for a wedding trip about 10.30, being assisted off with the usual demonstration by the Gabalotte Club, of which Mrs. Hicks is a valued member, and the invited guests present.

The presents from friends and relatives were many and beautiful.

Crystal Wedding.

Last Sunday, Oct. 11, 1903, was the fifteenth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Carlson of No. 1 Sherman Place, or to speak by the book, their Crystal Wedding. It was duly observed and happily celebrated.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlson were not intending to make any especial note of the day, but their friends, of which they have hosts, insisted that the event should be properly honored and they yielded to their demands.

About 35 ladies and gentlemen paid their respects to and were cordially received and entertained by the worthy couple during the afternoon and evening. These good friends brought with them a large number of beautiful and useful presents for Mr. and Mrs. Carlson, for which hearty thanks were returned.

A bountiful supper of choice viands was served to the guests, which they keenly relished and greatly enjoyed. It was a brimful table of happy people, who ate and made merry during the pleasant hour of feasting.

With singing and conversation a delightful evening was spent by the guests, and no less appreciated by Mr. and Mrs. Carlson. The party broke up at a seasonable hour and the friends departed to their respective homes.

Mr. Carlson has been a resident of Woburn 21 years and occupied his present store 15 years; and Mrs. Carlson came here a bright chick of a lass 17 years ago. They are among the most highly respected people of this city.

Sixty-eighth Anniversary.

The Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, Co. G, 5th Mass. Regiment, celebrated their 68th anniversary last Wednesday, Oct. 14, in excellent style, with the Fine Members as an important auxiliary.

The Company and F. M. had a shooting match in the afternoon at Brookside Range, which drew a large crowd of people. James Durward, Jr., won 1st prize, 23; Fred C. Keane, 2d prize, 22; George Durward, 3d prize, 22.

A banquet was given at the Armory in the evening which was largely attended. The Highland Orchestra furnished music for the occasion. Frank E. Wetherell was toastmaster, and lively speeches were made by Capt. E. F. Wyer, Col. W. T. Grammer, Maj. W. W. Stover, Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, rector of Trinity church, Ald. Jere O'Donnell, Rep. H. M. Aldrich, Rev. Joseph Cardon, and others.

The prizes were duly awarded, and the entire proceedings were declared to be clear up to highwater mark.

— M. Bancroft, Sewing Machines and finding, 410 Main street.—6m

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Twenty-eight Franklin Street.

The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.

The National Graded Course Used.
P. O. Box 344.

MISS DORA A. WINN,
WILL RESUME
Pianoforte Instruction,
October 1, 1903.
6 Highland Street, Woburn.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Probation after Death."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—19th Sunday after Trinity.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: "A Spiritual Life."
12 M. Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., Preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Is God Love."
Friday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "The End of All Things."
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Under the Smile of God."
7.45 P. M., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 7, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, Herbert Vincent Bagnall and Irma Gertrude Tay, both of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 4, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Patrick James Keating of Burlington and Anna Helena Madden of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 4, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Clarence Staples of Portsmouth, N. H., and Annie Josephine McCarthy of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 29, Catherine Powers, aged 3 years, 2 months, 24 days.

In this city, Oct. 10, Mary McCarron, aged 20 years, 5 months, 11 days.

In this city, Oct. 6, Minnie Morgan, aged 72 years.

In this city, Oct. 10, Bryan Griffin, aged 56 years, 7 months, 12 days.

In this city, Oct. 10, Stillman H. Church, aged 74 years, 4 months, 6 days.

In Somerville, Oct. 12, James R. Silcott, aged 38 years.

In this city, Oct. 14, John F. Barrett, aged 71 years.

METHODIST
FAIR!

The LADIES' AID SOCIETY of the M. E. Church, Woburn, will hold a Fair on

Wednes. and Thurs. Oct. 21 and 22

Fair opens Wednesday at 5 P. M.
Supper Wednesday, 6.30 to 8 P. M.
Entertainment both evenings
Useful and Fancy Articles will be on sale.

Admission, 10 Cents
Supper, 25 Cents

Golden Wedding.

Nathaniel Simonds and Pamelia Philips of Lawrence, Mass., were united in marriage at Rupert, Vermont, on Oct. 13, 1853, the 50th anniversary of which event was observed at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Simonds on Church ave. in this city last Tuesday evening. It was also the anniversary of the wedding of their daughter, Mrs. Minnie Nichols of North Weare, N. H., who was Mistress of Ceremonies at the Golden Wedding of her parents.

The guests, who were chiefly relatives and neighbors of the family, found the rooms of the pleasant Simonds residence tastefully decorated and brilliantly lighted for the occasion, and a hearty welcome from the bride and groom of 50 years ago. Besides the above there were visitors from Rupert, Vt., Concord, N. H., South Acton, Mass., Winthrop, Mass., and New York City.

Among the numerous handsome and valuable presents were two 10-dollar gold pieces, two 5-dollar gold pieces, eleven 2.50-dollar gold pieces, money in bank notes, cream spoon, sugar spoon, ladle, cutglass berry dish, gold decorated vases, decorated sugar and creamer, rose jar with gold decorations, gold decorated mayonaise, hot water pitcher, strawberry set, elegant linen towels and handkerchiefs, knit doiley, knit lace, baskets of chocolate, and beautiful bouquets of roses.

Refreshments were served, after which an evening of pleasant intercourse was spent by guests and hosts.

Mr. and Mrs. Simonds resided at Lawrence until July, 1854, when they went West and remained there 17 years. They then came to Woburn and have made their home here ever since.

About a year ago Mrs. Simonds visited her early home in Rupert for the first time since leaving there 49 years ago. She found only one relative, a cousin, who was present at the Golden Wedding last Tuesday evening, an occasion which everyone present highly enjoyed.

Mrs. Burke.

MRS. ELIZA BURKE, wife of Mr. John Burke, formerly of this city, a member of the firm of Burke & Munday, died at her home, 10 Gardner street, Cambridge, Sunday evening, Oct. 11. The family came to Woburn in 1847, and the deceased, who was born in May, 1817, lived here more than 50 years. She was highly esteemed.

The funeral was held at the M. E. church this city, Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 14. Rev. N. E. Richardson and Rev. T. B. Smith officiated.

Have You Guessed?

Count the Stamps in our window and fill in a blank.

Double Stamps, commencing Friday, and continuing until Saturday, Oct. 24.

Four Stamps for one on all Dress Skirts bought during the Double Stamp Sale.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Pork AND Lard Are Cheaper

Best Pure Lard,	10c per lb.
Pork,	10c " "
Peanut Butter,	15c " "
Queen Olives,	35c per qt.

We are headquarters for

Kennedy's Biscuits.

Call and see the great variety we keep.

DO YOU USE SALADA TEA?

☞ We sell it.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Gilman F. Jones. late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and codicil—of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by Sarah S. Jones, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell in said County of Middlesex, on the twentieth day of October, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Charles Choate, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John M. Harlow, the Trustee under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the third account of his trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-seventh day of October, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Salem T. Brigham, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate by Ann Maria Brigham, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of November, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of William H. Hinds, late of River John, in the Province of Nova Scotia, deceased, intestate, leaving estate in said County.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to James Hinds of said River John, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of November, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notive thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

NOTICE

is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Eleanor S. Stubbs, late of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ANNIE L. FOSTER, Admx.,
71 Rutland Street, Boston.

July 28th, 1903.

To Let.

Tenement of six rooms at 37 Salem street, $11.00 per month.

E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount street.

Japol Tablets

a sure cure for hoarseness and tickling in the throat

Japol Powder

a remedy for cold in the head.

Japol Ice

unequalled in neuralgia and catarrh.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

361 Main St.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Peppermints.

HOME-MADE
ALWAYS GOOD

CRAWFORD'S

No. 412 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE: 48-3.

The Ladies of the Unitarian Society will hold a

HOME-MADE FOOD SALE

In Caldwell's Furniture Store

Saturday, Oct. 24.

All Day and Evening.
Reasonable Prices.
Everybody Invited.

Decorative Art Course.

Lowell Textile School.

While the Decorative Art Course is mainly preparatory to textile design, it also prepares for any branch of Decorative Art, such as wall paper, book illustration, lithography, interior decoration, stained glass, etc., etc., and for pictorial art in water and oil. The facilities now offered permit of thorough instruction in these specialties. The classes are open to ladies and gentlemen in connection with textile design or otherwise and have been specially popular with ladies. The studio is open DAILY except Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Prof. Vesper L. George is in charge and conducts the work on the basis of the Julian Academy.

Lecture Course on Historic Ornament.

Terms moderate. Special rates of transportotion. Pupils can enter at any time. Instruction from 9 to 4 P. M., except Saturday and Wednesday afternoon. For particulars address

WM. W. CROSBY, Principal.

To Let.

House on Frances street, eight rooms and storage attic. Bathroom, hot and cold water; cemented cellar with laundry. Economical heater; sunny, pleasant outlook. Apply to C A BURDETT, Mishawum Road, cor. Main street.

House To Let.

Six Rooms. Rent reasonable.

Enquire of M. C. FELCH.

Boston Theatres.

THE PARK.

On visiting the Park Theatre in Boston, one wonders after seeing it why Charles Frohman, Rich and Harris, who are now the Lessees and Managers, did not apply the term NEW to it. Certainly it is that in every respect. It is easy to understand that they spent a large sum of money in remodelling the house. The theatre is now as fine as any in the city and it has taken on a new lease of life. The attraction now there is one exactly suited to the house and it is playing to business that fills the pretty theatre at every performance. Charles Frohman has given to Annie Russell, who is now at the Park, in "Mice and Men," a play in every way suited to this dainty woman's personality and nothing but praise is heard of her charming performance. By far the largest and best company Mr. Frohman has ever given Miss Russell, supports her in "Mice and Men." To miss seeing this quaint and interesting play is to miss a great opportunity. It is one of those plays that is bound to please all classes. It is sweet, pretty and interesting and one feels that they would like to go all through it a second time. Mark Embury, a middle aged bachelor, so the plot runs in "Mice and Men," falls in love with Peggy, but, to put his well laid plan to route she loves Captain Lovell, Embury's nephew, so Embury relinquishes his claim to Peggy and gives her the man of her choice. Those who know Miss Russell's methods can understand how well suited she is to the role of Peggy, how easily she fits into the quaint, eighteenth century atmosphere of the play. The part is peculiarly adapted to her and she portrays it with a mingling of strength and delicacy for which she is somewhat remarkable. Prominent in the support of Miss Russell is Mrs. Gilbert, who has the distinction of being the oldest living actress now on the stage, and John Mason a long and valued member of the Boston Museum Stock Company. During the engagement of Miss Russell the Wednesday matinees will be omitted.

THE COLUMBIA.

It is doubtful if there is on record a more remarkable instance of the complete establishment in popular favor of a playhouse in the brief space of two weeks than has been demonstrated by the wonderful success of the Columbia Theatre, Boston, under the management of Sam S. and Lee Shubert. There are many reasons why this house should enjoy vogue. It is one of the most beautiful and comfortable playhouses in America, and has been entirely remodelled and refurnished by the Messrs. Shubert. The current attraction is Francis Wilson, and Nixon & Zimmerman's company of star players in a sumptuous revival of "Erminie." The engagement of this company will terminate at the Columbia on Saturday, Oct. 17, and on Monday, the 19th, "The Runaways," the big New York Casino musical comedy success, will open for a limited engagement, with Fay Templeton at the head of an extraordinary cast. "The Runaways" has been pronounced the most gorgeously mounted and expensively presented musical comedy New York has ever seen. The Messrs. Shubert, by the liberality of their management in offering only the best attractions, and the wholesome atmosphere they have introduced into the Columbia, have certainly scored deserved success.

Paragraphs from Sermon

Preached at the First Unitarian church, Woburn, Sunday, Oct. 4, 1903,

BY REV. HENRY C. PARKER, PASTOR.

Text: Exedus XXV-40: Look that thou make it according to the pattern showed thee in the mount.

[Rev. Mr. Parker's sermon was somewhat in the line of a dedicatory one and was called forth by the completion of important improvements in the interior of the First Unitarian church edifice in this city, of which he is Pastor. The first half of it is devoted to a review of the history and description of church architecture, beginning with that of the ancient Hebrews, who worshipped God in tents, running down through the Gothic, Byzantium, Romanesque, and other types, to the Colonial, now so largely in vogue. This part of the discourse was exceedingly interesting and instructive.

Following this was the purely preaching part of the discourse which is given below in consideration of its sound doctrine in comparing church architecture in all ages with personal character-building. The doctrine, as our readers must conclude, is wise, sound and elevating.

The sermon concluded with an apt application of the introduction to the greatly improved changes in Rev. Mr. Parker's church edifice, in which he referred, with hearty approval, to the highly successful work of the decorators, a full description of which was given in the JOURNAL of Oct. 2; in grateful terms to the liberality of the church members; and closed by presenting his views of what is best in church decorations.—ED. JOURNAL.]

But whatever the style there are three things essential to good architecture. The first is that a building shall have strength, solidity, firmness. When you look at it you want to feel that it was built to stand, that the storms may beat against it and it will not give way. And lest you think that I have forgotten the fact that I am supposed to be preaching a sermon I hasten to say that this is also a primary essential of good character. You want to feel that a man is firmly built, of the right fibre, so that, as Emerson expressed it, "you cannot pass your hand through him." This is what you demand in your Statesman—it is indeed what makes the difference between a Statesman and a mere politician. It is what you demand in a business man; and it is what the world is beginning to demand in its ideal religious man. The idea that he must necessarily be weak, self-effacing, too feeble to be wicked, has passed from our thought. We demand power, not solidity, but solidity of character, character that will stand firm whatever the temptations or the trials that assail it, and that is true to its ideal whatever the difficulties or the criticisms. In all the walks and relations of life you want to feel that the person with whom you deal is morally well built, that he is substantial, reliable, that you can always know just where to find him.

"Behold the perfect man! mark the upright!" for the end of that man is peace. This was the ancient ideal; and it is what the modern world needs if it is not its demand.

Another essential of good architecture is right proportion. A building 100 ft. long and ten wide, or ten long and 100 wide is distressing to the eye; and it is distressing because it betrays a balked unity, a distorted idea. In God's world there is symmetry. "In beauty," said the ancient singer, "he fashioned all the works of his hand." So we feel that whatever man builds should have grace, right relations of part to part and of each part to the whole. Otherwise it is out of harmony with God's world.

This is also an essential of good character. It is not pleasing to meet a person who is all feeling with no intellect, or all intellect with no feeling; or one who is full of idle dreams and no practical works; or one who is full of practical works but without imagination or any large vision to redeem life from the weariness of the commonplace. A life all work and no play or all play and no work, that is all getting and no giving, that pampers the lower nature while starving the higher, that makes lavish provision for the appetites and passions and neglects the weightier matters of being—this is also distress, for it suggests a defeated purpose, a broken ideal. It is not life as God intended it to be. The heavenly city which John of Patmos saw in his vision was well proportioned; "the length and breadth and height were equal." Its citizens were also fashioned after the Divine pattern. And the measure for man he said was that of the angel.

Again, all good architecture is adapted to the purpose for which it is built. You require that a dwellinghouse shall answer the needs of a home, that it shall minister to your ease, peace and comfort, that it shall conform in all its appointments to the central purpose for which it was built. However elegant or costly, if it does not do this, it fails to satisfy you. It may be a good building, but if it is not good for a home it is a disappointment.

So we say of character, that it must not only be good, but good for something. It is not enough that a person should live; his life must be adjusted to worthy ends. There are moments when we feel with the poet that it is joy enough to be, leave alone the doing. But this is a temporary feeling. In more earnest moods we feel that we truly live only when we are living for something, when our lives are adjusted to ends which reach beyond ourselves. That is the happiest life that is full of good works; and through them fulfilling the purpose for which life is given.

Good architecture, we say, must be substantial; it must be graceful, and it must be adapted to the purpose for which it exists. This is equally true of good character; it must be substantial; it must be symmetrical; and it must be adjusted to a Divine end. And, I take it, that the purpose of a preaching church is to help its worshippers live out the Divine element that is theirs. It is to help them to think, to aspire, to look up and move up and to do what they can to lift up their fellowmen.

* * * * * *

"And while thanking you for your generosity in giving, I wish to say this one word more, that there is no decoration that a church can have that is half so becoming, so satisfying, as to have the pews filled with earnest minded, warm-hearted, cheerful worshippers. This kind of decoration can make the most barnlike structure attractive beyond the power of the painter's skill. And this is a form of decoration which you can contribute to all the year through and be only the happier for the continuous contribution. You will not only win my gratitude, but you will have the pleasing satisfaction of knowing that you are contributing to the great work which this church has before it, viz:—the moral and spiritual elevation of this community. Here is an end worthy of your sacrifices and of your utmost devotion."

Caution!

This is not a gentle word—but when you think how liable you are not to purchase the only remedy universally known and a remedy that has had the largest sale of any medicine in the world since 1868 for the cure and treatment of Consumption and Throat and Lung troubles without losing its great popularity all these years, you will be thankful we called your attention to Boschee's German Syrup. There are so many ordinary cough remedies made by druggists and others that are cheap and good for light colds perhaps, but for severe Coughs, Bronchitis, Croup—and especially for Consumption, where there is difficult expectoration and coughing during the nights and mornings, there is nothing like German Syrup. The 25 cent size has just been introduced this year. Regular size 75 cents. At A. W. Whitcher's Druggist.

Resolutions.

WHEREAS, it has pleased God in His Almighty Providence to take from our midst our beloved classmate MARY REGINA MCCARRON; and

WHEREAS, Mary was persevering and true, and endeared herself to her classmates by her genial nature and comradeship; and

WHEREAS she was brave and courageous through months of wearing illness Be it hereby

Resolved, that we, the Class of 1901, mourn the loss of our dear classmate, and tender our most heartfelt sympathies to the bereaved family.

Signed (for class)
MAUDE E. LEATHE
FANNIE D. SEXTON
ANNA I. REDDY
MILDRED S. PENNEY
JAMES E. MALONEY
CHARLES W. FOWLE

Literary Notices.

The October number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE has an interesting list of contents, opening with a review of Brownson's Quest For Truth in his gradual transition from Congregationalist to Catholic. Another article paying tribute to a centennial celebration of One Hundred Years Ago—And Today, by George W. Joyce, who describes the progress of the Church in Boston in its phenomenal expansion from a membership of one hundred to 650,000. A very interesting paper giving hitherto unpublished information on the recent Conclave depicts the scene in the Sacred College when the Austrian Cardinal introduced the Emperor's Veto. Among the other notable features are The Summer of the Passing, the Conclave, and the Coming, by Marie Donegan Walsh; Mac Gahan, Liberator of Bulgaria, by May Lowe; Society Women of France, by Anna Seaton Schmidt; The Catholic Actor, by John Talbot Smith; Pius X. and the Gregorian Chant, by P. F. Delgado; The Greek Schism, by Rev. John F. Mullany, LL D. Katharine Tynan and Florence M. Wilson are among the contributors to the fiction of the number.

WINCHESTER.

Speaking of the independent candidature of the venerable and highly respected S. W. Twombly of this town *Practical Politics* said last week: Winchester is now beginning to feel that it needs a young man who can take hold of its problems. Although the town is very aristocratic, and its people look haughtily down on those who live in Woburn and such sections, financially it is in anything but a happy state, and that is why a clear-headed business man is needed. Gov. Bates had to interfere at the last session and veto a borrowing bill from Winchester, where they were anxious to spread some bonds out beyond the usual length of time, because they did not see where the money was coming from.

I often wonder to myself how the myriad of M. D's in this town manage to get fees enough to "keep the pot boiling." A few of them enjoy a large practice, but the great majority—well, the subject is too painful for me to dwell on.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after October 5th, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

NORTH BOUND.

Leave Woburn—5.30, 6 45, 8.00, 10.05, 11.45, A. M; 1 15, 2.45, 3.15*, 4.00, 4 45, 5.45, 6.15, 8.15, *9.45, 11 00 P. M. SUNDAYS—7.15 A. M. hourly until 9.15 P. M.; also 10.45 P. M. 9.45 P. M. for Burlington only.

Burlington Centre—5 43, 7.05, 8.13, 10.25 A. M.; 12 05, 1.35, 3.05, 3.35, 4.13, 5 05, 6 05, 6 35, 8 35, 10.00, 11 13 P. M.

Billerica—6 00, 7 30, 8 30, 10.45 A. M.; 12 30, 2 00, 3 30, 3 40, 4 30, 5 30, 6 30, 7 00, 9 00, 11.30 P. M.

Arrive Lowell—6.32, 8 02, 9.02, 11.17 A. M; 1 02, 2 32, 4 02, 5 02, 6 02, 7.02, 7.32, 9.32 P. M.

*3 15 Reeds only. *9.45 Burlington Centre only.

SOUTH BOUND.

Leave Lowell—5.27, 6 57, 7 57, 10.27, 11.57 A M.; 1.27, 2 57, 3 57, 4.57, 5.57, 6.27, 8.27, P. M. SUNDAYS—7.27 A. M. Hourly until 9 27 P. M.

Billerica—6 00, 7.30, 8.00, 11.00 A. M.; 12.30, 2 00, 3 30, 4.30, 5.30, 6 30, 7.00, 9.00, 11 30 P. M. SUNDAYS—8.00 A. M. Hourly until 10.00 P. M. and 11 30 P. M.

Burlington Centre—6 20, 7.45, 8.45, 11 20, A. M.; 12 55, 2 25, 3.45, 4 55, 5.55, 6.55, 7.25, 9 20, 10.00 P. M.

Arrive Woburn—6 35, 8 00, 9.00, 11.35 A. M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4 00, 5 15, 6.15, 7.15, 7.45, 9 45, 10.15, 12.00 P. M., connecting with Boston & Maine trains 6.44, 8.14, 8.21, 9 06, 11.38 A. M., 2 56, 4.11, 10 30 P. M.

C. W. B. HARRISON, Supt.

WANTED—A TRUSTWORTHY GENTLEMAN or lady in each county to manage business for an old established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly salary of $18.00 paid by check each Monday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Enclose addressed envelope. Manager, 360 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

HINDOO CUSTOMS.

The Sword Plays a Prominent Part In Oaths and Marriages.

The sword plays many different roles in Hindoo manners and customs. There are certain warlike tribes among whom oaths taken over the sword are binding, while taken otherwise they are not. A similar sentiment prevails among some predatory classes of Europe, where oaths taken over their weapons of offense—a dagger, a poniard, a rapier—are considered binding. The idea with these classes seems to be that perjury committed after taking oaths over their weapons recoil; that they die by the weapon against which they perjure themselves.

In Berar, in India, women who are about to lead an irregular life marry a sword. This marriage in name, as an emblem of conjugal life, serves as a ray of consolation to them in the midst of their evil doings. In certain parts of India when a Hindoo is about to marry a third wife, which marrying is considered an ill omen, he marries a tree, for obviating the ill omen, before he marries the third lady.

In Kathiawar there is still the custom for rajput princes who are much married to marry other wives by means of a sword. They send over their sword to the bride's people. The bride is married to it with all the required pomp and splendor, the only difference being that the prince's sword becomes a substitute for him, the bridegroom. The legality of this marriage to a sword is indisputable. The bride married to it enters the rajput zenana as a legally married wife.

Where the Hourglass Is Used.

Among things not generally known is the fact that the hourglass is universally used on board ships in the English navy when the log is heaved at night.

Every hour the boatswain or one of the boatswain's mates blows on his whistle a peculiar shrill note called the reel. The person in the watch to whom this duty is assigned then heaves the log, a small piece of wood with a sinker fitted in it, and at that moment the glass is turned. Though termed an hourglass generally, it is only a fourteen second glass really.

As the last grain runs out the log line is stopped with a jerk, which also loosens the lead sinker. The log floats up to the surface of the sea, the line is hauled in and an entry made in the book, which, from its containing this among other items of the daily and nightly events of the voyage, is called the log book.—London Country Life.

A Troublesome Ant.

In the state of Colombia there is a large ant (Atta cephalotes) which causes a great deal of injury to plantations. It attacks and carries off indiscriminately all kinds of foliage, and no sort of vegetation seems to come amiss to it. The quantity of foliage carried off by these ants is immense. A naturalist recently investigated the uses to which the ants put this mass of vegetable matter, and he ascertained that they employ it to make hotbeds, upon which their eggs are deposited to be hatched by the heat produced by the fermentation of the leaves. The ants do not eat these portions for food, and the larvæ are fed upon a carefully selected diet. Once the brood is hatched, the ants clear away the hotbed, carrying out of their nest all the decomposed vegetable matter. This is thrown out in heaps apart, and in the large ant hills these heaps will contain bushels and upward.

Buying a Daughter.

A lady in costly mourning attire was walking in a street in Vienna the other day when she saw a beggar woman with three children, one of them a girl of two, sitting at the foot of a monument. She sent a street porter to ask if she would give up the girl. The woman nodded, whereupon the lady in black walked up to her, gave her some bank notes and took the child to a store. Half an hour later she emerged with the same child elegantly dressed, hailed a cab and drove away.

Ancient Head Coverings.

The hat is simply a variation of and no doubt an improvement upon the ancient coverings for the head, no matter what their shape or material. Comment has been made because some noted paintings of Scriptural and oriental life do not depict the headdresses of the males. This is most noticeable in paintings of ancient Syrian life, for no doubt the Syrians wore then, as now, a turban, thick, light and colorless, to protect them from the burning sun.

The Rule Wabbled.

Whiffers—See here, Bliffers! You told me the way to win a girl was to devote myself to her mother.

Bliffers—Yes, sirree, that will do it every—

Whiffers—Huh! I wanted to win Miss Beauti, and I took your advice and devoted myself to Mrs. Beauti, and now the old lady, who is a widow, wants to marry me herself.

He Had Been Helped Once.

Two Turks were at a French banquet. Toward the end of the feast a Frenchman selected a toothpick from the tray near him and politely passed the tray on to his neighbor, who, however, peremptorily declined the offer, exclaiming:

"No, thank you; I have already eaten two of the accursed things."

Poor Auntie!

Enfant Terrible—And did they go into the ark two by two?

Mamma—Yes, dearest.

Enfant Terrible—Well, who went with auntie?

Success rules are like snails—they must be driven into something or they will soon rust.—Baltimore Herald.

What He Was.

A man of letters—of poor physique—recently knocked a policeman down and is still at large to tell the tale. It was on the bank of the upper Thames, where a notice bids "Pedestrians to enter the towing path by the roadway." The man of letters, however, knew the short cut and took it, running into a huge Berkshire constable. "See that notice board?" remarked the constable, blocking the narrow path. The man of letters looked, considered, and replied, "But you see I'm not a pedestrian." The constable considered him from his hat to his boots and back again. "Why, what are you then?" he asked. "I'm a Congregationalist," said the man of letters. The constable dropped.—London Chronicle.

Sighed For His Song.

A friend of Edward MacDowell attended a recital given by a mediocre teacher's pupils, and when he met the American composer he remarked, "I heard one of the pupils, a little girl of eight, play your 'To a Wild Rose.'" The composer sighed dejectedly. "I suppose," MacDowell remarked, "that she pulled it up by the roots."

MEXICAN HOUSES.

Little Wood Used In Them, and They Are Practically Fireproof.

There is a minimum of wood used for house construction in the cities of Mexico, and there is absolutely nothing to burn except what furnishings the houses may contain. The walls are solidly built of stone and brick or in the less costly structures of adobes, which are thickly plastered inside and out with mortar or stucco. The floors are of brick, stone or tiles, while the roofs are of brick laid in mortar or in some cities of semicylindrical clay tiles. Many roofs are arched with brick laid flat, not on edge, and it is marvelous how slight a curve some of these arches have. Yet they support heavy weights and have lasted through centuries.

Flat roofs are supported by 6 by 6 inch hewn pine joists placed eight inches apart. These joists are often twenty feet in length. The doors are heavy, hanging upon ornamented wrought strap hinges and secured by strong, handmade locks, which have remarkably large complicated keys. Practically the only wood used in construction is for the doors and joists which support the roof. The church roofs are invariably of brick arches, usually several arches in each. There are no such fire traps in Mexico as those mansard roofs of French and American cities or the frail dwellings of China or the universal wooden structures which have made fire insurance so great a burden in the United States and which cause so great and continuous expenditures for fire protection.—Arboriculture.

Speaking and Stopping.

The knowledge of when to sit down is invaluable to public speakers and to their audiences. Perhaps the best plan is to secure a candid friend who will pull you down by your coattails. A man "on his legs" is one with whom time gallops; he has spoken for half an hour, and to him it seems but five minutes. The excitement of the brain suggests new and ever new ideals, and the extemporary talker in the pulpit or after a public dinner flounders in pursuit of these will-o'-the-wisps through swamps and thickets of bad grammar haunted by the anacoluthon and other fearful wild fowl. In the pulpit there is no man to pull the preacher down, and many are his "two words more, my brethren." After public dinners a bored audience begins to talk and laugh, but these symptoms of disapproval are not marked by the self absorbed public speaker. In short, the knowledge of when to sit down is rare and hard to acquire.—Longman's.

Discontent With Work.

That there is much discontent with work among the so called middle classes in America is due in large part to the pampering of children, to the supplying of their natural and artificial wants and to the sentimental idea that "their day of toil will come soon enough." In general, work is not a curse, but a blessing, a positive means of grace. One can hardly begin too early to impress upon children lessons of self help by tasks appropriate to their age and forces and to beget in them scorn of idleness and of dependence on others. To do this is to make them happy through the self respect that comes with the realization of power and thus to approximate Tennyson's goal of man, "Self reverence, self knowledge, self control."—Century.

Two Views of the Bells.

A clergyman on his way to church one Sunday morning pulled up to rebuke an angler. "Don't you hear the bells summoning you to church?" he asked. The fisherman put an inquiring hand to his ear. Encouraged, the clergyman repeated the question. But once again the fisherman asked for a repetition, and then again, and even yet again. Flushing from overmuch bawling, the parson was about to proceed on his way when the fisherman spoke. "Very sorry, guv'nor," he said, "but them bloomin' bells makes such an infernal clatter that I can't hear a word you says."—London Globe.

Durable Whitewash.

A very durable whitewash that will stand nearly as well as paint is made as follows: Slake a bushel of lime with boiling water and thin sufficiently with cold water to make a good whitewash; dissolve a pint of white vitriol (sulphate of zinc) in boiling water, only enough to thoroughly dissolve it; also a quart of fine salt. The bushel of lime will weigh about seventy pounds, and by keeping the above proportions a greater or less amount can be made.

Maternal Pride.

First Young Wife—The photographer said my baby was the prettiest baby he'd ever seen.

Second Young Wife—That's strange! He said the same thing about mine.

First Young Wife—Well, I suppose he saw your baby before he saw mine.—Roseleaf.

His Plaster.

Brannigan—The doctor told me to get a porous plasther for me stomach.

Druggist—Yes, sir. What sort do you want?

Brannigan—'Tis little I care what sort it is so long as 'tis aisily digested.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Serious Game.

"Papa," said little Tommy Taddells, "what is the game of authors?"

"The game of authors, Tommy," replied Mr. Taddells, "is to sell their books."—Smart Set.

His Will Power.

"Henpeck has given up smoking, eh? I didn't think he had so much will power."

"He hasn't, but his wife has."

The highest liberty is harmony with the highest laws.—Giles.

An Odd Epitaph.

The following epitaph is to be found in a cemetery within seven miles of New York's city hall:

Reader, pass on; don't waste your time
O'er bad biography and bitter rhyme;
For what I am this crumbling clay insures,
And what I was is no affair of yours.

Hard to Tell.

"What is that you're baking there, my dear," inquired young Mr. Newliwed, "bread or some cake?"

"I don't know. I have not finished yet," replied the young bride.—Philadelphia Press.

Literary people should live as near as possible to nature without getting too far away from the publishers.—Puck.

A Pampered Ambition.

"That boy says his only ambition is to make a living without working."

"What are his parents going to do for him?"

"Make a politician out of him."—Detroit Free Press.

A Diamond Ring

is an ornament always in style, which will never wear out. A good diamond is the best insurance a man can get. Lovers of jewelry, and lovers of all kinds, especially the latter, should see our assortment of the rings.

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JILTING OF S. E. SAVACOOL

By... W. H. OSBORNE

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Sarah Elizabeth Savacool was one of the nicest little girls in the world. And yet she'd never had a beau. The other girls in Cypress Hills had beaus by the dozen, but not Sarah Elizabeth Savacool—she belonged to the class that somehow had to do without.

"Never you mind, Sarah Elizabeth," her mother would remark, "you bide your time. Just you wait till Mr. Wright appears." But Mr. Wright for some reason did not turn up. Whether it was that Sarah Elizabeth did not dance well or that she lacked the artificial airs and graces of the girls around her she failed to attract the men. Perhaps the men in Cypress Hills didn't understand the worth of true womanhood.

"I don't know what it is," sighed Sarah Elizabeth as she consulted her mirror in her room, "but they don't take to me, that's all."

It worried her, for she belonged to a marrying family. It came to the point where Sarah Elizabeth dreaded to go to dances or to card parties—she was destined to turn out the one wallflower of the occasion. She was just at the age when this crushing indifference might have soured her young life forever. But at this juncture the unexpected happened.

The Tollivers were giving the largest dance of the season and, of course, Sarah Elizabeth was invited to attend.

"I simply cannot—will not—go," she told herself. "I can't go through a thing like that again." Her mother, however, tried to keep her to the front.

"Now, just you go, Sarah Elizabeth," she said. "I'm going to get Miss Carlos to make you a brand new gown—and just the kind you like. You go—and who knows? Maybe Mr. Wright will be on hand this time."

Sarah Elizabeth went. There was even a certain amount of anticipatory pleasure in getting ready. She went and took her place in an unaccustomed corner and waited. Her heart sank within her, for there were all the girls she knew and all the fellows, the same old ones, and she knew there was no chance for her among them. As she watched them with burning cheeks, the mother of the Tollivers approached. Some one was with her.

"Sarah Elizabeth," said Mrs. Tolliver, "I'm going to introduce to you Mr. John Post, a new arrival in Cypress Hills. Mr. Post, Miss Savacool." The old lady bent down and smoothed a ribbon on Sarah Elizabeth's collar and whispered in her ear: "He's the son of Judge Post, the circuit judge. He's come here to stay, to practice law. That's who he is."

Mr. John Post sat down. He was a clever looking fellow, with a good square jaw. He entered into a spirited conversation with an ease of manner that would have staggered Cypress Hills. Sarah Elizabeth as soon as she realized that for the time being she was no longer a wallflower soon recovered her equilibrium. The more he talked the more she talked.

"You won't like my dancing one bit," she confided to him as he asked her for the first. "None of the fellows do." He laughed aloud.

"It can't be worse than mine," he said. "I guess you'll have to lead me most of the time." Sarah Elizabeth did. No one noticed it, but she had to take the initiative, and they both enjoyed it. It was the most hilarious waltz she had ever danced.

"You're worse than I am," she conceded when they finished.

"I admit it." He glanced at her. "And that's saying a good deal," he retorted gayly. "Under the circumstances," he continued, "do you think it wise for me to dance with any of the other girls?"

He did make the attempt, but most of his time was spent in the conservatory with Sarah Elizabeth Savacool. "It was outrageous," so said the girls who would have rejoiced to be in her place.

John Post escorted Sarah Elizabeth to her home. After that he escorted himself on divers occasions to the same place. There was a charm about Sarah Elizabeth that peculiarly attracted him. There was a charm about him that attracted her.

And on one other eventful evening John Post led Sarah Elizabeth Savacool to the cozy corner underneath the stairs and took her in his arms and kissed her and told her what he thought. And—she returned the compliment. Now in Cypress Hills one does not become engaged, as it were, but there exists what is known as an "understanding." This understanding seemed to exist between John Post and Sarah Elizabeth Savacool. And Sarah Elizabeth believed in John. She believed in his work, in his success, and more than all she believed in his fidelity. Now this was a concession, for in a place where you do not get engaged there's many a slip—you can never know whether he is really yours or somebody else's. Perhaps this lends excitement to the situation.

But for six months John Post justified her belief. And then all of a sudden Sarah Elizabeth noticed a slight change in him. He was graver, more thoughtful, more silent. She could not make it out. Any astute mind would have seen at once that it meant simply that there was another girl. But not so Sarah Elizabeth. She still believed in John.

One evening he came in rather late. He did not remove his overcoat, and he held his hat still in his hand. He had something on his mind.

"Sarah Elizabeth," he began, looking everywhere but at her face, "do you—do you still think as much of me as ever? I—I want to know." Sarah Elizabeth's breath came in gasps, but she assented.

"I want to be honest," went on John Post. "I want you to know the truth—there's no good of spoiling two lives simply for—for the sake of a sentiment."

He did not look at her. "Yes," gasped Sarah Elizabeth, "I suppose—so."

John Post swallowed hard. "And so," he went on, "I thought I'd come around and tell you—that—that I'd better stop coming here before any talk began about our—about our going together, you know."

Before any talk began! As though it had not been a foregone conclusion that he and she were steady company of the most pronounced kind. Her heart sank as she thought of what the people would say now—now that she was—jilted.

He rose awkwardly and held out his hand. "And so I came to—say goodby. I hope you won't take any offense. I—I mean well. I think you know that, Sarah Elizabeth."

"Yes," she gasped again.

"Goodby, Sarah Elizabeth," he said, holding out his hand.

"Goodby!" she echoed feebly.

And then for the first time he looked full into her face. As he did he started back, for the face was the white face of a girl in whom all hope was dead, a face blanched with despair. He stood looking at her for a second.

Suddenly he tore off his overcoat, threw down his hat and, bounding across the room, caught her in his arms and pressed her to his heart.

"You silly little goose!" he exclaimed as he kissed her. "You dear little girl! Did you really think I meant it?"

"But—but you did mean it," exclaimed Sarah Elizabeth.

"Did I?" he replied, adding considerable enthusiasm to his demonstrations. "You little goose! Why, what day is this?"

Sarah Elizabeth was bewildered, but she answered, "It's—it's Wednesday."

He laughed. "It's more than that—more than that," he said joyously, "for it's April fool day in the bargain." He reached down in his pocket and produced a small, square box. "Now," he exclaimed, "are you convinced that I was only fooling?" It was a diamond ring, and on the inside rim she read, "J. P. to S. E. S., Apr. 1, '02."

Two Small Pairs.

In University place a boy, preceded by a dog, encountered a woman, preceded by a smaller dog. The dogs halted; so did their owners. The animals looked at each other fixedly from a distance of six feet, each with his tail waving over his back and each uttering low growls.

"Call off your dog!" exclaimed the woman as she saw the situation.

"Call off yours!" replied the boy.

"Can't you restrain your dog?" she demanded in a high key.

"He ain't doin' nothin'."

"Yes, he is; he's intimidating my Fido."

"But your Fido is givin' him sass. I ain't goin' to restrain my dog when your dog is sayin' he can lick him with one hand tied behind his back."

"Here, Fido, haven't you more care for your reputation than to face such a low down cur as that? Come here this instant! I shall punish you for this!"

"Here, Shakespeare," said the boy as he gave his dog a light kick, "you let that animal alone. You tackled one like him last fall and you had indigestion for two months. He ain't alive. He's a stuffed lamb with a dog's tail glued on, and the woman works him with a string. Come along, and I'll show you a reg'lar live dog."—New York Press.

Carried It Too Far.

A Chicago millionaire, George T. Cline, had an extraordinary hobby. He was a connoisseur of Irishmen, according to the local papers. Though on himself he would never spend more than 15 or 20 cents a day, he thought nothing of buying Irishmen sumptuous dinners, with champagne, in order to hear them talk in their musical brogue. An Irishman once played Colonel Cline false. He stole a pair of boots from him. Discovering the theft, the millionaire pursued the Irishman, overtaking him as he was about to enter a pawnshop with the boots in his hand. "Those are my boots; you have stolen them," said Colonel Cline. "Sure, it was only a joke," said the Irishman. But the inexorable millionaire haled the thief before a magistrate, and here again the man repeated, "It was only a joke, your honor." "Only a joke, hey?" said the magistrate. "Well, Mr. Cline, how far away from your house had he carried the boots when you overtook him?" "Over a mile, sir," replied the millionaire. "Held for court," said the magistrate. "This is a case of carrying the joke too far."

Of Course Not.

A judge of one of the United States circuit courts has a five-year-old niece of whom he is very proud. A few days ago she came to him and said with a very serious air:

"Uncle, there is a question about law I want to ask you."

"Well, dear, what is it?" patiently inquired the judge.

"Uncle, if a man had a peacock and it went into another man's yard and laid an egg, who would the egg belong to?"

The judge smiled indulgently and replied:

"Why, the egg would belong to the man who owned the peacock, but he could be prosecuted for trespassing if he went on the other's property to get it."

The child seemed very much interested in the explanation and then observed innocently:

"Uncle, did it ever occur to you that a peacock couldn't lay an egg?"

The Nose.

Use the nose to breathe through and not the mouth. In winter and spring particularly must this care be taken. If the mouth is kept open large drafts of cold air rush directly in upon the lungs, chilling the body almost instantly. If the mouth is kept shut the air can reach the lungs only by the circuit of the nose and head, and it becomes warmed before reaching the lungs. It is asserted that the reason the American nose is becoming more and more narrow is owing to the reprehensive habit of breathing through the mouth rather than following the intention of nature.

Russians as Linguists.

Every educated Russian knows three languages besides his own and many of them four. Knowledge of the English, French and German languages is considered necessary to culture. A family having small children employs two to four governesses, from whom the children learn foreign tongues before they are taught the more difficult Russian. This command of language makes possible the fact that Russians have a better knowledge of the world's affairs than any other people.

The Serpent's Venom.

A physician while talking with a group of friends remarked: "It is common to hear people speak about poisonous serpents. Serpents are never poisonous; they are venomous. A poison cannot be taken internally without bad effects; a venom can. Venoms to be effective have to be injected directly into the circulation, and this is the manner in which the snakes kill. Their venom taken internally is innocuous."

Diet and Alcohol.

Careful observations have shown again and again that there is an intimate relation between diet and alcoholism, especially that tea, coffee and condiments lead to the use of alcohol. It has also been demonstrated that flesh eating creates a thirst for alcoholic beverages and an appetite for tobacco, the use of which almost invariably leads, sooner or later, to the use of alcohol in one form or another.

NOT IN THE BIBLE.

Quotations Popularly Attributed to the Good Book.

"There are a number of sentences not in the Bible which everybody thinks are there," said a clergyman. "The chief of these sentences is, 'He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' You would search the Bible pretty thoroughly before you would find that sentence in it. Where you would find it would be in Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey.'

"Sterne gets a good deal of praise for the origination of this sentence, but it was originated, as a matter of fact, before he was born. In a collection of French proverbs published in 1594 we find, 'Dieu mesure le vent a la brebis tondue.' That convicts Sterne of plagiarism.

"'In the midst of life we are in death.' Everybody thinks that is in the Bible. It isn't, though. It is in the burial service.

"'That he who runs may read.' This is another sentence supposed, wrongly, to be Biblical. It is not Biblical, though the Bible has something very like it—namely, 'That he may run that readeth.'

"'Prone to sin as the sparks fly upward.' The Bible nowhere contains those words.

"'A nation shall be born in a day.' The nearest thing to that in the Good Book is, 'Shall a nation be born at once?'"

South America In 1000 B. C.

The greater the number of the succeeding phases of civilization the more even must be the average length of each and thus resemble the general length of human periods. It is to be seen that the two central European periods, those of Hallstadt and of La Tene, together embrace about a thousand years, an average of 500 for each. The cultured periods of Egypt may be even longer.

The development of Peruvian civilization, accepting on the average five successive periods, would result in a stratification of cultures representing between 2,000 and 3,000 years. About the year 1000 B. C., at the time when Solomon built his temple, the early Americans in Peru reared their mighty structures to the glory of a creator god. Civilization in America would beyond all doubt have worked itself up to a high plane at some time and might have accomplished alone a peculiar but certainly brilliant development without the intervention of European civilization.—Professor Max Uhle in Harper's Magazine.

Effect of Rain Upon Animals.

"The effects of a rainy day upon animals of a zoo," said a keeper the other day, "are as interesting to watch as anything I know in connection with a collection of beasts. Now, that big wolf over there just revels in a rainy day and skips about as gay as you please. All the wolves are the same. Rain cheers them up. But the lions are different. They fret and fume and growl and snarl unless you give them an extra allowance of meat or a big pan of warm milk. Then they will sleep, but a rainy day seems to get on the nerves of a lion or any of the cat family. Snakes are kept in just a certain temperature all the time, and you would think that the damp air would never reach them. Perhaps it doesn't, but I have always noticed that all the reptiles are active and cheerful, if a reptile can be said to be cheerful, when it rains."—Tit-Bits.

He Had a Daughter.

"You have a daughter, have you not, sir?" said a minister to an old gentleman with whom he had formed a casual acquaintance as a fellow passenger.

The old gentleman essayed to answer, but the question had strangely affected him.

"I beg your pardon," said the minister, "if I have thoughtlessly awakened in your mind recollections of a painful nature. The world is full of sorrow, sir, and perhaps my question recalls to your memory a fair, beautiful girl whose blossoming young life had withered in its bloom. Am I right, sir?"

"No, not exactly," replied the old gentleman sadly. "I have five unmarried darters, mister, an' the youngest of the lot is twenty-eight years old."

The Teacher's Fault.

Teacher—Why, Freddy, how did you get those black and blue welts on your arm?

Scholar—Them's your fault, teacher.

Teacher—My fault? What do you mean?

Scholar (sobbing reminiscently)—Why, you told me it was a poor rule that didn't work both ways. So when I went home I took pa's new two foot rule that doubles up on a hinge and bent it back till it worked both ways, and then pa said I'd broken the joints, and he went and got his razor strop.

Having a Hard Time.

"Here I've been running for years," said the hall clock, "and I haven't moved an inch. I wouldn't mind that so much, but every evening about 8:30 the young lady of the family turns me back because she says I'm too fast, and then in the morning the old man comes along and grumbles because I'm too slow."

Fancy Work.

"Does your wife do much fancy work?"

"Fancy work? She won't even let a porous plaster come into the house without crocheting a red border round it and running a yellow ribbon through the holes."

Covering Books.

To cover paper bound books take two pieces of cardboard a tiny bit larger than book. Paste fly leaves at front and back to cardboard, which of course is outside. Then take a strip of strong cotton cloth; paste it down back of book; have it wide, so it will cover about one inch of each piece of cardboard, thereby joining the two pieces together. Now put a cover of brown paper over all, pasting securely, and your decorated cover goes over this.

The books may be covered with decorated silk, pique or duck if you paint or embroider, but the simplest way is to cover with tissue paper (not crape). Paste a pretty card on the front and after cutting title and author's name from old cover arrange them prettily on the new one.

Judges' Wigs.

The wig is only worn by English barristers to give them a stern, judicial appearance, and no one can say that it fails in this respect. The custom was originated by a French judge in the seventeenth century, when, happening to don a marquis' wig one day, he found it gave him such a stern and dignified appearance that he decided to get one for himself and wear it at all times in court. This he did, and the result was so satisfactory from a legal point of view that not only judges, but barristers also, took up the custom throughout Europe.

LETTER WRITING.

Its Decline as an Art Caused by the Modern Newspaper.

The wonderful development of the newspaper may be looked upon as a very potent factor in the decline of letter writing as an art. The letter no longer can be regarded as primarily the carrier of news. The expression of one's opinion about great contemporary events is indeed still left to the letter, but how much of an incentive to friendly correspondence is lost by the fact that every part of the world knows of important happenings almost simultaneously is not to be lightly estimated, says Gunton's Magazine. The stimulus to writing that comes from having "news" to impart is done away with, and it is not always that even the gifted letter writer can afford to lose that incitant. It is only the correspondent par excellence who knows how to attain the perfection of his art by writing delightfully of nothing, if indeed that may be called nothing which affords him a means for the employment of his delicate perceptions. For the saving quality of the genuine letter is in the ability of its author to put himself into it. If he writes about trivial things he does it with a grace of interest that disguises the triviality. He must not make his little fishes talk like whales, but he should, as Goldsmith himself knew how to do, make his letters of perpetual interest because of the aptness of their style to the simplicity of their thought.

The Delights of Nudity.

I cling to that perhaps fanciful theory that no primitive instinct of man is altogether lost. It is modified, amplified, refined; that is all. With all our culture we are barbarians still. Man is a clothed savage. And now and again he delights in doffing the clothing and returning heartily to savagery. How delightful the feel of the briny breeze and the boisterous wave on the bare pelt! Mr. Edward Carpenter rails at the, I think, eleven layers of clothing that intervene between our skins and the airs of heaven. Walt Whitman reveled in his nude sun bath. What a treat, too, sometimes to get away from the multicoursed dinner and to bite downright audibly into simple food in the fresh air and to lap water noisily from the brook! Well, walking perhaps is the primal instinct, ancient as Eden, where the Lord God walked in the garden in the cool of the day. And if my theory is correct walking will persist till in recovered paradise man walks with his Maker again. No mechanical contrivance for locomotion will extirpate the tribe of tourists, of those who walk from love of walking.—Arnold Haultain in Atlantic.

Such Birds Come High.

There used to be in a store on Ninth avenue, New York, a very valuable canary whose owner and teacher, the wife of the German proprietor, refused an offer of $500 for it. Sometimes as one entered the place there came from a corner in the rear a liquid peal of music so sweet and high and clear that it sounded like a piccolo without the metallic shrillness of that instrument. In a small wicker cage a black and yellow canary waltzed round and round, never quiet, and as it danced it sang the air of "Lauterbach" from beginning to end without a false quantity, without missing or changing a note. When the solo was finished the bird whisked up to its perch, trilled an improvisation and then began the melody again, breaking off in the middle, warbling a little in self willed fashion and then finishing the air. It was a beautiful and unique performance.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Smoking In Banks.

In every bank in New York there is a rule against smoking, and it is doubtful if any depositor or visitor ever saw a coil of tobacco smoke sifting through the atmosphere in the big counting houses—that is, no visitor who is excluded from the building promptly when the bank closes. But if the curious could squeeze their way through those closed portals in the afternoon they would be treated to a very different sight.

The rules against smoking in all the big banks of the city apply only during banking hours. After the doors are closed and locked one can transform himself into a human volcano with perfect freedom—and he does. And "he" is legion.—New York Times.

A Personal Bill of Fare.

A squire of Andover once hired a brother of Patrick, who was in his employ. The terms were made with Pat before his brother's arrival, and the following conversation ensued:

Squire—I'll pay your brother one fifty a day, Patrick.

Patrick (bowing and smiling)—Yis, sor; yis, sor; and will he ate himself or will ye ate him, sor?

The squire thought that Dennis had better eat himself.—Lippincott's.

His Sobriety.

A gentleman who had grave doubts as to a servant's sobriety one day accused him of intemperance and as a test chalked a line across the floor and commanded him to walk along it.

The fellow looked at the line for a bit, then at his employer, and said: "No jokes, now, sir. Which line do you want me to walk on?"

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

FOOLED ALL FRANCE.

Impostor Made Paris Believe He Was Ambassador From Persia.

Toward the end of the year 1714 a certain Mehemet Rizabecq, who called himself ambassador of the king of Persia, and the bearer of his commands, disembarked at Marseilles.

He was received at two leagues from Paris by the Baron de Breteuil, usher of ambassadors, and the Marshal de Matignon. On the 24th of January, 1715, he made his solemn entry into the capital with great pomp.

He declined the royal carriages generally used on such occasions and entered on horseback, preceded by the finest horses of the king's stables, superbly caparisoned and accompanied by trumpets and bands of music.

The ambassador, richly arrayed in the Persian costume, was attended by a numerous train of domestics and preceded by a herald bearing the Persian standard. The presents which he offered to the king were very inconsiderable.

After passing a short time in France, during which he concluded, in the name of his pretended master, a treaty of alliance with Louis XIV., he sailed from Sweden and Denmark and was never heard of later.

Rizabecq, according to the "Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XIV.," was a Portuguese who had never seen the prince he represented nor even visited a single province of Persia. The government paid the expenses of his excellency, which amounted to 1,000 livres a day.—Mirror.

A Motto Gone Wrong.

King Francis I. of France, who reigned in the middle of the sixteenth century, dressed himself elaborately for the battle of Pavia, which he expected to win and thereby to become the master of Italy. An old chronicle says: "The king of France in his armor went about from squadron to squadron, and he wore over his mail a surcoat of brocade and brown velvet checker wise, with many F's embroidered thereon in velvet on the brocade and in brocade on the velvet and with cords of gold and brown silk. On his helmet he wore a great yellow and brown plume, the feathers drooping down to the horse's flanks, and from the midst of them rose a brown pennon with a red salamander, having above it a great gilt F and around it the words, 'This time and no more.' This motto he bore because he thought on that day certainly to make himself lord of Italy." However, he lost the battle and was taken prisoner.

Curiosities of Digestion.

An Augusta gentleman states that he once cured a gastric trouble by eating at supper a plentiful supply of cucumbers and cold blackberry dumpling, and yet in his case nothing would have seemed more pernicious.

Proctor, the astronomer, suffered from excruciating headaches. He was satisfied that they came from some error of diet, and so he dropped from his bill of fare one thing after another until he concluded that nothing else was left for experimentation. He had forgotten one article, however. It was butter. He abandoned that and ate everything else and never suffered from headaches again to his dying day. Man is wonderfully made, and so is the stomach. Remedies for dyspepsia are numerous. You may pay your money and take your choice.—Augusta Chronicle.

An Odd Picture.

One of the strangest sights I ever saw in a wild country was a little minister garbed in solemn black, white "dog" collar, buttonless vest and stiff black straw hat. The dominie was standing in a leaky boat in the midst of a primeval woods, fishing the boiling waters of a mountain torrent. At his back a cataract roared and pounded the rocks, churning the water to white suds. Above him the eternal snow glistened on the mountains, and but a few yards away a gaunt cinnamon bear was quietly nosing among the driftwood.—Dan Beard in World's Work.

Eager For Double Duty.

A manufacturer in the west of England, anxious that his hands should keep Christmas in a proper spirit, told them that if they went to church on that day they should receive their wages just the same as if they had been at work. Shortly after the address a deputation of solemn faced employees waited upon their chief. "We're willin' to attend church," said the spokesman, "and if ye can see yer way to payin' us overtime we're willin' to attend the Methodist chapel in the evenin'."

The Beginning of Trouble.

A five-year-old son of a family the other day stood watching his baby brother, who was making a great noise over having his face washed. The five-year-old lost his patience and, stamping his tiny foot, said: "You think you have lots of trouble, but you don't know anything about it. Wait till you are big enough to get a licking. Then you'll see. Won't he, mamma?"—Columbus Dispatch.

Birth Statistics.

Recently compiled statistics show that the proportion of twins born as compared with other infants is one in eighty births. Of triplets there is only one instance in 6,400 and quadruplets are as one to 512,000, while the chances of a quintet are even more remote, the ratio being one in 40,980,000 births. A case is known of a woman who presented her husband with seven successive triplets.

The aborigines of Peru can, in the darkest night and in the thickest woods, distinguish respectively a white man, a negro and one of their own race by the smell.

The Robber Crab.

In Central America there lives the robber crab, of almost incredible size and somewhat resembling a huge spider. The distance between its extended claws is sometimes as great as twelve feet. It spends the greater part of its life on land and climbs the cocoanut trees, on the fruit of which it lives almost entirely. It digs in the ground deep tunnels and lines them with cocoanut fiber.

When engaged the robber crab can break a man's limb with its powerful claws. Animals approaching it too closely often receive an ugly pinch which they do not soon forget, and it is on record that one of these crabs has captured and tried to drag off a goat.

To open a cocoanut the robber crab removes the bark from the end containing the three eyes, one only of which is easily penetrated, and, having found this, it revolves the nut against the point of one of its spindle legs until the opening is large enough for it to insert its great claw. With this it breaks the shell, grinds the contents into small pieces and carries them to its mouth.

ORIGIN OF THE TOMATO.

There Is No Record of a Time When It Grew Wild.

The tomato is a native of South America and more particularly of Peru and the Andean region. The Indian name for it is "tumatl" and the Spanish name "tomate." When the Spaniards arrived in the sixteenth century they considered nothing of much importance except silver. But in 1583 they took some tomatoes home with them as a matter of curiosity, little dreaming that there would some day be more silver in them than there was in all the Peruvian mines. There is a general impression that until sixty or seventy years ago the tomato plant was universally regarded as a poisonous weed and that its handsome fruit was called the "love apple," and never cultivated except as something pleasant to look upon. But this story is inconsistent with itself. The tomato was called the "love apple" for the reason that it was believed to be an aphrodisiac, or excitant of amorous feelings. But it could not even be suspected of such a property unless it had been habitually eaten. The truth is that there is no record of a time when in South America the tomato was not an article of food. There is indeed no record of a time when it grew wild. When the Spaniards reached Peru they found nothing but the cultivated tomato, which was cultivated for food. They took a fancy to it and took it to Spain, from which place it found its way in 1596 to England.

Sardines.

Genuine sardines are the young of the pilchard. Their name comes from the fact that they are most numerous off the coast of Sardinia. They swim in the spring in shoals containing millions—fish shaped shoals ten miles long and a half mile wide. The sardines are netted and taken at once to the shore. There they are washed, scraped and sprinkled with salt. The salt is soon removed, the heads and gills cut off and there is another washing. Then, on beds of green brush, the fish are dried in the sun. Next they are boiled in olive oil till cooked thoroughly.

The packers—women always—take them now and pack them in the tin boxes we all know, filling up each box with boiling oil, fitting on the lid and making the box air tight by soldering the joints together with a jet of hot steam. Sardines are more or less perfect according as they are prepared more or less immediately after their capture and according as the oil they are packed in is more or less pure.

For Peace Only.

It is well known that the Friends have always been devoted to the principles of peace. As they had a controlling influence in the public affairs of Nantucket, there was no military organization on that island for several generations. How the matter was managed is told by the author of "September Days on Nantucket."

Whenever military companies came to the island for a holiday young women thronged the windows and waved handkerchiefs, but there was no rise of military ambition in the town. Once a coterie of young men formed a training company and sent to Boston for equipments, but their elders compelled them to make the first article of their constitution read: "This company shall be disbanded immediately in case of war."

An Unsatisfied Ambition.

It is said by an old historian that when the Spanish armada sailed along the south coast of England in Queen Elizabeth's reign the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, admiral of the armada, was so affected at the sight of Mount Edgcumbe, a beautiful mansion, viewed from the sea, that "he resolved it for his own possession in the partage of the kingdom, which the Spaniards preconquered in their hopes and expectation." But, as the author quaintly observes, "he had catched a great cold, and he had no other clothes to wear than those which were to be made of the skin of a bear not yet killed."

Quick Witted.

When Mrs. Isabella Bishop, the well known traveler, was in the United States she had at least one funny experience. She was riding in a car in Chicago and felt her pocket being picked, but said nothing at the moment. Presently along came the conductor to collect his fares. When he reached Mrs. Bishop she quietly remarked: "This gentleman," turning to the thief, "will pay. He has my purse."

He paid, and she got back her purse.

Lighting a Candle by Smoke.

When the candle has burned low, so as to leave a tolerably large wick, blow it out. A dense smoke will arise. If another candle be applied to the farthest end of the smoke a very strange thing will happen. The flame of the lighted candle will be carried to the one just blown out, looking sometimes like a flash of lightning proceeding at a slow rate. The experiment may be performed by blowing out the candle as often as it is lighted.

Tax Extraordinary.

A tax on marriage is still imposed by the proprietor of a leading Bombay hotel. In a revised tariff of prices the daily charge for a single lady or gentleman is set down as 5 rupees, but if the lady or gentleman be married the charge will be 7 rupees each. No explanation of this singular regulation is given.

Audiences.

"I desire an audience with the manager," remarked the dignified, smooth faced person as he approached the box office of the theater.

"Step in," replied the man in the box office. "I think he's looking for a few audiences himself."

Not Complaining of That.

"Some people say you have more money than brains," said the blunt person.

"I hope so," answered Senator Sorghum. "Most everybody I run across is trying to trade off brains for money."—Washington Star.

The first steamer on the Thames was the Marjory in 1814. The Richmond followed her a year later.

Pull.

The doctor was sanguine.

"We're going to pull you through!" quoth he.

"By the leg?" querulously demanded the patient, a sordid man, whose soul, even in that extreme moment, brooded on the matter of expense.—Puck.

Professional.

"Are you blind by nature?" asked the charitably inclined citizen.

"No, sir," candidly replied the beggar. "I'm blind by profession."

The famous Maelstrom whirlpool is four geographical miles in diameter.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 18.

Text of the Lesson, Ps. ii, 1-17. Memory Verses, 1-4—Golden Text, Ps. ii, 10—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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This also is written by the Holy Spirit, as David said in some of his last words as the sweet psalmist of Israel, "The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and His word was in my tongue" (II Sam. xxiii, 1, 2). See also Acts i, 16; iv, 25. If we would honor God and be blessed by Him we must not only believe that all Scripture was written by the Holy Spirit, but that it was all written for our profit (II Tim. iii, 16, 17; Rom. xv, 4). The occasion of this psalm is given to us in what we might call in our Bibles the preface to the psalm, but which in the Hebrew psalter is part of the psalm itself and numbered as verses 1 and 2, making the whole psalm consist of twenty-one instead of nineteen verses. The same David whom God appointed a king and a prophet proved himself to be a very great sinner. He did not in this surprise God, for God knew him thoroughly before He called him; but inasmuch as the only human material God can get to work with is sinful, He takes what He pleases and magnifies His grace in such as we are, shewing forth in greater or less degree our utter sinfulness and His amazing grace and love. The Holy Spirit shows forth all that is in man without respect of persons. Nothing is covered or made light of; but man, being fully exposed, is shown how he may be cleansed from all his sin by God's own provision.

God is all mercy and loving kindness and long suffering, but He is just and cannot tolerate sin, even though He bear long with the sinner (Ex. xxxiv, 6, 7). He has provided, at infinite cost, eternal redemption, including the forgiveness of all sins, for every truly penitent sinner, but there must be on the part of the sinner honest confession and forsaking of all sin. We are all by nature sinners. This is set forth generally in verse 5, with which compare Eph. ii, 3; Rom. iii, 23. David's confession of sin is seen in verses 3 and 4, and his cry for cleansing and restoration in the greater part of the rest of the psalm. The majority of people do not seem to think that they need forgiveness. They have no conviction of sin, no sense of guilt before God, no conscious need of a Saviour.

A deep conviction of sin is a great blessing, for only thus can we appreciate our Saviour and His great salvation. In verse 7 David doubtless has reference to the ceremonial cleansing of the leper (Lev. xiv, 4-9), the hyssop being used to sprinkle the blood. "Whiter than snow" takes us to Isa. i, 18, and makes us think also of our Lord's 'clean every whit" (John xiii, 10). That which David asked for that all might be blotted out, verses 1 and 9, we are assured of in Isa. xliii, 25; xliv, 22; I John 1-9. What a wonderful redemption it is that blots out all sin and makes the sinner to appear before God as if he had never sinned, and the helpless sinner's only part is to receive what God has provided. As one has said in John iii, 16, God does all the loving and all the giving, and man does the receiving. When a child of God commits sin he does not cease to be a child of God any more than when a child in a family, being disobedient, ceases to be a child in that family, but the joy and fellowship are broken, and the parents are grieved. David does not pray that salvation may be restored to him, but the joy of salvation (8, 12). That God has rebellious children is seen in Isa. i, 2, and the reason of it is in the carnal mind, which is enmity against God, is not subject and never can be (Rom. viii, 7), therefore the need of a clean heart and a right spirit, which only God can put in us and which He has promised. See Ezek. xxxvi, 24-28, and remember that what God will in due time do for all Israel He will surely do for His own now. There are, alas, so few who seem to want a clean heart now. The aim of many seems to be to get all the selfish enjoyment they can now, hoping that somehow by the mercy of God they may reach heaven at last. Contrast David's desire in seeking again the joy of God's salvation—that his tongue might sing aloud of God's righteousness, that his mouth might show forth God's praise, that transgressors might know the ways of God and sinners be converted unto Him (13-15).

There are many who still think, as did the hypocrites in Israel, that God's favor can be won by our gifts or so called sacrifices, not understanding that God has provided the only and all sufficient sacrifice and is ready to give the full benefit to every truly broken and contrite heart (16, 17). There is no Saviour for the proud and self righteous, but for those who know themselves to be lost and helpless sinners there is a Saviour and a full redemption. From the first sacrifice of Gen. iii, 21, on to Calvary, we may truly say, "Hereby perceive we the love of God." The sacrifices all point to Him who bore our sins in His own body and thus provided redemption for every sinner, for all Israel and for all nations (18, 19). Our sacrifices are only the love of Christ constraining us to show our gratitude to Him who has redeemed us. May our souls cry, "O Lord, open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise" (15). And may we not forget that the God of Truth who has sent the Spirit of Truth to reveal Him who is the Truth desires Truth in our inward parts (6).

Clubland's Submerged Tenth.

There is hardly a club, even among the oldest, that does not possess its almost woefully poor members; men who dropped ambition and their tailor simultaneously, who try to hide even from themselves the whereabouts of their dismal "chambers," which is one room; who have no want that does not begin and end with their clubs and would fade away and die miserably if its doors were closed to them.—Court Journal.

On His Mind.

Long—Have you forgotten that $10 you borrowed of me some time ago.

Short—Oh, no, I still have it in mind.

Long—Well, don't you think this would be a good time to relieve your mind of it?

A Hustler.

"Do you think Skinner can make a living out there?"

"Make a living! Why, he'd make a living on a rock in the middle of the ocean if there was another man on the rock."

Business Cards.

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Thackeray's Satire.

Thackeray created quite erroneous impressions of himself by often indulging in irony in the presence of people who were incapable of understanding it. One curious instance which he gave was this: Thackeray had been dining at the Garrick and was talking in the smoking room after dinner with various club acquaintances. One of them happening to have left his cigar case at home, Thackeray, though disliking the man, who was a notorious tuft hunter, good naturedly offered him one of his cigars. The man accepted the cigar, but, not finding it to his liking, had the bad taste to say to Thackeray, "I say, Thackeray, you won't mind my saying I don't think much of this cigar?" Thackeray, no doubt irritated at the man's ungraciousness and bearing in mind his tuft hunting predilections, quietly responded, "You ought to, my good fellow, for it was given me by a lord." Instead, however, of detecting the irony, the dolt immediately attributed the remark to snobbishness on Thackeray's part and to the end of his days went about declaring that "Thackeray had boasted that he had been given a cigar by a lord."

Witty Response of a Lecturer.

A professor who acted as chairman of a meeting at which Max O'Rell was to lecture introduced the Frenchman in the following manner:

"Ladies and gentlemen, when we wish to see ourselves as individuals we have recourse to the mirror. This we cannot do as a nation. I take pleasure in introducing a gentleman who will act as a French mirror, by means of which you will, I am sure, obtain an adequate and pleasing view of yourselves as a nation."

The introduction pleased O'Rell, and he responded in a vein as jovial: "I am requested to reflect on a nation. However, I must take second place to the man in the moon, for he reflects on the earth. As an imported French mirror I shall do the best I can to give you a correct picture of the nation. And if your chairman remains where he is, in the background, he will add greatly to the reflective power of the mirror."

Origin of Life Insurance.

"I don't have to have my life insured," said the business man to the agent, "but I do want to know how life insurance originated. Can you tell me?" "I can," the agent answered. "It originated in 1706 in London. In that year there was formed the first life insurance company. It was called the Amicable Society For a Perpetual Assurance Office. It was a mutual benefit concern. Each member, without reference to age, paid a fixed admission fee and a fixed annual charge per share on from one to three shares, and at the end of the year a portion of the fund accumulated was divided among the heirs of those who had died in accordance with the number of shares each dead person had held. Out of this company, with its crude and imperfect methods, life insurance as it exists today has grown."—Philadelphia Record.

A Story of Young Dan Webster.

A New York lawyer recently told an interesting story of Daniel Webster's boyhood.

"Little Dan and his younger brother," said the legal light, "had each been given some money. They started out gleefully, and it was evening before they got back home.

"'Well, Dan,' said the senior Webster, 'what did you do with your money?'

"'Spent it,' the boy answered sturdily.

"'And how about you? What did you do with your money?' the father asked the younger brother.

"'I loaned it to Dan,' was the reply."

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1903. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 47.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.50, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.08, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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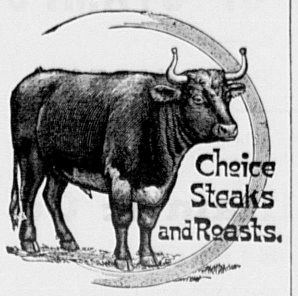

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

"CALL OF THE RED GODS"

By ELSIE CARMICHAEL

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

The editor leaned back in his chair and sighed. The roar of the crowded street down below rose eternally, wearily. He got up and closed the window. Then he read the story again.

It brought great breaths of fragrant air into the stuffy room. He could see the open meadows and woodlands; the dashing, overflowing brooks, where the trout were rising; the throbbing new life bursting out into the sunshine. He felt it all keenly, for he had spent most of that happy boyhood of his up among the hills of Connecticut. Yes, the busiest editor in New York sat there dreaming, while below in the general office people with important business were being turned away by the dozen.

The story was signed simply M. B. Turner, with an address somewhere up in Connecticut. "I never saw any one catch the real spring feeling as that man does," the editor said to himself. "He must be a good angler and general sportsman."

Instead of sending the usual printed slip accepting the article, he picked up his pen and wrote the following note:

> Mr. M. B. Turner:
> Dear Sir—I have just read your manuscript, "The Call of the Red Gods," and I like it so much that I shall try to make room for it in the May number, which is already made up. I want to tell you personally how much I have enjoyed reading it and how it took me back to my boyhood home. I, too, am an angler by choice, though an editor by necessity. If you have other stories I should be glad to read them. Very truly yours,
> JOHN MONTEITH.

The editor of the Twentieth Century was still young and genial, and his outer shell had not yet hardened.

Then he went back to his work and forgot the story. But sometimes in the midst of the rush and confusion of the great magazine office there came a faint, sweet scent of violets and damp, spring earth, and the roar of the city streets was confused with the rush and roar of the brooks overflowing with the spring floods. It was then that the story was uppermost in his mind.

One or two other manuscripts came from the same writer, but none was equal to the first.

"He ought to stick to nature," mused the editor one day in a leisure moment. "I wish I could see him and have a talk on the subject."

He wrote a little note to Mr. M. B. Turner and told him that when he was in town he should be glad to have him call at the office of the Twentieth Century. In reply came a little typewritten note thanking him for the invitation, but as M. B. Turner was setting out for a long summer trip through Canada he could not be in New York until the early fall. It made the office seem very hot and stuffy—the thought of that Canadian trip.

The last of August Monteith managed to get a two weeks' vacation. When he returned from the Maine woods the city looked dirtier and more dingy than ever. It was refreshing to find a note from Mr. Turner stating that he would call at the office on Wednesday morning at half past 10 if that would be convenient to the editor. That was Monteith's busiest day, but without hesitation he sent a cordial invitation to the young author to come at the specified time.

When he went to the office on Wednesday he had a strange feeling of expectation which he could not explain until he remembered that this was the day that the disciple of Isaak Walton was to call. Even while dictating letters to his typewriter his mind was wandering off to the woods and fields he loved so well. His thoughts were called back by Miss Jones and the cessation of the click of the typewriter. "I did not catch that last sentence, Mr. Monteith," she said, looking up; "something about pines and a brook."

Monteith sat up, and a flush deepened on his face even through his tan. "Oh, no!" he said politely. "You must have misunderstood me. But that will do for this morning, Miss Jones, thank you." He had left word downstairs that, although he was busy, he would see Mr. Turner if he called.

It was a quarter before 11 when the office boy, with a most perplexed and worried expression, threw open the door and announced, "Miss Turner."

Monteith rose to his feet. There on the threshold, hesitating, flushed, stood a slight girl in a trim tailor gown. The faint perfume of violets floated into the room.

"I am Miss Turner," she said. "I—I really should have told you before. I only realized it was quite wrong when they almost refused to let me see you and would not believe that I was the expected person."

She looked so much embarrassed that Monteith recovered himself sooner than he could have done otherwise in order to put her at ease. But he, too, flushed.

"I am very glad to see you, Miss Turner," he said, shaking hands with her in his cordial way. "So you are the author of 'The Call of the Red Gods?' You really must forgive me for being so surprised; but, you see, I had always pictured a man—a regular sportsman—and I cannot quite get adjusted to this change. Really, how could you have done it?" he finished abruptly.

"I am rather fond of fishing," she confessed rather apologetically. "I go out constantly with my brother, and so I thought I would try to write up one of my experiences. I was more surprised than any one else when you accepted it. I used my initials hoping that you would think I was a man. I was afraid you would not accept anything about fishing if you thought it was written by a girl."

Monteith laughed. "It does not matter who wrote it," he said. "It was delightful."

The girl's eyes sparkled. "I am so glad!" she said. "I have so wanted to write things that would bring all the freshness of outdoors into other people's lives."

"I did not know that girls ever cared much for that sort of thing, or if they did I fancied they were different from you—more masculine, I mean." He flushed and hesitated.

"Lots of girls care," she said, "only you don't know them. Now, I am never so happy as when fishing or tramping through the woods."

"That is true happiness," said Monteith thoughtfully, looking down into the crowded street. "There is nothing so much to be desired in our complex life of today as simplicity. The craving for excitement is killing the best that is in us, the childlike love of simple things. That is why I liked your story," he finished abruptly, turning back to her. He liked the way the hair curled about her face and the flush under the tanned cheek. She was the picture of health and strength and the joy of life.

He had forgotten that this was a business interview and that he had an important engagement at 11, but the girl remembered.

"I am afraid I am keeping you," she said anxiously. "I know how busy editors are."

"Oh, I quite forgot," he said, smiling, "that I had a business proposition for you. It's all mixed up now, however, because you are not a man. I was going to make you an offer to go through the fishing grounds of Canada and write them up. I'm sorry."

The girl leaned forward eagerly, and the color crept up into her face. "Oh!" she breathed softly. "Could I?"

"I am afraid you couldn't very well," he said doubtfully. "It would be a hard trip, and you couldn't go alone."

"I shouldn't mind the hardness. Perhaps I could persuade my brother to go with me. That reminds me," she said, smiling back at him. "You know my brother. He was in your class at Yale."

"What, Martin Turner?" he cried. "Why, we used to be great pals at college, but I haven't seen him for five years; lost track of him completely. So you are Mart's sister. I am glad."

He looked very boyish as he held out his hand. "We must be very good friends indeed," he cried enthusiastically. "In fact, we are very old friends already, because I remember you very well as a little girl when I visited Mart once years before."

"How very, very funny and delightful!" cried the girl, laughing a delicious, rippling laugh. "I must make Martin ask you to visit us again. We will take you fishing and tramping, and you need not even bring a dress coat. Will you come?"

"Will I come?" he said in a tone that sent the warm blood up into her cheeks. "Just try it and see!"

"Perhaps," he said as he held her hand a moment longer than necessary as she left him—"perhaps you will let me join you and Martin on your Canadian trip. Will you?"

"Perhaps," she said, turning away. Then she looked back with a smile as she entered the elevator. "If the red gods call you, you must go, you know."

* * * * * * *

The next summer there was a series of articles on Canadian fishing in the Twentieth Century Magazine signed "Mabel Turner Monteith."

Norway's coast line, 1,700 miles in a straight line, becomes 12,000 miles if followed round the fiords. In these fiords are over 150,000 islands.

ALWAYS
INSIST UPON HAVING
THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND
DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE
HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

DUCKS WERE DECEITFUL.

Ingenious Fraud Practiced by the Heathen Chinee.

The ingenuity of the Chinaman is wonderful, surpassing at times the belief of his European and American brothers. A striking instance of it, not unmixed with guile, was brought to light recently during the trading transactions of two foreigners at Boone Road market.

This husband and wife, having decided that duck should figure on the menu of the day, went the round of the market in search of a fat, plump, well flavored bird.

After awhile two were purchased. They were beautifully dressed ducks, young, but plump, and promised to show up well at the evening table.

When the domestic pair got home the lady chanced to puncture one of the birds with a sharp knife, and it collapsed like a toy balloon. The other, subjected to similar treatment, followed suit. Their erstwhile inflated bodies became flat and bony and mere ghosts of the ducks that had been bought.

Investigation showed that a thin piece of wire had been fastened round the birds' necks and elsewhere, and everything pointed to the conclusion that the ducks had been blown up with a bicycle pump.

How the ducks had been drawn and then made to stand the strain of the air pump is evidently an oriental trade secret.

When the young couple again go shopping for ducks they will take a skewer along with them.—Shanghai Times.

Stewed Snapper.

"Stewed snapper," said the proprietor of a restaurant that makes a specialty of the toothsome dish, "is almost as distinctively Philadelphian as scrapple and pepper pot. Prepared by the same formula as terrapin, with a liberal seasoning of sherry, snapper is quite as palatable as the diamond back, provided the meat comes from a young turtle. In fact, I defy any one but an epicure to tell the difference. The snappers that come to Philadelphia are mostly caught in the muddy bottomed creeks that flow into the Delaware up the Jersey side, and just now they are coming in very plentifully. The snapper is a difficult catch to handle, but the Jerseymen know how to turn the trick and get them to market alive. They run in weight from four pounds all the way up to forty pounds, the smaller ones being naturally more tender and consequently better meat. Some few are shipped to Trenton and New York, but most of them come to Philadelphia."—Philadelphia Record.

A Common Weakness.

Dr. Joseph Le Conte was an authority, recognized by the world at large, on the science of vision. One day he was showing a class how to detect the blind spot in the human eye. He took two coins and held them, one in each hand, before him on the table.

"Look at both of these steadily," said he, "and gradually move them in opposite directions. Presently they will pass beyond the range of vision. That is due to the blind spot. Continue the movement, and the coins will again emerge to view."

Then the philosopher and naturalist had his little joke. "You can experiment for yourself at home," said he. "But if you are unsuccessful try some other object instead of a coin. Some people have no blind spot for money."

Making a Will.

Always call in a lawyer to make a will. If one cannot be procured then write your wishes in the simplest words you can. Never try to use what you may consider "legal terms." Few persons realize how difficult it is to make a will. A classic example is the celebrated Lord St. Leonards, at one time lord chancellor of England. He was the foremost conveyancer of his day, and yet when he died an informal will was found in his coat pocket, hurriedly written when he was at the point of death. This will occupied the courts for years and served "to point a moral and adorn a tale."

Comforting.

A man who had buried three wives took to himself a fourth lately, and, as is wont in Lancashire, the pair went for a walk one Sunday afternoon. On the way they called at the cemetery where the three former wives reposed in the one grave. The new wife read the inscriptions with some interest, but her feelings may well be imagined when she came to the usual text from the Scriptures. It ran, "Be ye also ready."—London Standard.

Business Principles.

Dolly—So Simpkins, the cashier of the bank, proposed to you last night.

Polly—Yes; and I promised to marry him.

"Did he ask your father's permission?"

"Yes; he said he would ask papa to indorse my promissory note."

Not His Kind.

"Would you die for me?" she asked dreamily.

"Oh, say," he retorted in a matter of fact way, "if you haven't any more ambition than to be looking for dead ones you're not the girl for me!"—Chicago Post.

Changed His Mind.

Naggsby—I thought you were never going to work for those people again.

Waggsby—I did say so, but since that time they have decided that I might come back.—Baltimore American.

VERY LENGTHY SHAVES.

Razor Travels Many Miles Over the Average Man's Face.

The distance a man shaves in an average lifetime, or the distance his razor travels over his face, will be a surprise to most people. From a multitude of examples an average measurement around the chin from ear to ear is found to be twelve and one-half inches. From where the beard starts on the throat to the chin and thence to the edge of the upper lip is four and one-half inches. You must reckon that it is necessary to give two strokes of the razor to each inch or fraction of an inch in order to cover all the surface and go over each section of the face twice in order to secure a clean surface.

So, multiplying the number of strokes by the number of times the razor is passed over the entire face, you get the figure 4, and four times the two above mentioned measurements gives you the figures 50 and 18 respectively, which, added together, produce 68. Therefore the average man, whether dark or fair, shaves 64 inches every twenty-four hours. With these figures we arrive at the result that every man wearing only a mustache shaves 2,068 feet 4 inches per year. Taking, then, the average life at seventy years and that the fair man starts shaving at eighteen and the dark man a year earlier, or at seventeen, we have the following result: That a fair man, if he lives till he is seventy, will shave in the course of his life 20 miles 650 yards 4 inches. The dark man, if he lives till he is seventy, will shave in the course of his life 20 miles 1,340 yards 1 foot 8 inches.—Kansas City Independent.

The Foot Astray.

William F. Cody was once relating a story which concerned an Indian who had met with an accident in a Buffalo Bill show. It was necessary to amputate the Indian's leg, and in the description of this operation Cody was interrupted frequently by a young doctor who injected technical and medical terms into the straight vernacular of the scout. He was irritated, but ignored the doctor. "A few days after the operation," continued the narrator, "the Indian learned that his leg had been buried. With a whoop he leaped from his bed and jumped upon the doctor with both feet."

"Jumped with both feet after an operation?" shouted the doctor, exulting in his exposure of the great scout's absurd story.

"I said upon the 'doctor with both feet,'" explained Cody, "in order to distinguish him from the other hospital physician, who had only one foot, having put the other into people's affairs so often that he lost it."

The Way Home.

When the bishop of Truro, Dr. Gott, was dean of Worcester, his absent mindedness was so notorious that he earned for himself the sobriquet of "Dean For-Gott."

On one occasion he had invited some friends to dine with him. On their arrival, a short time before the dinner hour, he suggested that in the interval of waiting his friends would perhaps like to walk through the grounds.

After spending about a quarter of an hour in admiring the flowers, shrubs and greenhouses they suddenly came upon a door in the garden wall.

"Ah!" said the dean to his astonished guests. "This will be a much nearer way for you to go home than by going back to the front!" And, forgetting his invitation, he opened the door and bowed them out.

An Offensive Cravat.

A good story of Whistler and his peculiarities is told in the Free Lance. A gentleman went to Whistler with a letter of introduction and sent up his card with the letter. The servant presently brought down the card with a note in pencil on it—"Who is the greatest painter?" The visitor promptly wrote "Whistler" and was immediately shown upstairs. An amusing scene followed, arising out of the fact that the visitor was wearing a red necktie. Whistler declared it interfered with the color scheme of his room and "put him off" a picture he was painting in quite a different "key." Finally he obliged him to take off the offending cravat before he would condescend to exchange another word with him.

Lucky Man.

In crossing the ocean a father and son both became very seasick. The father recovered quickly, but the son was so exhausted with the attack that he sank into a state of apathy, from which it seemed impossible to arouse him.

The steamer physician, thinking he would try a sudden shock, said: "I have bad news for you. Your father is dead!"

The son, raising his expressionless eyes to the doctor, replied, "Lucky man!"

Getting Up Early.

"I can't get up early," said a wealthy gentleman to his doctor.

"Oh, yes, you can," was the reply, "if you will only follow my advice. What is your usual hour of rising?"

"Nine o'clock."

"Well, get up half an hour later every day, and in the course of a month you will find yourself up at 4 in the morning."

Misers.

"Did you ever notice that almost all the misers mentioned in the papers are single men?" asked Mr. Watts.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Watts. "Married misers are too common to be worth mentioning."

Everything comes to him who waits, but this doesn't include books that have been borrowed.

Introspection.

One can accomplish but little when all is said, for, make no mistake about it, however much we pose and strut in the world, in the solitude of our own studies there are few of us but know how the faults and blemishes of our craft stand out and stare us in the face to remind us that we are small enough and halting enough to be always learning, never quite gloriously achieving.

The Grand Canyon.

Once, crossing a little tributary of the Colorado, I found that every drop splashed on my clothes hardened to a lump of mud and that where the water was but a foot deep my horse was nearly washed away by its force.

That fact, Roger Pocock says in an article in Pearson's, told me the secret of the Grand canyon. Like the Nile, the Colorado flows through a desert, but the river of Egypt meanders softly and muddily over low plains, spreading when it is full into harmless lakes, whereas this headlong sluice of running sand, launched at the naked rocks, has the cutting powers of a huge steel saw. The country has risen perhaps an inch a year, but the torrent, instead of spreading out over the land, has sawed through the lifting rocks. The country has risen to a height of 8,000 feet, while still the Colorado flows at the ancient level, only 2,000 feet above the sea. That is the reason of this profound abyss for 600 miles through the very foundations of the world. In all, 36,000,000 cubic miles of solid rock have been ground in this vast mill and hurled into the gulf of California.

Human Breath and Bees.

Bees are revived by human breath, even when apparently dead. An old writer on the subject describes how, during a very wet May, he discovered a hive which had been working well previously whose tenants seemed to be dead, but by putting a few of them into his hand and breathing upon them for several minutes he at last observed some motion at the second joint of their horns. By persevering he revived them all, and they became the best hive in his garden. He is, however, careful to remark that those who use pomatum, perfume or hair powder should not make too free with the insects during the process of restoration.

The secret, of course—though at one time the thing was regarded as miraculous—is in the warmth conveyed; but, besides this, there is no doubt that bees are roused by human breath, to which they have such an antipathy that they are much more easily handled if the operator draws his breath gently and takes care not to direct it against them.—London Standard.

A State That Breathes.

If ever a state might be said to breathe, that state is California. It has a magnificent lung action, says the Sunset Magazine. Deep and long drawn are the breaths of ocean air taken by the great valleys. And you can almost see this breathing if you will go to the top of any of the hills bordering the bay of San Francisco. In general, air movement or wind is initiated by difference of temperature. Therefore on summer afternoons while the broad ocean lies tranquilly sleeping at a temperature of 55 degrees F. the inland valleys are basking in the same sunlight, but the air a few feet above the ground is quivering at a temperature of 100 degrees F. In other words, there is a temperature gradient of 1 degree per mile, and this brings about a marked movement of the air, the motion being from the cool to the warm locality.

The Rhodum Sidus.

An amusing story told by Hood describes how a country nurseryman made a large sum out of sales of a simple little flower which he sold under the name of the Rhodum sidus. This charming name proved quite an attraction to the ladies, and the flower became the rage of the season. It was one of those freaks of fashion for which there is no accounting. At length a botanist who found that the plant was not an uncommon weed requested to know where the nurseryman got the name from. He elicited the following reply: "I found this flower in the road beside us, so christened it the Rhodum sidus."

All Fixed Beforehand.

It is said that one of the most inveterate writers out of speeches was the late Lord Derby, of whom the story went that the manuscript of one of his most statesmanlike discourses, being picked up from the floor, where it had fallen, was found not only to be freely sprinkled with "Hear, hear!" "Laughter," and "Applause," but also to contain a passage beginning, "But I am detaining you too long [cries of 'No, no!' and 'Go on!']."

Too Much For the Nerves.

"Your husband," said the doctor, "has worried himself sick. He needs a change."

"Where ought we to go?" asked the anxious wife.

"To the city," replied the doctor promptly, "where he will not live constantly in a harrowing atmosphere of suburban trains and time tables."—Chicago Post.

A Possible Exception.

Wife—Isn't it a fact, dear, that handsome men are proverbially disagreeable?

Husband—Well, I don't know. I always try to be pleasant.

Ayer's
Do you like your thin, rough, short hair? Of course you don't. Do you like thick, heavy, smooth hair? Of course you do. Then why
Hair Vigor
not be pleased? Ayer's Hair Vigor makes beautiful heads of hair, that's the whole story. Sold for 60 years.
"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time. It is, indeed, a wonderful hair tonic, restoring health to the hair and scalp, and, at the same time, proving a splendid dressing."
DR. J. W. TATUM, Madill, Ind. T.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Weak Hair

THE OLD RELIABLE

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

Good Listening.

Good talking is largely dependent on "good hearing." The fact that a man is able to do his mental powers the justice of brilliant expression may be due to the presence of some receptive mind ready to invite and appreciate. Wits may clash to the point of deafening themselves. The sympathetic and silent listener is the buffer between.

Ruskin is said to have been excellent company. He spoke in a tone of "gentle and playful earnestness." He had floods of thought and knowledge to pour forth, if only he could get the right hearers. But there were the barren occasions when listeners were absent.

One day a friend gave a little dinner for him, Dr. Jowett and Dean Stanley. But no sooner had the dinner begun than the host realized his mistake. He had provided no setting for his jewels, no junior men as hearers. "They wanted to meet one another," he said. "It should have gone off brilliantly, but the soup came and the fish followed and they simply would not talk. At last I said some stupid thing to Stanley about the architecture of Westminster abbey, and that drew Ruskin and started us all off. Then all went well. But I shall never make the same mistake again."—Youth's Companion.

A Lost Island.

Of the various buildings which adorned the island of Philæ there remain today above water only a portion of the colonnade, the top of the kiosk and a part of the temple of Isis. The traveler approaches the ruins in a small boat, in which he may pass down the colonnade and row about in the once sacred chambers. It is a novel and interesting experience, but to those who were familiar with the island in all its beauty it is full of sadness. Of the columns which formed the colonnade only the capitals remain above water. Upon these one sees, beautifully chiseled and ornamented with delicate coloring, Tiberius offering gifts to the gods or Nero presenting two eyes to Isis. A short distance to the right the roof of the kiosk is visible resting upon its exquisite columns, which are partly submerged. By it two unusually large palm trees rear their heads above the inundation.—Century.

A Wasp's Wisdom.

Naturalists have decided that many insects have senses which human beings lack. That of location, shown by the wasp, for instance, is remarkable. One species builds its nest in a sand bank that is only a part of several acres of such soil, and when it leaves in search of food it covers the nest so carefully that no ordinary eye could discover its location—that is to say, it is just like all the surrounding location, and yet the wasp flies back to it without hesitation and finds it without making a mistake. There is another wasp that unerringly locates the eggs of the mason bee under a thick layer of sun baked clay and deposits her own eggs in the same cells that her young may have food when they are hatched.

A Sure Way of Saving.

An ingenious method of putting his savings beyond his own reach has been adopted by a German writer who found from dire experience that all his profits melted away as soon as earned. Having made £16,000 by a fortunate literary speculation, he placed the whole of the money, together with his will, in the Imperial Deposit bank at Berlin and on receiving the receipt from the cashier deliberately tore it up. The cashier thought he was mad and told him angrily that it would take fully three years before he could expect to obtain a duplicate receipt. "That is just why I have torn up the original," calmly remarked the depositor, "and now the money is safe for that time."—Golden Penny.

The Marriage Knot.

Few of those who talk about the "marriage knot" realize that the knot was ever anything more than a mere figure of speech. Among the Babylonians tying the knot was part of the marriage ceremony. There the priest took a thread of the garment of the bride and another from that of the bridegroom and tied them into a knot, which he gave to the bride, thus symbolizing the binding nature of the union.

Changing a Snake Into a Rod.

In a volume on the snakes of Egypt Hippolyte Boussac states that the incident referred to in the Scriptures of changing a snake into a rod is still practiced by the snake charmers. They touch the snake at a certain place in the neck, when it falls into a cataleptic condition and becomes straight and stiff. It is then restored to its former condition by taking its tail between the hands and firmly rolling.

Egyptian Maxims.

An Egyptian papyrus which dates back to about 4000 B. C. has the following injunctions: "Calumnies should never be repeated." "Guard thy speech before all things, for a man's ruin lies in his tongue." The wise men of the race early learned good sense.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, OCT. 23, 1903

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Governor,	John M. Bates
Lieut. Governor,	Curtis Guild, Jr.
Secretary of State,	William M. Olin
Treasurer,	Edward S. Bradford
Attorney General,	Herbert Parker
Auditor,	Henry E. Turner
County Commissioner,	Samuel O. Upham
Senator,	Francis Appleton
Representative,	Herbert S. Riley Charles H. Nowell
Councillor,	David I. Robinson

A SCORCHER.

Last week Wednesday evening, at Holyoke, Col. Gaston, the Democratic candidate for Governor, discovered the most stupendous "mare's nest" that a political campaign in this State has ever brought to light. Just before he opened his speech there he was handed a letter written by the Republican State Committee and sent to the Editor of the Pittsfield JOURNAL among many others, urging Republican Editors to work hard for the Republican ticket, at the same time informing them that the Committee were without campaign funds and had no money for the press this year. It was a plain businesslike statement of the Committee's financial condition, and one entirely proper to be sent out.

Col. Gaston read the letter to an eager constituency, and then such another scene of ground and lofty oratorical tumbling as he performed over the discovery that the Republican press of the State had been "subsidized" in the interests of Gov. Bates has seldom been witnessed on the political stump in Massachusetts. Notwithstanding the fact that the letter itself refuted his statements, for it plainly announced that the Committee had no money for the press, Col. Gaston rung the charges over and over again on the "bought up" Republican Editors, and made an ass of himself in general and particular.

But his wonderful "mare's nest" proved a boomerang which hit him hard. A few evenings after Gaston's Holyoke speech Gov. Bates addressed a meeting of the Mass. Press Association, and he too had something to say about a "subsidized press," in fact, he was loaded to the muzzle, and out for game.

To prove that the Democratic Party are the guilty ones, and not the Republicans, the Governor produced some "facts and figures" from which it appeared that the Democratic State Committee had made a bargain with a leading Advertising Agency in Boston to place in the columns of the country press, Republican, Neutral, and Democratic, a large amount of Democratic campaign literature, for which the Agency offered a fair price. Contracts were sent out by the Agency to the proprietors of all the country papers in the State, which were in most cases accepted, and the "rooral deestricks" are now being flooded, by means of Democratic money, with Democratic literature. Clearly the Democratic State Committee had done all in their power to "subsidize" the press, and if our eyes don't deceive us, they met with fine success.

Gov. Bates handled Col. Gaston and his "mare's nest" without gloves and fairly turned the tables on that doughty campaigner. A prettier boomerang no one ever laid eyes on, and if the Democratic candidate isn't sorry he did it, his hide must be thicker than the common run of hides.

RILEY AND NOWELL.

We know of no reason why Herbert S. Riley and Charles H. Nowell should not be elected Representatives to the Legislature from this District by large majorities on Nov. 3. They are good clean men, respectable citizens, and staunch Republicans, and the Republicans have a safe working lead in the District. They deserve well of the Party and are entitled to the vote of every one of its members.

Where some Republicans miss the mark and go wrong is in giving men preference over principles. Their concern is for or against individuals, hence their uncertain vote at the polls and unreliability as professed Republicans. Often they vote for a Democrat because they do not like the Republican nominee and would defeat him. That sort of Republicanism won't wash.

The Republicans of this District have ideas and principles which, naturally enough, they would like to see sometimes worked into laws. Annually they select men to represent those ideas and principles, and when they go to the polls they vote to make their political tenets available instead of merely honoring or defeating somebody.

Messrs. Riley and Nowell have been selected by the Republicans to represent them and their beliefs in the enactment of good laws by the Legislature, and every Republican who puts measures before men will vote for their election.

STATE ELECTION.

Lest we forget, the JOURNAL again announces that the State election will be held on Nov. 3, 1903, or one week from next Tuesday. No doubt exists in any rational man's mind as to the result of it; the Republicans will triumph by an overwhelming majority. To employ an old and homely saying, the Democracy are doomed to be snowed under very deep indeed, as has been their fate for, lo, these many years past.

☞ A bill of $700 or $800 has been presented to the Woburn city government for payment by the Charlestown Lawyer employed by the President of the City Council in the alleged bribery cases which grew out of the street railway hearings a couple of years ago, and the question now presents itself in startling colors, what is to be done about it? The Lawyer is entitled to his pay, and somebody will have to foot the bill, but who? Taking a calm, dispassionate retrospective view of those warlike days and scenes in the Council chamber, what do the public think of them and some of the Councilmen engaged in them? This Lawyer's bill brings the remembrance of those times and doings close home to the consciences of some folks, or ought to; and now who is to pay the fiddler, those who danced, or the poor, helpless, downtrodden taxpayers of this town?

☞ Mayor Feeney got home Thursday evening. He is looking fine.

☞ We hereby acknowledge, with thanks, our indebtedness to Mr. A. C Floyd, an esteemed citizen of Woburn who has been a clerk in The U. S. Treasury Department at Washington many years, for a copy of the Annual Report of the Register of the Treasury for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903. It is an interesting and valuable Pub. Doc.

☞ It is currently reported that Mayor Feeney is being thoroughly groomed for the Mayoralty race next December. The Democracy have grave doubts of their ability to win with anybody but Feeney as banner-bearer.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City—Election.
C. A. Sturtevant—Citation.
Andreas Blume—Mort. Sale.
Houghton & Dutton—Optics.
L. & B. S. R. Co.—Petition and Order.

— Arthur Ellis is hunting moose in Maine.

— The Homemade Food Sale opens at Caldwell's tomorrow.

— The S. of V and S. of V. Club give a dance and social this evening.

— Mrs. Uriah Perkins is at home again from a pleasant visit in N. H.

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— The polo season will open at the Auditorium next Wednesday evening, Oct. 28.

— The Woburn Highs beat the Stonehams 11 to 9 at football last Tuesday.

— Public attention is directed to the advertisment of Houghton & Dutton, Boston, in this paper.

— Mrs. Alex Ellis will please accept our thanks for a copy of the Eagle Pass (Texas) *Guide*.

— The ladies of the M. E. church held a particularly successful Fair last Wednesday and Thursday.

— Last week Rufus Nichols of Milford, N. H., paid a pleasant visit with Mr. Frank C. Nichols's family.

— "Some Lessons of Summer," a finely written communication, will appear in the JOURNAL next week.

— The candlepin roll-off at the Towanda Club Wednesday evening of this week was won by Louis H. Dow.

— The engagement of Frederic A. Parkhurst of this city and Miss Abby J. Glidden of Somerville is announced

— Building and real estate sales are booming in No. Woburn, which bids fair to become the metropolis of Woburn.

— Rev. N. E. Richardson of the M. E. Church will preach at the Home for Aged Women next Sunday afternoon.

— Bishop Lawrence will visit Trinity church Thursday evening, Nov. 5, instead of October 25, as formerly announced.

— Baldwin Council, R. A., are to be visited next Monday evening by D. D., G. R. Dow, for which preparations are being made.

— Lieut. of Police Thomas Mulkeen is taking his annual vacation, a considerable share of which is being spent in New York.

— Mr. Rufus Whitten entertained Mrs. Laura Whitten and her daughter Helen of Plymouth at his home on High street last week.

— The Woburn Brass Band played at Chelsea Wednesday evening, Oct. 21, for the annual parade of the 2d. Regiment, Patriarchs Militant, IOOF.

— A slight change in the arrival and departure of Boston & Maine trains at the Woburn Station went into effect on Oct. 12. Consult the time table in this paper.

— Police Officer Austin G. French has endured quite a long spell of trouble with his back that patrol duty was out of the question so far as he was concerned.

— After a not very long period of official service Mr. F. W. Stanton has resigned as Supt. of the N. W. Div. of the B. & N. St. R'y, and Mr. George H. Grey of Chelsea has been appointed to take his place.

— We call particular attention to the advertisement "Decorative Art Course" at the Lowell Textile School, of which our esteemed townsman, Mr. W. W. Crosby, is the Principal. The card talks for itself.

— Eames & Carter are having a good trade in coal and enjoy it. They hope to escape the troubles, trials, vexations, and fault-findings of the coal famine season last winter, and verily believe that those troubles will not be repeated very soon.

— It gives us pleasure to announce that Ham & Co., who furnish hay and grain to the public in any quantity at sight, are in the enjoyment of a fine business at the present time. They deserve it, for, rake the country over, and fairer dealers can't be found.

— Mrs. L. H. Waldron of East Corinth, Vt., has arrived to spend the winter with her children in this city, who are Mrs. Austin G. French, Mrs. Helen E. Patten and Mr. B. Frank Waldron. Her grandson, J. F. Thompson, accompanied her for a short visit.

— The Whist Tournament for the Robinson trophy is not only now fairly and squarely on, but is getting redhot. Several clubs have entered the contest. Towanda banks on John C. Buck, Dr. Robert Chalmers, G. W. Buchanan and John M. Portal, a quartet of veteran whist players.

— By some mysterious miscalculation or unaccountable oversight the JOURNAL said last week that the Council hearing on the Lowell & Boston petitions would be held on Oct. 23, whereas Oct. 21 was the date ordered by the Council, and on which the hearing was held.

— The first specimen of a deer that has ornamented the lintels of any Woburn market this fall is the one brought low by the unerring aim of Mr. Charlie A. Jones of this city in Maine forests a few days ago, on which the envious gaze of many Woburn sports has lingered at Linnell's this week.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

FLOOR COVERINGS

Assortment — COMPLETE
Prices — — — RIGHT
Work — — — PROMPT

It is generally known that we are ***Distributors of Floor Coverings*** of every description, and we desire it to be equally well known that we have all grades of ***Upholstery Fabrics, Lace Curtains, Furniture Coverings, etc.***

The advice of an interior decorator is at your service, if desired. Goods displayed either in our show-room or at residences. Estimates furnished for covering single pieces of furniture or for completely decorating either a single room or an entire house.

For eighty-six years, under the same firm name, we have distributed to the public, to our neighbors, to our friends, Carpets and Rugs, and until we added Interior Decorations and Upholstery Fabrics our sole and entire business has been Floor Coverings.

Does not this record make for intelligent confidence on your part?

Pray Building, Washington St., opposite Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

New Line of FALL GOODS
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

A Few Drugs

that should be kept in every household at all times for Cough and Colds: Slippery Elm Bark, Licorice Root, Flax Seed, Horehound and Boneset. For Poultices: Ground Slippery Elm Bark and Ground Flax Seed. These, and all othrr Drugs are of the purest, and prices cut away down at the money-saving store.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

☞ Special Agents for ROMOC.

— Begging pardon of our esteemed contemporary, the *Times*, we would respectfully inform it that Capt. Wm. Woodberry is "the oldest male voter in Woburn," having been born at Beverly in 1811, making him nearly 93 years old, as we are informed by a gentleman who pretended to know all about it.

— A series of Smoke Talks have been arranged at the Towanda Club as follows:— Monday, October 26, Mr. Frank B. Richardson will talk on the subject, "A Trip to Jamaica." On Wednesday evening November 18, Dr. Robert Chalmers will speak on the subject, "Medicine, Past and Present."

— Your true, genuine epicure dotes on a boiled dinner at this season of the year when corned beef is fattest and vegetables are in their prime. George Durwad on Main street, just above the Central House, has everything that heart can desire for concocting the finest boiled dinner that ever a hungry soul longed for, or enjoyed the eating of.

— Mr. Joseph Linnell came up from Point Allerton last Tuesday to attend the Jarvis-Ralston wedding on Tuesday evening, Oct. 20, and the Buchanan-Winn wedding on Wednesday evening, Oct. 21, and returned yesterday. He and his wife are having a fine time down by the seaside and will remain there two or three weeks longer.

— Tomorrow comes off the great Homemade Food Sale at Caldwell's by the women of the Unitarian church. It is a novel enterprise and one that can't fail to draw big crowds of people. It should be borne in mind that everyone of the numerous articles offered for sale will be homemade, and of the best quality. Come early and avoid the rush.

— We want to tell the public something about Crawford's icecream, notwithstanding the fact that the public are in possession of a good deal of experimental knowledge of the subject. Crawford has always on hand vanilla, strawberry, coffee, chocolate, icecream and orange sherbet, and the universal verdict is that "Crawford's goods in this line can't be beat."

— We have received from a respected Veteran of the Civil War some verses entitled "A Southern Song of Dixie" which were picked up by a Union soldier on the Bull Run battlefield immediately after the first engagement on that historic ground. They were written, and evidently lost, by a Confederate soldier. They will be printed in the JOURNAL at an early day.

— Mr. Frank P. Johnson, son of Mr. Charles H. Johnson of this city, has been given full charge of the services at the Winchester Episcopal church during the absence of Rev. John Suter, who has not yet sufficiently recovered from a severe illness to resume pastoral work there. Mr. Johnson is a highly educated and exemplary young man, and an able and popular sermonizer. The Winchester church can't help but like him.

— At the grand annual Fair to be given by the Swedish Lutheran church, in the church and vestry, on Thursday and Saturday, Oct. 29, 31, and Thursday and Saturday, Nov. 5, 7, a musical and literary programme will be given each evening at 8 o'clock, with Miss Dora Alline Winn as pianoforte accompanist. In some of the numbers the performers will appear in native Swedish costume. The audiences should not fail to visit the vestry.

— Mr. Bryan McSweeney is local agent for sound, firstclass Fire and Life Insurance Companies. Apply at 7 Munroe street.—5

— The Merrimac Chemical Company are about to erect a large fireproof building as an addition to their plant. The Works do a large and flourishing business in the manufacture of many kinds of chemicals.

— The Mystic Valley Bowling League, at a meeting last week, re-elected Hon. George S. Littlefield, President, and made plans for the season's games. The Woburn contests will come off as follows: Arlington, Monday; Charlestown, Tuesday; Calumet, Monday; Kernwood, Wednesday; Towanda, Monday or Wednesday; 999th, Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday; Central, Tuesday or Thursday; Glendon, Tuesday and Thursday.

— The football season was launched by the local suburban League under the most favorable auspices and is at the present writing doing fine work. The best of football material exists in each of the High School teams, and here's hoping that the stalwart lads of the W. H. S. aggregation will close the season with victory perching on their banner. The next game will be played at Woburn on Nov. 2, by the Milton High and Woburn High; and on Nov. 10, the Woburns and Stonehams will try titles at Woburn.

— Every evening after the lights have been turned on the fine large clothing store of Hammond & Son presents a unique and brilliant appearance which attracts the attention of every passerby and elicits much praise. The scene far surpasses any other in the city or neighboring places, and is worth traveling a good distance to see. It is by such liberal displays and persistant, judicious advertising that the firm continue to hold the leading place among the business houses of this city which they secured by the same wise means years ago, and bid fair to hold indefinitely. Just at present they are giving the public wonderfully low prices in clothing, furnishing goods, hats, caps, etc., their stocks of which are by far the largest and best in this part of Middlesex county.

— At a meeting held last Monday evening the City Council received a petition from the Lowell & Boston Street Railway Company for permission to construct a line from their present one at Winn street over Ellis, Water and Sturgis streets, Arlington Road, and Lake avenue, to the city's south boundary and the Winchester town line. The new route, if the petition is granted, will overcome the objections of a part of the residents of Arlington Road, which have been persistent and successful up to the present time. The residents of Arlington Road from Sturgis street to Lake avenue have, all along, favored building the line, and the present scheme will not only be agreeable to them, but remove all opposition interposed by the West Enders of that fashionable thoroughfare.

— The unfortunates who are incarcerated in the Woburn jail these cold fall nights are to be pitied. They are without heat in that damp underground place, and consequently are great sufferers from the cold. The arresting officers are not to blame; they must do their duty; but the city ought to be indicted, and perhaps might be, for neglect to furnish a suitable place of confinement for people who are arrested. It is a shame to treat human beings, drunk or sober, in such a cruel manner, and the official who is responsible for this miserable state of affairs should be dealt with as he deserves to be. It is supposed the blame lies at the door of the Board of Public Works; but however that may be, to freeze prisoners, or cause them to suffer as they must in the city's cold storage room under the Court House is a disgrace to humanity.

— Times innumerable the JOURNAL has expressed the opinion, to the infinite disgust of the State Commission, that no mortal means could possibly prevail against, or hinder the spread of, the gypsy or browntail moth; that their extermination is utterly out of the question. Experience in Medford, Malden, Arlington, etc., has proved the correctness of the JOURNAL's position; but here is some more strong evidence in its support taken from a perfectly reliable publication: "In Cyprus peasants are paid 40 pounds for every ton of locust eggs they destroy. In some years as many as 60,000 tons of the insects are destroyed, which, it is estimated, means the destruction of 680,000,000 of the pests. But still, the locusts come in seemingly endless processions every year."

— Public attention is hereby directed to a piece of prostrate fence on Montvale avenue running east from the hook and ladder house. Long ago the proper city officer was notified of the condition of the fence and requested to rebuild it, or at least, straighten it up and give it an air of something approaching respectability. But nothing has been done, or is likely to be so long as the present Commissioner holds office. The condition of that piece of fence, like many other things in the care of the city authorities, is a burning shame, for which the Commissioner should be held accountable. Is it any wonder our population does not increase in view of the condition of our domestic affairs? Woburn is the most dilapidated run down, slipshod looking city in the State, and will grow more so, if possible, from year to year until honest, competent men are elected to fill the offices.

— Last March Capt. J. M. Ellis, contractor, of this city, began road, sidewalk and wall building with 100 men and compliment of teams, on the fine Lexington estate of Mr. Whipple, one of the landlords of the Parker House, Young's Hotel, and the Touraine, in Boston, and finished the job last week to the entire satisfaction of the proprietor. The work has been carried on continuously for seven months with from 35 to 100 men, and the cost of material and labor for the improvements made by Capt. Ellis amounted to about $25,000. Mr. Whipple has now the handsomest and one of the most valuable homes in Lexington, a town famous for its elegant residential estates, and its present beauty and high degree of utility is due largely to the skill and labor of our fellowtownsman. The satisfaction with which the work was accepted by Mr. Whipple was exceedingly gratifying to Capt. Ellis.

— Six weeks ago the Superintendent of Buildings was notified that the steam boiler in City Hall could not be used for lack of repairs which it needed No fire could be started under it because of the leakage. Nothing has been done since that notification and the examination towards repairing the old boiler or putting in a new one. Gas stoves are used in several of the public offices, but not in all, and the Court House is still worse off for want of heat. There is an order now before the Council for $600 with which to buy a new boiler, but when it will fructify nobody knows. What kind of management would business men call this? All the present cold fall City Hall and the Court House have been without steam heat, due to the negligence or indifference of those who run the city government. To be obliged to resort to gas to heat our public buildings is a disgrace to the town. But about everything else is conducted in the same loose, disjointed manner.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Hand Tailored

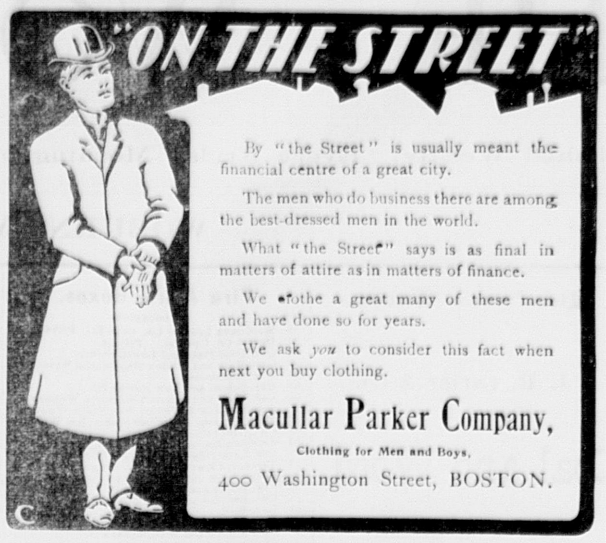
Copyright 1903 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

Out Of
The Common

are many of our new Winter Overcoats. Young men who wish the new broad shoulder, loose fitting, sumptuous effect, will be pleased with the nobby styles we have had made for us, by Hart, Schaffner and Marx of Chicago.

It will be a pleasure to show you.

Hammond & Son,
Leading Clothiers,
Lyceum Hall Building,
403 Main St., WOBURN.



By "the Street" is usually meant the financial centre of a great city.

The men who do business there are among the best-dressed men in the world.

What "the Street" says is as final in matters of attire as in matters of finance.

We clothe a great many of these men and have done so for years.

We ask *you* to consider this fact when next you buy clothing.

Macullar Parker Company,
Clothing for Men and Boys,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.

DON'T GET SKINNED!!

AT Whitcher's YOU CAN BUY

SKIN COVER

10c. a Tube. Can't wash off. Keeps out Dirt and prevents Blood Poisoning.

$3.00 WORTH OF STAMPS
—WITH A—
ONE DOLLAR PURCHASE!

Cut out the coupon below and present it at the store of

E. P. Fitzwilliam & Co.
373 MAIN STREET,

and with a One Dollar purchase you will receive Three Dollars worth of Stamps.

GOOD FOR
$3 Worth of Stamps
With a $1.00 Purchase.
GOOD ONLY at the store of
E. P. FITZWILLIAM & CO.,
373 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

— The membership of the Methodist Episcopal church in this city is increasing rapidly with a most favorable outlook for still larger accessions between this and Christmass. An encouraging feature of the recent numerous additions is that they have been composed largely of young men, a class generally the hardest to reach and impress with religious influences, but, who when brought within the fold, in time, become the bone and sinew of the church organization. Rev. Norman E. Richardson, the Pastor, is doing a grand and highly successful work, particularly among the young people, with whom he is a prime favorite. Young, sturdy, genial, earnest, thoroughly imbued with true Christian spirit, wholly and heartily devoted to the duties of the ministerial office, as the instrument of the Spirit, he is bringing converts to the church in larger flocks than ever before, except in seasons of great revivals, and filling it with warm, fresh strenuous blood. The Sunday evening meetings are a marvel for attendance. Sunday evening is named because of the universal difficulty of inducing men to attend those services. But Rev. Mr. Richardson meets with no such difficulty; he draws and the auditorium is filled. He employs modern methods for building up churches, in which he has the hearty sympathy, support and earnest co-operation of his people. Just now the erection of a gymnasium in the rear of the meetinghouse is to be pushed to an early completion. It will cost about $1400, more than half of which has been secured, with remarkable promptness. It will be a fine building, and a useful one. The Trustees and members have entered heartily into the adoption of such "modern improvements," and other things will follow in due time.

— Mr. Wallace G. Parkins, Boston & Maine Company's Station Agent at Woburn Centre, the principal one of the 8 stations in the city, has received notice from the Company's official Florist of the award of prizes for meritorious floral displays on their depot grounds for the season of 1903. The Company paid out to station agents on their great Railroad System in prizes for flower exhibits on their grounds, this year, about $2,000, as they have done for a good many years past, and found that it pays. Besides the money awarded to successful cultivators, the Company furnish each agent, gratuitously, every spring of the year, a full supply of plants for their beds, the expense of which runs up into the many thousands of dollars. Bestowing great pains and much labor on the plants, especially during the severe drouth of last spring and early summer, and enthusiastically assisted by Mr. James H. Callahan of the Church avenue crossing, and Mr. William O'Reiley of the freighthouse, Agent Parkins produced this season a display of flowers which excited the admiration and hearty praise of everyone who saw it. It won a prize of $20, while the North Woburn Station won $15, and the Wo. Highlands $10. Specialists in flower culture could find nothing to criticise in arrangement, color, or growth of Agent Parkins's exhibition, which was regarded as very near perfect by local judges and lovers of things beautiful in nature. The trio of gentlemen whose skill and labor contributed to the production of the handsome floral showing were highly gratified over the receipt of the liberal prize awarded Agent Parkins.

Anniversary Celebration.

Last Tuesday evening Hope Rebekah Degree Lodge, No. 39, I. O. O. F., celebrated the anniversary of their organization in fine style and joyfully.

The Committee of Arrangements were: J. Maud McKay, Mary J Tarr, S. Jennie Pecham, Mary Richardson, Mary E. McIntosh, Edward Richardson, J. Edward Graham, Herbert LeBaron, Harriet N. Delano.

Noble Grand Ada C. Kendall gracefully provided over the meeting, which was one of the best ever held by the Lodge. W. A. Coles, the Blind Impersonator, gave a fine entertainment which everyone enjoyed. Refreshments were served in banquet hall which were partaken of with keen relish seasoned with many thanks to the fair providers. The rooms were beautifully decorated with autumn foliage, the decorations being in charge of Abbie M. Chase and Eva D. Best.

The Lodge was instituted Oct. 16, 1883, with 20 charter members, 9 of whom are still living, and 4 of them responded to roll call. The present membership is 187, of whom 90 were at the celebration, and 4 sent greetings.

The first Noble Grand, Rev. Edwin D. Layton, of Saugus, was present, also visitors from Lodges at Winter Hill, Stoneham, Medford, Lowell and Maynard.

City Council.

The Board of Aldermen held a regular meeting last Monday evening. President Johnson occupied the Chair.

The Board of Public Works asked the Council for $1200 for waterpipe on Sheridan street; $2,500 for drain on Jefferson avenue; Referred.

The Lowell & Boston St. R'y Co petitioned for franchise for a new line particularly described in their prayer. Hearing ordered on Wednesday evening, Nov. 4.

Election officers for the November election were appointed.

Morrison Merrill of Wakefield, through his Attorneys, presented a bill for personal injuries received from falling from an electric pole while in the employ of the city.

W. C. T. U.

The Flower Mission in connection with the W. C. T. U. has closed for the season. We wish to thank all friends who have helped the good work by sending flowers. Much credit is due Mrs. Collamore who has so faithfully done her part in taking charge of the flowers, and sending them to Headquarters for distribution.

The Union are now beginning work for the sailors. Small bags are to be filled with useful articles, and these, at Christmas, are to be sent to Sailors' Bethels in Boston. Miss Alice Preston has charge of this department of work, and we hope all members will heartily cooperate with her. Any friends who would like to help, can learn further particulars of Miss Alice Preston, Vernon street.

C. M. WARREN.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Twenty-eight Franklin Street.

The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.

The National Graded Course Used.
P. O. Box 344.

MISS DORA A. WINN,
WILL RESUME
Pianoforte Instruction,
October 1, 1903.
6 Highland Street, Woburn.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "What the Lord Requires of Us." Sunday School at 12 M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—20th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "With the Hypocrites." 12 M., Sunday School. At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting. 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "While Eating and Drinking." 7.45 P. M., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Everlasting Punishment." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D. Subject: "The Church and the Critics." 12 M., Sunday School. Bible Classes for All. At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting. At 7 P. M., Evening Service. Subject: "Words and Wounds." Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening, at 7.30.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: Is. 15:9. "Her Sun is Gone Down While it Was Yet Day." 12 M. Sunday School. 5.45 P. M., Epworth League. 7 P. M., Preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Is Christ the Only Way of Salvation." Friday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 21 by Rev. H. C. Parker William Rice Jarvis of Duluth, Minn., and Edith Pollard Ralston of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 14, by Rev. J. F. Doherty, Bartholomew Mahoney and Francis H. Mahoney both of Woburn.

In this city Oct. 14, by Rev. Chas. H. Perry of Cambridge, William W. Hicks of Cambridge, and Laura E. Evans of Woburn.

In this city Oct. 14, by Rev. J. J. Keegan, Owen McCarron and Catherine Callahan, all of Woburn.

In this city Oct. 11, by Rev. H. A. Walsh, Thomas A. Lawn and Nellie B. Bradley, both of Woburn.

In this city Oct. 15, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, Clarence W. Loud and Beulah Emma Moorhouse, both of Woburn.

In Gloucester, Mass., Oct. 14, by the Rev. A. M. Osgood, Mr. Herbert B. Seller of Quincy and Miss Lula Abbie Jones of Norwood, both formerly of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 19, Susan O'Donnell, aged 29 years.

Jarvis—Ralston.

At 8 o'clock Tuesday evening, Oct. 20, 1903, Mr. WILLIAM RICE JARVIS of Chicago, son of Mrs. Russell Jarvis, and Miss EDITH POLLARD RALSTON of 21 Green street, Woburn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Ralston, marched, with their attendants, beneath a canopy, on a smoothly spread carpet, to the music of the Wedding March on the organ, from the sidewalk in front of it to the altar of the First Unitarian church in this city, where Rev. Henry C. Parker, pastor of the church, in sacerdotal robes, spoke the words that made them man and wife. The auditorium of the church was beautifully decorated in pink and white chrysanthemums, as was also the Ralston residence where the wedding party received their friends after the bridal ceremonies. Guests were present from Woburn, Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Chicago, Boston, and other cities. The church and surroundings were densely thronged with people during the exercises.

The Best Man was Mr. Russell Jarvis of Claremont, brother of the Groom. The Bridesmaids were Miss Elizabeth Downes of Winchester, Maid of Honor; Miss Barbara French of Winchester, Flower Girl; Miss May E. Cummings of Orleans, Mass.; Miss Bertha Trull, Miss Grace E. Bond, and Miss A. May Barker, all of Woburn.

The Ushers were: Mr. J. T. Ford of Chicago; Mr. J. H. Parker, Jr., Boston; Mr. Archibald Ralston, Jr., brother of the Bride; Mr. S. Otis Ralston.

The Bride made a charming appearance in white silk point d'esprit over taffeta with deep point lace bertha with pearl collar and girdle. The Maid of Honor was beautifully dressed in white mousseline de soie over pink silk; and the maids in pink crepe de chine with lace trimming.

It was pronounced one of the most fashionable weddings that has taken place in this city for many a day.

Tabbut—Buck.

On Thursday evening, Oct. 22, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Poole, 7 Newbridge avenue, North Woburn, Miss FLORENCE MAY BUCK, daughter of Charles B. Buck, and Mr. CHARLES HERBET TABBUT, son of Jotham M. Tabbut, were united in marriage by Rev. George H. Tilton. The bride was attended by Miss Bessie W. Buck as maid of honor, and Miss Amy C. Thompson as bridesmaid. The best men were Almon E. Richardson and Ernest S. Richardson.

Reception to Rev. James L. Fowle.

Mr. Fowle came to the United States in order to obtain skilful surgical treatment for Mrs. Fowle, and is now about to return to his Mission field in Cæsarea, Turkey, where he has labored with great efficiency for a quarter of a century.

The First Congregational Church, of which he is still a loyal member, voted on Wednesday evening to tender a reception to him and Mrs. Fowle in the parlor of their church, on Monday, Oct. 26, from 7.30 to 9.30 P. M.

This will give his many friends a desired opportunity for a cordial greeting and an expression of good wishes for themselves and their mission work.

Have You Guessed?

Count the Stamps in our window and fill in a blank.

Double Stamps, commencing Friday, and continuing until Saturday, Oct. 24.

Four Stamps for one on all Dress Skirts bought during the Double Stamp Sale.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Pork AND Lard Are Cheaper

Best Pure Lard,	10c per lb.
Pork,	10c " "
Peanut Butter,	15c " "
Queen Olives,	35c per qt.

We are headquarters for

Kennedy's Biscuits.

Call and see the great variety we keep.

DO YOU USE SALADA TEA?

☞ We sell it.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Martha Sturtevant, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Charles A. Sturtevant, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the tenth day of November, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Charles Choate, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John M. Harlow, the Trustee under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the third account of his trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-seventh day of October, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Salem T. Brigham, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate by Ann Maria Brigham, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of November, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of William H. Hinds, late of River John, in the Province of Nova Scotia, deceased, intestate, leaving estate in said County.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to James Hinds of said River John, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of November, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notive thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

To Let.

Tenement of six rooms at 37 Salem street, $11.00 per month.

E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount street.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

CITY OF WOBURN.

Public Hearing.

TO THE HONORABLE CITY COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF WOBURN:

Respectfully represent your petitioners, the Directors of the Lowell & Boston Street Railway Company, that said railway company is a corporation duly organized under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; that its tracks have been located in your city by orders of your honorable board heretofore granted; that your petitioners desire a location for the extension of the tracks of said railway company in your city as follows:—Beginning at the terminus of its line and tracks at the corner of North Warren street and Pleasant street in Woburn; thence across Pleasant street and the tracks of the Woburn & Boston Street Railway Company to Arlington Road, and thence through, over and along Arlington Road to its junction with Lake Avenue; thence over, upon and through Lake Avenue to the Winchester Line.

Wherefore your petitioners pray that your honorable board will, after due notice and a hearing of all parties interested, grant said railroad company a location for the extension of its tracks as aforesaid, and will grant it permission to erect, maintain and operate a street railway upon said location with all necessary turnouts and connections and the right to erect and use an overhead system of electric motive power, and to erect and use the necessary poles, wires, and equipment along the route of its track, and to do such underground work and surface and other work as may be requisite for said purpose.

T. I. REED,
EDWARD A. MEAD,
F. E. COTTON,
F. A. PARTRIDGE,
RICHARD FAULKNER,
Directors of Lowell & Boston St. Ry. Co.

Upon the petition of the Directors of the Lowell & Boston Street Railway Company for a location on Arlington Road and other streets to the Winchester line, filed October 5, it is

Ordered, that fourteen days notice be given that the City Council will on Monday evening, Nov. 9, 1903, at 8 o'clock, P. M., at the Council Chamber, Municipal Building, consider said petition and give a public hearing therein at which time and place all persons interested thereon may appear and be heard. Said notice to be given by publication of a copy of said petition with this order thereon, at the expense of the petitioners, in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

City Council, Oct. 21, 1903.

Adopted.

Attest. JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

A true copy. Attest.

JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE, October 19, 1903.

In accordance with the provisions of Section 212, Chapter 11, Revised Laws, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote for State Officers, will be held on

TUESDAY,

The third day of November, A. D. 1903

in the following places, namely:—

Ward 1, Music Hall, Dow's Block, Main street.
Ward 2, Armory, Montvale Avenue, entrance from Prospect street.
Ward 3, Auditorium, Montvale Avenue; entrance opposite Prospect street.
Ward 4, Auditorium, Montvale Avenue; entrance opposite Prospect street.
Ward 5, Porter Hose House, Thorn street.
Ward 6, Vidette Hose House, Main street.
Ward 7, Cummings Hose House, Willow street.

The Polls will be Open at six o'clock in the morning and closed at four o'clock in the afternoon,

and all such citizens will, in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, Attorney-General, Councillor, Senator, Two Representatives in the General Court, County Commissioner, County Treasurer, Register of Deeds, Register of Probate and Insolvency, also to give in their votes "Yes or No" on the acceptance of Chapter 454, Acts of 1903, entitled: "An Act to provide for joint Caucuses or Primaries of all Political and Municipal Parties."

By order of the Mayor and City Council.

Attest:

JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

By S. R. KNIGHTS & CO., - - Auctioneers.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alvin T. Morrill and wife, Ludovica Dimon Morrill, in her right, to Silas R. Carter, Edwin Irving Sawyer and James D. Tyler, trustees of the First Unitarian Society in Berlin, dated March 31, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 2644, Fol. 258, and duly transferred to the undersigned; for breach of condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction, upon the premises first hereinafter described, on

Monday, November 16, 1903,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, viz:—The following tracts or parcels of land all situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts:

FIRST: A certain tract of land with the buildings thereon and bounded as follows, to wit:—Northerly by Lexington street, by land of Jacob M. Ellis and by land of the heirs of Walter Frost; easterly by land of the heirs of Walter Frost, and by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; southerly by land of said Benjamin F. Flagg, by land of William B. Doyle, and by land formerly of Joseph Gardner; westerly by land of Mary G. Pierce.

SECOND: A certain lot of woodland near Horn Pond and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; easterly by land formerly of Stephen Dow; southerly by land of Ebenezer L. Pierce; westerly by land of William B. Doyle.

THIRD: A small lot of land bounded as follows, namely:—Southeasterly by Lexington street; northeasterly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; northwesterly by Garden street.

FOURTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Locust street; easterly by land now or formerly of James B. and Horace W. Pearsons and by Garden street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by Willow street.

FIFTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Willow street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by land of the heirs of John Weston; northerly by land now or formerly of Doherty, and by John Cummings.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes, tax bills or other municipal liens.

$300 will be required to be paid by purchaser at time of sale. For further particulars apply to Andreas Blume, Attorney-at-Law, 27 School street, Boston, Mass.

ANDREAS BLUME, Trustee
under the will of William Phipps, Mortgagee.
Boston, Oct. 21, 1903.

To Let.

House on Frances street, eight rooms and storage attic. Bathroom, hot and cold water; cemented cellar with laundry. Economical heater; sunny, pleasant outlook. Apply to C A BURDETT, Mishawum Road, cor. Main street.

House To Let.

Six Rooms. Rent reasonable.

Enquire of M. C. FELCH.

Japol Tablets

a sure cure for hoarseness and tickling in the throat

Japol Powder

a remedy for cold in the head.

Japol Ice

unequalled in neuralgia and catarrh.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

Decorative Art Course.

Lowell Textile School.

While the Decorative Art Course is mainly preparatory to textile design, it also prepares for any branch of Decorative Art, such as wall paper, book illustration, lithography, interior decoration, stained glass, etc., and for pictorial art in water and oil. The facilities now offered permit of thorough instruction in these specialties. The classes are open to ladies and gentlemen in connection with textile design or otherwise and have been specially popular with ladies. The studio is open DAILY except Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Prof. Vesper L. George is in charge and conducts the work on the basis of the Julian Academy.

Lecture Course on Historic Ornament.

Terms moderate. Special rates of transportation. Pupils can enter at any time. Instruction from 9 to 4 P. M., except Saturday and Wednesday afternoon. For particulars address

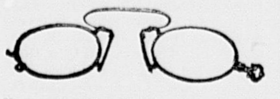
WM. W. CROSBY, Principal.

Houghton & Dutton,

BOSTON.

Optical Parlors 9th Floor.

A FEW EYE HINTS.



Your eyes will tell when you need glasses Here are a few hints:—Headaches, Dizziness, sleepy feeling while reading, blurring of objects either at close range or distance, frowning or squinting, smarting or burning, requirement of stronger light while reading. Those are but a few of the symptoms.

When your eyes suggest trouble don't fail to consult our OPTICIAN and he will cheerfully advise you, as he has spent many years in study of this one subject.

OUR GUARANTEE IS Entire Satisfaction at Lowest Prices.

N. B.—This department is under the pessonal supervision of Mr. Albert A. Carter, the wellknown optician of this city.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after October 5th, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

NORTH BOUND.

Leave Woburn—5.30, 6.45, 8.00, 10.05, 11.45, A. M; 1.15, 2.45, 3.15*, 4.00, 4.45, 5.45, 6.15, 8.15, *9.45, 11.00 P. M. SUNDAYS—7.15 A. M. hourly until 9.15 P. M.; also 10.45 P. M. 9.45 P. M. for Burlington only.

Burlington Centre—5.43, 7.05, 8.13, 10.25 A. M.; 12.05, 1.35, 3.05, 3.35, 4.13, 5.05, 6.05, 6.35, 8.35, 10.00, 11.13 P. M.

Billerica—6.00, 7.30, 8.30, 10.45 A. M.; 12.30, 2.00, 3.30, 3.40, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.00, 9.00, 11.30 P. M.

Arrive Lowell—6.32, 8.02, 9.02, 11.17 A. M.; 1.02, 2.32, 4.02, 5.02, 6.02, 7.02, 7.32, 9.32 P. M.

*3.15 Reeds only. *9.45 Burlington Centre only.

SOUTH BOUND.

Leave Lowell—5.27, 6.57, 7.57, 10.27, 11.57 A. M.; 1.27, 2.57, 3.57, 4.57, 5.57, 6.27, 8.27, P. M. SUNDAYS—7.27 A. M. Hourly until 9.27 P. M.

Billerica—6.00, 7.30, 8.00, 11.00 A. M.; 12.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.00, 9.00, 11.30 P. M. SUNDAYS—8.00 A. M. Hourly until 10.00 P. M. and 11.30 P. M.

Burlington Centre—6.20, 7.45, 8.45, 11.20, A. M.; 12.55, 2.25, 3.45, 4.55, 5.55, 6.55, 7.25, 9.20, 10.00 P. M.

Arrive Woburn—6.35, 8.00, 9.00, 11.35 A. M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 7.45, 9.45, 10.15, 12.00 P. M., connecting with Boston & Maine trains 6.44, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 11.38 A. M., 2.56, 4.11, 10.30 P. M.

C. W. B. HARRISON, Supt.

Ice Cream

Vanilla, Strawberry,
Coffee, Chocolate,
Orange Sherbet,
Always on hand.

CRAWFORD'S

No. 412 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE: 48-3.

Desk Room To Let

at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

WANTED—A TRUSTWORTHY GENTLEMAN or lady in each county to manage business for an old established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly salary of $18.00 paid by check each Monday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Enclose addressed envelope. Manager, 360 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

Polo.

The once popular game of polo, after several years of coma existence, is again coming to the front and bids fair to establish itself as a leading sport of the day. In the quality of excitement it treads close on the heels of football, and sometimes it is nearly as dangerous.

Fifteen years ago, or so, polo drew great crowds of people to the Auditorium in this city, and no good reason can be given why those times may not be repeated this winter.

The following are the contests scheduled for the week beginning Saturday evening, Oct. 24:

Saturday, Oct. 24—Salem at Lawrence, Stoneham at Lynn, Woburn at Chelsea.
Monday, Oct. 26—Lynn at Lawrence, Chelsea at Salem.
Tuesday, Oct. 27—Salem at Stoneham, Lawrence at Lynn.
Wednesday, Oct. 28—Lynn at Chelsea, Stoneham at Woburn.
Thursday, Oct. 29—Lawrence at Stoneham, Woburn at Salem.
Friday, Oct. 30—Chelsea at Woburn.
Saturday, Oct. 31—Woburn at Lawrence, Salem at Lynn, Stoneham at Chelsea.

Woman's Club.

The Woburn Woman's Club opened happily its winter season by giving a reception and a concert in the rooms of the Towanda Club house on Friday, October, the sixteenth, from three until five o'clock.

The hall was bright with sunlight, and gay with a wealth of brilliant autumn flowers. The reading desk and the platform were festooned with vines, and covered with dahlias, nasturtions and chrysanthemums, more decorative than rich tapestry so artistically were they arranged.

The President, Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward, opened the meeting with a smiling welcome. She congratulated the members on their new and lovely home, the long summer of rest and refreshment, and she enthusiastically described the ideal club. Mrs. Hayward spoke proudly of the splendid material in the Woburn Club; of the possibilities for helpfulness and improvement that exist in a club so large, so united and energetic; she outlined the plans for the year, and she said it was hoped the members would work arduously for the establishment of the "Stamp Saving System" in the schools of Woburn, and the formation of a "District Nurse Association." At the close of the President's address, the Appleton Ladies Quartette gave a most enjoyable programme, varied and generous.

The music was followed by a reception to the new members, and to the invited guests from out-of-town Clubs.

The President was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Caroline G. Johnson, Miss Susan E. Edgell, and Mrs. Abby W. Watson.

Refreshments were served under the direction of the Reception and Hospitality Committee, and their efforts gave the finishing touch to an afternoon of pleasure and of profit.

GRACE M. BRYANT,
Rec. Clerk, pro tem.

The next meeting of the Club will be held in the Towanda Club House on Nov. 6, at 3 o'clock. Dr. Leon H. Vincent will lecture on Jane Austen. Dr. Vincent is well known as an author, and he lectured last year before the Club upon "Carlyle and his Wife."

A meeting of the Federation of W. C. is to be held at Waltham at 10.30 a. m., Nov. 4. New green Federation tickets will be necessary to insure admission. They may be obtained of Mrs. Samuel Leeds, 59 Eastern avenue.

Wanted.

We would like to ask, through the columns of your paper, if there is any person who has used Green's August Flower for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and Liver Troubles that has not been cured—and we also mean their results, such as sour stomach, fermentation of food, habitual costiveness, nervous dyspepsia, headaches, despondent feelings, sleeplessness—in fact, any trouble connected with the stomach or liver? This medicine has been sold for many years in all civilized countries, and we wish to correspond with you and send you one of our books free of cost. If you never tried August Flower, try a 25 cent bottle first. We have never known of its failing. If so, something more serious is the matter with you. The 25 cent size has just been introduced this year. Regular size 75 cents. At A. W. Whitcher's.

Pearson—Borgman.

A charming October wedding was brilliantly solemnized at the Swedish Lutheran church on Montvale avenue last Saturday evening, Oct. 17, 1903. The principal parties in the interesting ceremonies were Mr. SVANTE PEARSON and Miss JENNIE BORGMAN, and the officiating clergyman was Rev. E. J. Peterson, pastor of that church.

The Groomsman was Mr. Angus Pearson, brother of the Groom, who was assisted by Mr. Carl Dalborg. The Bridesmaids were Miss Emma Borgman, sister of the Bride, and Miss Sigrid Pearson, sister of the Groom. Little Victoria Olson acted the part of Flower Girl to perfection, and looked as pretty as a pink. While the bridal pair and suite were passing down the aisle of the church, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, in autumn leaves and flowers, the Wedding March was finely played by Miss Heartz, its sweet tones filling the auditorium and softening the voice of the storm outside.

The fair bride was handsomely dressed in white and wore a long bridal veil, and her maids also appeared in spotless white.

The wedding reception, held in the vestry of the church, was attended by more than 200 people, and proved to be a highly enjoyable social event. The bride and groom were warmly congratulated on their happy union, and heartily responded to the multitude of good wishes bestowed on them.

It was one of the prettiest weddings of the season.

Buchanan---Winn.

Beneath a beautiful floral arch, in the presence of a large number of invited guests, the marriage of Mr. FRANK TILTON BUCHANAN of Woburn, and Miss NELLIE POLLOCK WINN of Burlington, was solemnsized at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening, October 21, 1903, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Winn, in Burlington. Rev. H. C. Parker, pastor of the First Unitarian church of Woburn, officiated, and tied the nuptial knot handsomely and strong.

The rooms of the residence were finely decorated with autumn leaves, pinks and chrysanthums, and presented a beautiful appearance.

The Best Man was Mr. Clifton G. Buchanan, and the Bridesmaid was Miss Ethel Winn, sister of the Bride.

The Bride was elegantly attired in white satin, and her Maid wore white muslin, and both were charming in their wedding garbs.

At the close of the interesting ceremonies a reception was held at the Winn homestead by the newly wedded couple and the Bride's mother, who were assisted by Prof. Will L. Brown and Mr. C. G. Buchanan. A pleasant hour or two was spent by guests and hosts, and then Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan left for their wedding tour.

Friends from Woburn, Boston, Amesbury and elsewhere presented the happy pair with many rich and elegant wedding gifts.

Both of these young people are society favorites, and everybody wishes them long and happy lives.

Boston Theatres.

THE COLUMBIA.

Before a house which was packed from pit to dome, Miss Fay Templeton, called by the New York Newspapers, the "Duse of musical comedy," made her first appearance as a star before the Boston public at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, appearing as "Josey May," the comic opera queen, in Sam S. Shubert, Nixon & Zimmerman's elaborate musical extravaganza entitled "The Runaways." Miss Templeton scored one of the greatest hits ever known in the stage annals of the City of Boston. On a previous visit with the Weber & Fields organization, she had demonstrated her wonderful ability as a comedienne and an imitator, but never before had she been entrusted with the task of practically carrying an entire performance on her shoulders. And this is precisely what Miss Templeton is doing in "The Runaways." Although there is an abundance of gorgeous scenery, a garden of Eden of pretty girls, dressed in the most stunning sartorial creations, and a number of clever comedians, dancers and singers, there is no gainsaying the fact that the inimitable, the wonderful, and unique Fay Templeton is the great attraction in "The Runaways." The management earnestly requests that the public will book their seats as far ahead as possible, because the demand is something extraordinary. The engagement is for four weeks with Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

North Woburn.

The 47th anniversary of the organization of the North Congregational Sunday School was celebrated with interesting ceremonies at the church in the shape of a Harvest Concert and literary programme. The music consisted of organ march, solos, duets and singing by the children. The church was handsomely decorated for the event. Appropriate addresses were delivered by the Pastor, Rev. George H. Tilton, and Rev. Dr. March of First church, and the customary religious exercises were held. The S. S. pupils who took part in the form of recitations, etc., were: Dorothy Coburn, Jeannette Hamilton, Robert Galongly, Mary Hamilton, Edith Hopkinson, Elezabeth Bixby, Jennie Buck, Eliza Curtis, Marion Hopkinson, Ralph Moore, Elizabeth Hill, Helen Buck. A large and attentive audience enjoyed the anniversary exercises very much.

WINCHESTER.

The headquarters of the Winchester Boat Club will close for the season on Oct. 31.

Calumet Club continues to be a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It will make society matters lively this winter.

Secretary E. G. Gay of the Y. M. C. A. has resigned to accept a similar situation with the Quincy Y. M. C. A. He has been a faithful and efficient worker.

The trading stamp craze didn't strike this town very hard, which was a good thing. There is a big cheat somewhere under that stamp business. Your town had it bad.

Selectman John H. Carter has received the Democratic nomination for Representative. Of course, he can't be elected, but if he should be, wouldn't he make the House tired by ringing the changes on lower suburban railroad fares? It is John's hobby.

The history of the old Black Horse Tavern in Mr. Abijah Thompson's "Town History," which appeared in the *Star* of Oct. 16, was exceedingly interesting, not only as concerned that famous hostelry, but on other matters equally readable. Mr. George E Fosdick, formerly of Woburn, is the present proud owner of the old Tavern, and has made a beautiful place of it.

A great deal of fault is found by our people with the irregular running of the trolley cars between Winchester and Arlington. No sort of regard is paid to the timetable and a disagreeable system of go-as-you please prevails. Nobody can find out where the trouble lies, but it is probably due to inefficiency on the part of the district Supt. Our Selectmen propose to find out and have the nuisance abated.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

Who Are "They?"

"They say; what say they? Let them say," said Bishop Berkeley. Who are the "they" thus so boldly apostrophized? We may say with one of the fathers, "I know when you do not ask me," but how difficult it is to get nearer! We all have these mysterious "they" on our lips, and yet we cannot define them. Yet, though we cannot define "they," partly because there are so many of them and partly because none of the great elemental things like time, love, death and sleep are capable of definition, we can still know and say a great deal about "they." "They" in Dolly Winthrop's mouth meant Providence. "I wouldn't speak ill o' this world," she was accustomed to say, "seeing them as put us in it knows best." In her sense it is of course rarely used, though the slang expression "as good as they make 'em" recalls it. Still, "they" has generally a slightly mysterious significance. When we say it we allude to some power we cannot define or to the incomprehensible element in some set of people.—London Spectator.

Chalking Sunday.

In the west of Ireland the majority of marriages take place between Christmas and Lent—a great number of them on Shrove Tuesday. In the county of Limerick it is customary on the first Sunday in Lent for the bachelors and spinsters who have allowed the festival to pass without pairing to mark each other on the back with a piece of chalk or with a chalked stick. The marks of distinction are not rigidly confined to eligible parties, but are often bestowed upon boys and girls without regard to their original significance.

It is asserted that the custom prevails in other agricultural districts in Ireland, that the chalking mostly goes on when the people are going to or from church and that in towns where it is carried on to a very great extent the footpaths are white at night with powdered chalk.—London Telegraph.

Curious Old English Law.

It is interesting to recall in connection with railway accidents that only a few years back any instrument which by accident was the immediate cause of loss of human life became in English law "deodand"—that is, became forfeit to the crown, to be devoted to pious purposes. This law applies to locomotives, but in course of time coroners' juries, instead of claiming the forfeit, inflicted a fine. In the year 1838 a locomotive on the Liverpool and Manchester line which by exploding caused the death of its engineer and fireman was fined £20, while the following year another engine on the same line was fined £1,400.

Horse Sense.

During a heavy downpour of rain an Irish farmer sent his boy to a distant field to bring home a horse. Some time elapsed, and the messenger returned without the horse.

Father—Didn't Oi send ye for the horse, ye gamoch? Is your head in your brogues?

Little Boy (drenched to the skin)—Sure, he was standin' in shelter as dry as ye loike. Bedad, he knows more than the two of us.

Figuring on Prospects.

"Whah's yoh father?" asked Aunt Cordelia.

"Gone huntin'," answered Pickaninny Jim. "He said you might as well git de fire stahted an' peel de taters foh a fine stew tomorrow."

"Hum! Which did he take wif 'im, de gun or de dahk lantern?"—Washington Star.

A Precautionary Measure.

Mr. Kidder—Ah, how-der-do, doctor? If you have a few minutes to spare I wish you would come over to my house and chloroform my youngest boy.

Dr. Price—What is the matter with the lad?

Mr. Kidder—Oh, his mother wants to comb his hair.—Harper's Bazar.

Roundabout Killing.

Captain O'Bull (explaining curios)—Faith, I bought this little powther from the Karribboo islanders, an' I assure you wan dhrop placed on the tongue of a cat is enough to kill the strongest man!

Antimony.

That terrible poison, antimony, known most familiarly in the compound called tartar emetic, has a very interesting history. It was introduced into medicine some centuries ago by Paracelsus. Its name signifies that it is "against monks," as some on whom it was tried displayed the now familiar symptoms. Its use in modern medicine has been reduced to the vanishing point with other depressing measures, such as bleeding. In the table which arranges the elements in series and shows their connections—so that all are probably modifications of one universal substance—there is a sequence, nitrogen, phosphorus, arsenic, antimony, bismuth. Sir Lauder Brunton has shown that these possess many common properties in their action upon man and that these properties vary in relation to the place of each in the scale. In the days before chloroform antimony and tobacco were used to produce the partial unconsciousness which attends their action.

How to Warm Gold Plates.

Various departments of "household hints" have unaccountably neglected to tell how solid gold plates may be warmed for the meat courses at dinner.

This may be done in the right or the wrong way. The right way is exemplified at Castle Kilkenny. This is one of the oldest inhabited dwellings in the world, some of the rooms being 800 years old. Among its ancient treasures is a service of gold plate.

Besides the ordinary plate service, Castle Kilkenny has the whole series of gold cups used at coronation banquets down to the time of George IV. The gold of the service plates is almost without alloy, consequently very soft and easily marred. Hence the plates are warmed and presumably also washed after use by being dipped into hot water held by a pair of tongs whose tips have been muffled in chamois leather.

Tickling the Debtors.

John Barrett was only twenty-seven years old when President Cleveland appointed him minister to Siam. The first important task which confronted the youthful envoy was to press a claim against the Siamese government for $1,000,000. Experienced ambassadors warned him against using threats in obtaining the money. "Be cunning; avoid arrogance," they said.

"That is," responded Mr. Barrett, "you favor tickling with a straw to pricking with a bayonet."

The statesmen nodded assent.

When the young minister had finally succeeded in collecting the claim the ambassadors asked in astonishment, "How did you accomplish it?"

"By tickling," explained Barrett. "I had to tickle them almost to death, though, before they agreed to pay it."

Coffee For the Inebriate.

A traveler has made the observation that coffee drinking people are very seldom given to drunkenness. In Brazil, for instance, where coffee is grown extensively and all the inhabitants drink it many times a day, intoxication is rarely seen. The effect is not only noticeable among the natives, but the foreigner who settles there, though possessed of ever such a passion for strong drink, gradually loses his liking for alcohol as he acquires the coffee drinking habit of the Brazilian.

Found a Parallel.

An English country vicar discovered not long ago that one of his male servants was in the habit of stealing his potatoes. He mentioned the fact to his curate and asked advice.

"Well," replied the curate, "of course you must remember what the Bible says, 'If any man take away thy coat let him have thy cloak also.'"

"I see," mused the vicar. "Well, in this case, as the man takes my potatoes I'd better give him the sack!"

Animals In Alcohol.

M. Grobaut, professor of physiology in Paris, in describing the effect of alcohol upon animals says that the successive stages of intoxication through which they pass are gayety, sadness, solemnity and a supreme intoxication which ends in death. Rabbits are very curious when under the influence of liquor, and a drunken kangaroo is brutally aggressive.

Averting the Evil.

Mildred (very superstitious)—Oh, dear, I would never have accepted you, Jack, if I had remembered it was Friday evening!

Jack—There's only one way to avert the evil omen, darling. We must very carefully kiss each other seven times at least every seven minutes during the first seventy minutes of our engagement.

Jenkins Was Ignored.

William Pitt's last words are said to have been, "My country, oh, how I love my country!" Pitt's butler afterward said that the statesman's dying words were, "I hope the country will do something for Jenkins." The butler was Jenkins, but nobody accepted his testimony and the country certainly did nothing for Jenkins.

Not an Authority.

There are some persons who can't take a joke, but Fogg is not one of them. One of the boys, acquainted with Fogg's frequent changes of abode, asked him which he thought was the cheaper, to move or to pay rent.

"I can't tell you, my dear boy," replied Fogg. "I have always moved."

Slippery Elm Poultice.

Take a sufficient quantity of pulverized slippery elm bark, stir it in hot or warm milk or water to the consistence of a poultice. This is a most efficacious poultice, is of almost universal application and removes inflammation sooner than any other. If tincture of myrrh be added it is valuable in boils, ulcers, carbuncles, etc.—Dick's Encyclopedia of Practical Recipes.

Anxious to Hear It.

Mr. Sampson (tremulously)—Miss Lydia, I want to tell you—er—the old, old story—

Then his agitation got the better of him, and he paused.

Lydia—Go on, Mr. Sampson. Never mind if it is a chestnut. Perhaps I've never heard it before.

Low Church—and Salary.

"It must be understood," said the vestryman, who was extremely "low church," to the new rector, "that the rector here shall have no surplice"—

"Gracious!" exclaimed the Rev. Mr. Newcome. "How could one have a surplus on the salary you offer?"—Philadelphia Press.

Needs Prodding.

"It is a great mistake, Mabel, to trifle with the affections of a man who loves you by encouraging some one else."

"Well, he's a little slow, auntie. I think he needs a pacemaker."

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AN OBSTINATE MAJOR.

He Had His Way Even After He Was In His Coffin.

Many amusing stories are told of the great formality blended with a humorous brusqueness and independence which characterized early Revolutionary days. An incident of camp life is related by the author of "Romance and Realism of the Southern Gulf Coast."

In 1798 the first United States troops that came down the Mississippi were quartered at Fort Adams. General Wilkinson, Colonel Hamtramck, Major Butler, Captain Green and other officers were merry over their punch one night, and the general, by some accident, got his cue burned off. Angry at the laugh which followed his mishap, he next day issued an order forbidding any officer to appear with a cue. Obedient to orders, all the officers but Major Butler cut off their cues.

"The vain old prig!" said the major. "I'll see him hanged before I cut off my cue to gratify him!" And he boldly appeared without changing the style of his hairdressing.

The major was put under arrest, but he declared obstinately that he would spend the rest of his life in prison before he would comply with such a silly command. Soon afterward he was taken very ill, and, realizing that he was at the point of death, he gave instructions for his burial, which he knew would be witnessed by the whole command.

"Bore a hole," said he, "through the bottom of my coffin, right under my head, and let my cue come through it, that the old general may see that even when dead I refuse to obey his order."

And these direction were literally carried out.

The Word "Hurrah."

Some authorities connect "hurrah" with a Hebrew shout of joy to Jehovah, which occurs in the Psalms. Others derive it from "Thor aide!" a war cry of the ancient Northmen. Others point to the Swedish and Danish "hurra" and the German "hurren," to move quickly, or the Danish "hurre," to buzz, with which our hurry is associated.

Sir Francis Palgrave in his "History of Normandy and England" says: "It was a wise custom in Normandy, established by Rollo's decree, that any one who had reason to fear damage of goods, life or limb could raise the country by the cry 'Haro!' 'Ha Raoul,' justice in Duke Rollo's name; hence our 'hue and cry.' The old English 'harrow' and our 'hurrah' are but variations of this." There are some who regard it as merely an imitative interjection akin to "whurra," used by Addison in a play, 1715, or of "huzza," found in Evelyn's Diary, 1665.

A Limited Edition.

There is a paper published in London called the Anti-Top Hat. It depends for its circulation not upon subscribers, but upon the will of an eccentric old man who hated the conventional form of headgear with a hatred which he carried beyond the grave. He fought the "stovepipe" hat while alive, and when he died he left his nephew $2,000 a year on condition that he edit and publish a monthly paper devoted to ridiculing the "top hat." The nephew accepted the legacy and the responsibility and issues his paper regularly, though he confines each edition to three copies, one for himself and one for each of the old man's executors.

A True Canvasback.

A good story is told of John Astley, a fellow student with Sir Joshua Reynolds in London and in Rome.

While walking in the Campagna Reynolds and some other students took off their coats, but for a long time nothing would persuade young Astley to take his off. At last he was prevailed on to do so, and the cause of his unwillingness to comply with the wishes of his friends was then revealed by an oil sketch of a waterfall painted on the back of the artist's waistcoat.

The Mother of Pearl Industry.

The center of the mother of pearl industry is Singapore. The shell oyster is six to ten inches long, the larger ones weighing as much as ten pounds. It is found on hard bottom channels between islands, where the current is strong. In gathering it a diver takes with him a bag of coir rope a fourth of an inch in diameter, made in large meshes, which, while suited for holding the shell, does not impede his traveling along the bottom.

What Fred Douglass Said.

One cold night during the height of the civil war Hon. Frederick Douglass got out of a train at Jersey City. He wore a big shawl on top of his overcoat, and a New York reporter, seeing the dark skin and towering form of the traveler, stopped him with the question, "Indian?" "No!" shouted Douglass. "Nigger!"

The Cannibal's Barbecue.

Killsem (a native of the Cannibal islands)—They are having a barbecue down on the beach.

Eatsem—What's the entree, man or woman?

Killsem—Neither. They've captured a ship laden with newspapers, and they are devouring the news.—Princeton Tiger.

A Blessing In Disguise.

Scroggs—Henpeck told me that he regarded the toothache as one of the greatest of temporal blessings.

Baggs—What an incomprehensible idea!

Scroggs—Yes; he said it made him forget his other troubles!

One-sixth of the landowners in Great Britain are women.

What Else Were They For?

Stranger—I notice that this part of the country seems fairly teeming with horses.

Anne Arundelite—Yessir. And when it comes to teamin' they ain't nothin' much better t' team with than horses. —Baltimore American.

The Lay of the Bird.

"Oh, Mr. Jones, which of the song birds are you most fond of?"

"I prefer the hen, Miss Dorothy."

"But the hen isn't a singing bird."

"Well, it's the only bird whose lay I care for."

Cutting.

Young Wife—How fortunate I am in possessing a husband who always stays at home in the evening!

Bosom Friend—Yes; your husband never was much addicted to pleasure.

His Financial Interest.

"I understand Jigson has a financial interest in the concern he is with."

"Yes, they owe him six months' salary."

Mr. Frith's Portrait of Dickens.

It was early in the fifties that John Forster asked me to paint a portrait of Dickens for him. I gladly consented and was about to propose a day for the first sitting when Forster stopped me by mentioning what he called a most unfortunate propensity which Dickens had developed—he was actually growing a mustache! "'Tis just a fancy of the moment," said Forster, "and we must wait till the craze has passed away." A very few months convinced us that the mustache, so far from passing away, was rapidly growing into what threatened to be a formidable beard, so, unless one-half of the face was to be lost to us, no more time should be lost. My idea was to paint him in his working clothes, but when I found that he always wore a light bright blue silk coat with big red cuffs every morning when he took pen in hand I remonstrated so successfully that after a little hesitation he consented to wear the black jacket in which he now appears at South Kensington.—W. P. Frith, R. A., in King, His Navy and Army.

Audubon and His Hair.

Audubon, the great naturalist, early in his career wore his hair very long. He wrote in his diary one day: "I wear my hair as long as usual. I believe it does as much for me as my paintings." However, in 1827 his friends succeeded in persuading him to get his hair cut according to the prevailing fashion. On March 19 of that year he wrote in his diary: "This day my hair sacrificed and the will of God usurped by the wishes of man. As the barber clipped my locks rapidly it reminded me of the horrible times of the French revolution when the same operation was performed upon all the victims murdered by the guillotine. My heart sank low." Further to express his grief the margin of the page on which this entry was made he painted black about three-quarters of an inch deep all around.

Eagles In the Tennessee Mountains.

There are many eagles in the Tennessee mountains, and consequently there are many mountaineers who are expert catchers of the young eagles. These reap rich rewards in return for their perilous risks and adventures, and some of them receive as much as $2,000 for a single year's catch. The keen eyed hunters watch the nests until the young are hatched and then, patiently waiting for the mother bird to leave in search for food, make short work of the capture, while the mother bird is invariably shot to death upon her return to the nest and in her frenzied search for her young. Bolder hunters than these make attacks at night, while the less experienced use snares and nets, a method, however, in a majority of cases, unsuccessful.

Cast Iron.

By altering the rate of cooling the strength of iron can be greatly changed, and the test bars are often run separately from the casting and cooled quicker, so that they usually have greater strength, sometimes more than twice as much. Separately cast test bars are always stronger than those cast on the castings itself, and of the latter the one nearest the heaviest part of the casting is always the weakest. The remedy, as above indicated, is simple when the false witness has once been pointed out.

An Apt Headline.

An English weekly, speaking of headlines, tells of an excellent one which appeared over a story of the Pigott forgery. In that case one of the devices by which Sir Charles Russell brought the unfortunate forger to bay was by getting him to write the word "hesitancy." In the forged letter the word was misspelled "hesitency." The day the flight of Pigott was announced an editor suggested the headline, "The Man Who 'Hesitetes' Is Lost," and it was so excellent that it was immediately put in type.

Smell and Taste.

The sense of smell is most nearly allied to that of taste. Hearing and seeing depend upon nerve responses to vibrations in the air and in the ether. In order to taste a substance it has to be wholly or partially dissolved; in order to smell a substance it must encounter the olfactory organs as a vapor, an emanation, a cloud of particles arising from odoriferous matter.

Burial.

"How much better I like the word 'burial' than 'funeral.' The burial is just the fulfillment of our latest prayers. 'None of self and all of thee.' The poor pettiness of that which is not living and loving and so glorified in him, all buried away, and nothing precious in his sight, and so in ours, can be buried there!"—"Letters of Emelie Russell Gurney."

Sporting Blood.

Blizzer—I heard that Bilgewater jumped out of his yacht and was drowned.

Buzzer—Shocking! Did he do it with suicidal intent?

Blizzer—Oh, no! He was racing and did it to lighten his boat and thereby win the race.

A Mean Trick.

"That's the meanest man I ever ran across," said the book agent.

"What has he done?"

"Kept me calling day after day, and finally said he didn't care anything about reading, but he enjoyed hearing me talk."

The legal duration of a patent in Germany is fifteen years from the date of application, and additional patents expire at the same time as the main patent. Inventions which appertain to articles of food or medicine cannot be patented in Germany.

Toned Him Down.

"This photograph doesn't look a bit like me," said Snarley to the photographer.

"I know it," said the photographer. "I was afraid to make it exactly like you for fear you wouldn't take it."

Tested.

Cora—Are you sure you will be able to support me, dear?

Merritt—Why, yes. It's cheaper to be married than engaged.—Exchange.

Hungarian peasants have a superstition that fire kindled by lightning can only be extinguished by milk.

Anchored.

A little chap four years of age met with the misfortune to have his hat blown into the river. When he reached home his father said to him:

"It's a wonder you didn't blow overboard too."

"I couldn't," was the quick response. "I was fastened to my feet!"—Presbyterian.

A Fishmongering Railroad.

While looking through a pile of old papers a correspondent came across the following article in a New York paper of the date of Feb. 6, 1859, under the caption of "The Smelt Railroad:"

"It is well known that the Portsmouth railroad has to turn everything to account to pay running expenses, and many are the jokes they perpetrate upon the conductors in reference to their shifts to get a living. It is said that one of them last year was accustomed to bring fish from Portsmouth and peddle them out on the way to Concord.

"One day he brought along smelts, dealing out to customers at every station, till he got to Suncook, where he blew his horn and an old woman came out and wanted six, 'Just a pattern—all I've got left, you're in the nick of time,' said he, and he began to count them and found only five. 'How's this? I should have six.' And he began to count his fingers and reckon over how he had disposed of the four dozen he had started with. After while: 'I have it! Hold on a little while and I'll be back,' said he, and he ran the train back seven miles to a place where he had let a woman have one more than she had paid for, got it, came back to Suncook and let the old woman have the six she wanted, and then the 'smelt' train went to Concord."—Manchester (N. H.) Union.

Sentinel and Hussar.

Two well known military terms, "sentinel" and "hussar," afford capital instances of the remarkable manner in which a nation does its word twisting. At first sight there seems little connection between the Latin word sentina, signifying the hold of a ship, and a soldier keeping watch over his sleeping comrades. The connecting link is afforded by the word sentinator, the Roman who pumped the hold of Cæsar's galleys free of bilge water. Upon his constant vigilance depended the lives of the entire ship's company.

Similarly the word "hussar" is merely a Hungarian term signifying "twentieth." It arose in this manner: When Matthias Corvinus became king of Hungary in 1458 he was extremely afraid of foreign invasion. He consequently raised an army by the simple expedient of commandeering every twentieth individual in the land; hence the hussar.

Mistake, Mistaken.

The use of these words seems to be so anomalous as to need some inquiry and explanation.

I may be mistaken, for I continually make mistakes. But when shown to have been mistaken I own myself in error. Yet, if I am mistaken, it is not the error of him who mistakes me? But it may be that I am right and that he is mistaken, though I suppose that I ought to take him aright and not mistake him. Nevertheless I often have to say in argument: "You were quite right. I was mistaken."

In a word, though he who mistakes must be in error, our common use of language considers him who is mistaken to be so.—Notes and Queries.

Fanatical Morocco.

Morocco, in spite of its close proximity to Europe, is the most fanatical of the Mohammedan countries. Christians are hated by the natives throughout the country, and it is often very dangerous to go outside the town of Tangier. The business of Morocco is entirely in the hands of the Moorish Jews, who amass considerable wealth in the coast ports. It is not prudent for a Christian to stay anywhere but in the Jewish quarter. At the capital, Morocco City, and Fez the natives expectorate and hurl stones at the "foreign infidels," as they call them, and no Christian is safe in the streets unless escorted by soldiers.

The Good Red Grouse.

Besides his many other claims to distinction the "good red grouse" has one which is often forgotten. He is the one vertebrate creature peculiar to the British isles. All the rest of our fauna is duplicated elsewhere, and even his cousin, the black cock, has foreign relations, but the true grouse exists nowhere in the world except within the United Kingdom, and considering what a noble game bird he is, how hardy and plucky and how magnificent in his flight, the fact is really something to be proud of.—London Globe.

Strong Coolies.

The power of endurance of the Chinese cooly is marvelous. Many will travel over forty miles, carrying a heavy load on their backs and think nothing of it. A writer mentions the case of certain coolies who, after going twenty-seven hours without food and having carried a heavy burden in the meantime, still had strength enough left to offer to carry a man fifteen miles farther.

Signed Against Signing.

Man With Petition—I'd like to have your name on this, Ruggles. It's a mere formality, you know, but—

Business Man—I'd like to oblige you, Rackshaw, but a fellow came round last week with a pledge binding the signer not to put his name on a petition of any kind for one year, and I signed it.

Chance For Heroism.

Adorer (anxiously)—What did your father say?

Sweet Girl—Oh, he got so angry I was afraid to stay and listen. He's in a perfectly terrible rage. Go in and appease him.

The Wicked Parrots.

Miss Nancy—I wonder why it is that sailors are such terrible swearers?

Cousin Tom—Why, don't you know? They learn profanity of the parrots. I thought everybody knew that.—Boston Transcript.

Morality Versus Intellectuality.

As a man grows older he perceives that the moral qualities are worth a good deal more in friendship than the intellectual qualities and that no brilliancy of mind, no charm of conversation, can make up for lack of loyalty, charity and generosity in social intercourse. Young men of brains are disposed to value mainly mental power in other people, and it is a human quality to forgive much in men and women of genius. This is a false appreciation of the respective values of mentality and the moral qualities. The time comes when a man learns that unselfishness and affection are better in wife or friend than intellectual power accompanied by intense self love. Fortunate the man who does not come to this knowledge too late.—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Foam on Soda Water.

Foam is a natural product, being caused by the escape of air or gas from a viscid liquid. In the case of soda water it is the escape of the carbonic acid gas from the sweetened beverage that causes the attractive sparkling appearance, but the sweetened water alone would give rise to but a small quantity of foam, as the gas would too easily escape. In order to prevent this some mucilaginous substance is usually added to the sirup, which renders the mass more viscous, so preventing the gas from escaping and producing the attractive head of foam so familiar to all.

His Hobby.

A tourist passing through an English village churchyard was much astonished to see graven on a tombstone a list of feminine names as follows:

Mary I., Elizabeth, Mary II., Anne, Katharine I., Katharine II.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed he to an old sexton who was digging a grave not far off. "I wasn't aware there were any queens buried in this part of the country, least of all in such an outlying place as this."

"No more there ain't as I knows on," replied the old fellow, scarcely looking up from his work.

"Well, then, in that case," queried the still surprised tourist, "how comes it that the names of several well known British queens are to be read on that stone yonder?"

"Ah, I see now!" quoth the old gravedigger as he raised himself up and glanced for a moment in the direction referred to. "Lots of your sort make that mistake; but, bless your soul, they bain't no queens of England! They be only the names o' old Billy Green's six wives, and that wor just a hobby o' his'n a-writin' on 'em out like that."

Two Little Stories of Corot.

We have any number of anecdotes about Corot. There is one which explains the artistic mind. He had reported to his employer how successfully he had sold a quantity of beautiful Lyons silks, and he expected some acknowledgment. On the contrary, the draper explained to him that there was no merit in disposing of excellent goods, as the real merit was to sell what was bad, whereupon Corot perceived that this was exactly what an artist cannot do, and he decided to quit commerce. He obtained his father's consent for his career as a painter on what was to him a large annuity of $300.

He was over thirty years old when he first began to paint, on the very day that his father freed him. He used to show that first picture of his to his friends, saying: "It is as young as ever. It marks the hour and the time of day when I did it, but Mlle. Rose, who worked at my mother's and who looked at me at my work, and I—where are we?"—John La Farge in McClure's.

Uncovering the Past.

"All right," says the rich father, after the count has stated his terms. "I'll let Sadie marry you and agree to turn over to you $1,000,000. Now, let's get fixed up properly. Suppose we say $1,000 down and the balance at $2 a week?"

Here Sadie bursts into tears and leaves the room.

"Now, ma," says the rich father to his wife, "what on earth's the matter with that girl?"

"Well, I don't blame her at all, pa. It seems as if you never could keep from betraying the fact that we are of plebeian origin."

"What have I done now?" asks pa.

"Why, you talk as if you were buying the count from an installment house."—Judge.

Enough.

A New York man says that one of the most pathetic remarks he ever heard was made by a youngster who belonged on New York's east side. The little fellow was taken to Coney Island on an outing conducted by a charitable organization. He went down on the beach and stood for several minutes watching the waves rolling in. As far as he could see there was nothing but water, and the expanse of waves and whitecaps fascinated him. Heaving a deep sigh, the little fellow remarked, "Well, this is the first time I ever saw enough of anything."

Raising the Ship.

"Yes," said the yarn spinning old mariner in the corner of the railway carriage, "for three days and nights we worked at the pumps, and still the water gained on us. At last we gave up the hopeless struggle. There we was—sinkin', sinkin', expectin' to perish every 'arf a minute. It was a horful time, believe me. Suddenlike we feels the wessel a-risin' up through the water. She riz till her keel was a'most out o' water, and we rides into port light on top o' the waves. We was saved! 'Ow it happened was, we had a cargo o' yeast on board, and when the water reached it it rose and rose till it fairly lifted up the ship!"

How Sea Birds Quench Their Thirst.

The means by which sea birds quench their thirst when far out at sea is described by an old skipper, who tells how he has seen birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a storm cloud, clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain squall a hundred miles distant or even farther off and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

The Average Man.

The factor which is overlooked by those who fear the ascendency of any quixotic notion is the existence of the average man. This individual is not a striking personality, but he holds the balance of power. Before any extravagant idea can establish itself it must convert the average man. He is very susceptible and takes a suggestion so readily that it seems to prophesy the complete overthrow of the existing order of things. But was ever a conversion absolute? The best theologians say no. A great deal of the old Adam is always left over. When the average man takes up with a quixotic notion, only so much of it is practically wrought out as he is able to comprehend. The old Adam of common sense continually asserts itself. The natural corrective of quixotism is Sancho Panzaism. The solemn knight, with his head full of visionary plans, is followed by a squire who is as faithful as his nature will permit. Sancho has no theories and makes no demands on the world. He leaves that sort of thing to his master. He has the fatalism which belongs to ignorant good nature and the tolerance which is found in easy going persons who have neither ideals nor nerves. He has no illusions, though he has all the credulity of ignorance.—S. M. Crothers in Atlantic.

One of Bill Nye's Jokes.

When Bill Nye one day happened on the modest sign of Major Pond, the lecturer manager, in a window of the Everett House, in New York, he said to a friend who accompanied him: "Here's the man that incites the lecturers. Let's go in and see if we can't induce him to lead a better life." Entering, Nye removed his hat and ran his hand over the hairless expanse of his head and after staring about for a moment said, "This is Major Pond, I believe." "Yes, sir. What can I do for you?" answered the major. "I want to get a job on the platform," returned Nye. "Ah, yes," said the major slowly. "Have you had experience?" "Well, I've been before the public for a couple of years." "Yes? May I ask in what capacity?" "I've been with Barnum. Sat concealed in the bottom of a cabinet and exhibited my head as the largest ostrich egg in captivity."

The Boyhood Friend.

Before he was elected to be the chief executive of the Old Dominion Governor Montague of Virginia met an old classmate on the train. They had not met for years. Mr. Montague was a candidate for governor and the other a plain country lawyer with a small income.

"What can I do for you when I'm governor?" said the candidate as he put his arm around his friend. "What can I do for you, old boy?"

"Just what you have done now," quietly replied the lawyer.

"Why, what's that?" said the other.

"Simply put your arm around me and call me 'old boy.' That's all I want," was the reply of the true friend of boyhood days.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Saved by a Ring.

Lady Catherine Wyndham, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, wife of Mr. William Wyndham and mother of the first Earl of Egremont, died, as was supposed, at Orchard Wyndhams, the family seat in Somersetshire, and was buried in a vault beneath the Church of St. Decuman's, near Watchet. The sexton went down into the vault at night, opened the coffin and endeavored to force a ring off her finger. Lady Catherine awoke from her trance, got up and lighted herself home with a lantern which the sexton had left behind in the vault when he fled in terror. A few months afterward she presented her husband with twins, one of whom became Sir Charles Wyndham and Earl of Egremont.

A Justifiable Evasion.

One time when Sir Walter Scott was asked if he wrote the Waverley novels, the authorship of which was a great secret, he said, "No, I am not the author, and if I were I should say the same." Mr. Gladstone thought this a justifiable evasion.

Sydney Smith once said of some of his anonymous efforts, "I have always denied it; but, finding that I deny it in vain, I have thought it might be as well to include the letters in this collection."

A Family Name.

The teacher of a country school asked his pupils one day if any of them could tell him who Joan of Arc was.

The question was followed by profound silence. Some of the pupils stared at the teacher, and some turned and stared at one another, as if seeking the information in the faces around them.

Finally a boy burst out with:

"Oh, yes, I know. She was Noah's wife."—Lippincott's.

Varnished Books.

"We have to varnish all our books in my country," said a Chinese. "Otherwise they would soon be eaten into a gray powder by a little black insect, like a beetle, that takes to books as a cat takes to ashes. Everybody in China when he receives a consignment of books from Europe or America mixes a little pot of varnish at once and proceeds to go at his books with it. This fluid is a perfect protection. It is made of creosote, Canada balsam, resin, spirit of wine and mastic."

Relatively Poor.

"Alas," said the unhappy woman, "and we were once considered wealthy!"

"But, my dear," said her husband soothingly, "we have as much money as ever."

"Oh, yes, I know, but there are so many who have a lot more that nobody pays any attention to us any longer!"—Brooklyn Life.

Grows Genial.

"How do you like Tipton?"

"He seems cold and reserved."

"He does at first, but he soon thaws. After you have met him a few times he will come up and slap you on the back and ask you for a dollar, just as cordial as can be."—Kansas City Journal.

Protest.

Doctor—I should say you have about three months to live.

Patient—Make it longer, doctor. I can never pay your bill in that time.—Life.

Nerve.

She (with an idea of choking him off) —There are only two men in the world I could love.

He—Indeed! And who is the other one?

Forethought.

Husband—You don't mean to say you paid $250 for that gown?

Wife—Oh, no! I left that for you to do.—Smart Set.

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.—Broadhurst.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 25.

Text of the Lesson, Ps. xxxii—Memory Verses, 5-7—Golden Text, Ps. xxxii, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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It seems quite fitting that we should consider David's joy because of forgiveness after having considered his sorrow because of sin. But neither the one nor the other will do us any good unless the experience is truly our own. This is one of the psalms entitled "Maschil," which according to the margin signifies "giving instruction," but according to another interpretation "to act wisely," and unless we have for ourselves individually confessed our sins and obtained forgiveness of the same we have neither acted wisely nor obeyed our instructions. Some one has defined iniquity as perverseness, unrighteousness, transgression, a going beyond; sin, a coming short. Rev. Dr. Spurgeon has called it a three headed dog at the gates of hell, whose barking has been silenced by Christ for all who truly receive Him. In Ex. xxxiv, 6, 7, the name of the Lord includes the forgiveness of iniquity, transgression and sin. In Rom. iv, 6-8, the Spirit through Paul quotes the opening words of this psalm in connection with the statement that all this blessedness, including righteousness, comes to us as the free gift of God, apart from any works of ours. It is most clearly set forth in Scripture that neither money nor good works can purchase the forgiveness of sins. It can only be obtained by a great sacrifice, which God Himself has provided, and it must be obtained in this present life. Consider well Rom. iii, 19-24, and the teaching of the epistles everywhere on this topic; also Job xxxiii, 24; xxxvi, 18; Ps. xlix, 6, 7; Zeph. i, 18. Sin unconfessed is like a gathering wound, which swells and torments; but sin acknowledged and confessed receives forgiveness promptly through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. But there must be no guile, no deceit; the soul must be honest before God. Then the blessedness, the true happiness, will surely come. Confession is the lance which relieves the festering wound (Jer. iii, 13, 14; Hos. xiv, 1, 2). Then we can hear God saying to us Isa. xliii, 25; I John ii, 12; Acts xiii, 38, 39. These are matters demanding our most earnest consideration, and every selah in the psalms calls us to special meditation.

Luther calls this one of the best psalms because it teaches that forgiveness of sins comes without law or works to him who truly believes—that is, receives the Lord Jesus. Verses 6 and 7 teach us that the godly need forgiveness and a refuge and a deliverer, and indeed it is only the godly who know how much they do need it. It is only as we grow in grace and in the knowledge of God that we see the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and then do we become truly thankful for I John i, 7, 9. He, and He only, is our city of refuge and our strong deliverer, and it is our privilege to abide in Him and with Him and hear Him say, like David to Abithar, "Abide thou with Me, fear not, for he that seeketh My life seeketh thy life, but with Me thou shalt be in safeguard" (I Sam. xxii, 23). Contrast hiding from God and hiding in God in Gen. iii, 8, 10; Ps. xci, 9, 10; cxix, 114. To avoid the snares into which the devil would lead us we must be meek enough to be taught and guided and have our eyes ever toward the Lord (Ps. xxv, 9, 15).

If we are teachable and desire only the will of God we may rest assured that He will fulfill to us the promise of verse 8 and comfort us with the assurance of Isa. xlviii, 17. The marginal reading of verse 8 is very helpful, "I will counsel thee; mine eye shall be upon thee," assuring us not only of guidance, but of watchful care to see that we do not turn out of the way, according to Isa. xxx, 21. I once saw a guide at a railroad depot tell a lady which car she should enter, and then, watching her as she went along the platform and seeing her about to enter the wrong car, he ran after her and put her in the right car. He counseled her and then kept his eye upon her. As to the horse or mule of verse 9, notice that the reference is to such as have no understanding—stubborn, unsubdued—for there are horses and even mules which seem to have more understanding than those who drive them. To be as willing and obedient as a good horse would be quite an advanced life for some Christians. The R. V. of the last clause, "Else they will not come near unto thee," suggests how difficult it is for the Lord to get some people near enough to Him to guide them.

Unless we are intimately acquainted with those who guide us they cannot do it with a look. Yet see Ps. cxxiii, 2. As to the last two verses of this psalm, the sorrows of the wicked do not all come to them in this life, for it is often with them as recorded in Ps. lxxiii, 3-9; but when their sorrows do begin beyond this life they will be forever (Luke xvi, 23-25; Rev. xiv, 10, 11). Whatever may come to the righteous that looks like evil and for the present is sorrowful, it cannot be a real evil in the light of eternity, but rather comes under the head of Rom. viii, 28; II Cor. iv, 15-18. The believer has every reason to say Ps. xxiii, 6, and to be glad and rejoice and shout for joy. If we have unbounded confidence in God, as we should have, we will appropriate the words of Hab. iii, 17, 18; Isa. lxi, 10, remembering always Rom. viii, 32, 38, 39. Since God is love, and love is kind, we will learn to accept all seeming ill as part of God's loving kindness and say, "This is His best for me today, prepared by the same love that died for me on Golgotha."

Scotch Coolness.

Speaking of Scotch characteristics, an Englishman traveling in this country told a story illustrative of Scottish coolness under trying circumstances.

"A number of Scots," he said, "were working on a fifteen story building. One up near the roof lost his foothold and fell. But even in his swift descent through the air he remained quite cool and calm. In fact, as he shot past a friend on the twelfth story he sang out:

"'Eh, Saundy, man, sic a fall as I shall hae!'"

A Man to Know.

One of the chief joys in life is to know men by whom you can swear, to know a man here and there over the world of whom you can say: "Wherever he is tonight, there he is helpful, truthful, sincere, wise, intelligent—an educated gentleman; educated in every faculty of his being, in those things which go to make the body a thing of delight and beauty; educated in conscience, so that even as the eye seeks the light his conscience seeks the right; educated fully and completely."

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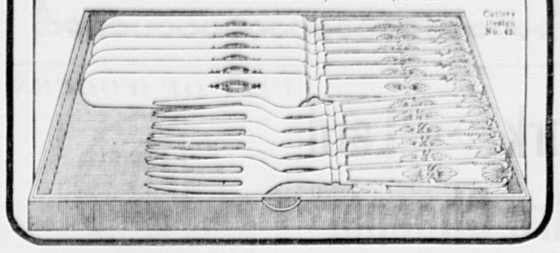

Cutlery Design No. 43.

The Flax Plant.

Linen is obtained from the flax plant, a small, delicate annual with a tiny blue flower. The plant is pulled by hand in the summer, the seeds, known in commerce as linseed, being removed and the straw subjected to various processes to separate the fibrous part which constitutes the linen. First it is steeped in water and then passed through a drying and heating process on revolving wheels until all foreign matter is removed. It is then ready for manufacture.

Flax has been used from remote ages as a textile fabric, especially in Egypt. Mummy cloths are often found to be of exceedingly fine texture. The chief linen producing countries of the present day are Ireland, France, Belgium and Germany. The flax fiber is round and irregular, is very durable and is capable of extensive bleaching. Plain linen has a simple weave, with the weft threads alternately interspersing the warp ones. When woven with a pattern it is usually called damask.

As a clothing material linen should not be worn next the skin because it is a very good conductor of heat.

Jute and hemp are from plants which are used in manufacturing only very rough materials. In form they resemble very coarse, inferior flax.—American Queen.

Trained Nurses Who Loaf.

"When a doctor finds a nurse reading a book about her profession and not a novel while she watches at the bedside of a patient," said an uptown physician, "that is the nurse he likes to hire and to help. If the case turns out well the doctor sometimes makes her a present of a book with up to date ideas on her profession which she might not be able to buy. One-half the trained nurses of the city are dependent upon the recommendations of physicians, and half the success of a physician depends on a good nurse; therefore a doctor likes a nurse who reads about her business, attends lectures and keeps up with the times.

"You would be astonished to know how many lectures are given by physicians in New York every month that are open to trained nurses, but which few of them attend. There are a good many loafers among the trained nurses. They seem to think their study ended when they got their diplomas."—New York Press.

Mythical as Thirteen.

Modern occultists maintain that the number four plays quite as important a part in mundane affairs as the number thirteen, and for the following reasons:

There are four cardinal points, four winds, four seasons, four rules for arithmetic, four conjugations and four quarters of the moon. Moreover, the Olympiad lasted for four years, a pack of cards is composed of four equal parts and of four suits, an hour is divided into four quarters, and most pieces of furniture have four legs. The occultists even point out that every human being has four canine teeth, that a fork has four prongs, that corpses are placed between four planks and prisoners between four walls, and that at a funeral the coffin is usually borne by four persons.

A Mere Man's Idea.

"First impressions are proverbially dangerous guides unless one happens to be of the sex which always has the gift of making its first impressions rhyme with the issue," says a recent writer. But a woman always awaits the issue before she confides her real first impressions to the outside world. She may "say things" which the mere outsider may mistake for her first impressions, but they are not her real first impressions. They come only after the event. This, however, is a profitless digression.

Property Found on Criminals.

"The question as to what final disposition is made of money and jewelry found in the possession of criminals was frequently asked me when I was on the force two years ago," said an ex-captain of the New York police force. "As a rule, everything found upon an arrested criminal which obviously is not his lawful property is held in trust, as it were, by the police for possible claimants. If no claimants turn up the property is returned to the criminal on being released from his term of imprisonment, provided the commissioner of police is perfectly satisfied that the property actually does belong to him.

"If the commissioner has reasons to think otherwise, however, the articles, often valuable, are held indefinitely or until it is certain that they will never be claimed by their rightful owners, when the stuff is finally disposed of and the proceeds handed over to benefit one or another of the various police funds.

"There are certain things, however, which the police never return to those on whom they have been found, such as burglarizing tools, firearms, gambling devices, begging letters—anything, in fact, that might be used by criminals again in their nefarious occupations."

Economical.

Friend (to amateur artist)—I suppose you'll give up painting when you marry?

Amateur—Oh, no! It'll be so convenient and economical when we have to make wedding presents.

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

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Individuality of Birds.

In studying different birds of the same species individual traits are constantly seen and expressed in strong relief. The greatest differences seem to lie in the relative development of their sense of fear. In one wren family the male never fed the young, and the female never became very tame. What a different state of affairs was found at another wren's nest studied earlier in the summer! After the removal of this nest it was fully forty-five minutes before the young got a morsel to eat, but after the first visit the victory was won, and the hen, if not the cock, bird became very tame. During the preliminary interval of suspense the male sang cheerfully, but the female was at the nest and away many times before venturing inside. Five minutes after her timidity had been finally overcome the male was also on the stump, where he sat with drooping wings and gave his alarm; thence he flew to a tree, then to the ridgepole of the tent, where he sang merrily, while the young were fed by his mate. The male sang all the morning until noon and, after a silence, began again at 2 o'clock. On the contrary, at the first nest the male was never seen and seldom, if ever, heard. The timidity of the female was never completely overcome.—Century.

Feline Aristocrats.

The Siamese is said to be the most delicate and expensive of all cats. It is called the royal cat because, according to Science Siftings, it has long been bred in the family of the king of Siam. It is a short haired cat, which looks curiously like a dog. Its coat is pug dog color and very short, firm and silky —more like a dog's than a cat's. It has black paws and nose and a twist in its tail.

His Idea of Pleasure.

"Yes; we went all over the continent, but papa really only enjoyed himself in Venice."

"Ah, yes, no wonder! The gondolas, St. Mark's, the"—

"Oh, it wasn't that. But he could sit in the hotel, you know, and fish out of the windows."

Easy Enough.

"Johnnie," asked a gentleman of a little kindergarten pupil, "do you know how to make a Maltese cross?"

"Yes, sir; I sho' do."

"Well, tell me how you do it."

"Why, you just step on her tail."—Exchange.

The Patient Ones.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "sits down an' does a day's loafin' an' calls it bein' patient an' resigned."—Washington Star.

The jest loses its point when he who makes it is the first to laugh.—Schiller.

The Man Who Knew It All.

A Sixth avenue groceryman's boy appeared on the curb with a rat trap in his hand. Twenty pedestrians stopped at once and three dogs barked and leaped at the prisoner.

"Get out in the street!" shouted a voice.

"Give that rat a show!" added a second.

"Hold on till I get my dog!" piped a boy.

"Say, bub," interposed a fat man with a cane as he pushed his way into the crowd, "have you had any experience with rats? There's only one way to handle 'em. Let me take the trap."

With bad grace the boy surrendered it, and while some one held the fat man's cane he held the trap high over the street. When the spring door was opened six or seven dogs were waiting, and the rat didn't like the looks of things. He sprang from the door, twisted to the top of the trap and then jumped to the fat man's shoulder.

The crowd noisily fell back. The fat man yelled. The dogs butted in. One dog got the rat and four dogs got the fat man's legs. When that gentleman arose, his silk hat ruined, he demanded his cane. The holder had disappeared.

"Rats!" shouted the crowd.

And the fat man steamed fussily down the avenue.—New York Press.

Fortune has often been blamed for blindness, but fortune is not so blind as men are.—Samuel Smiles.

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VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1903. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 48.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M.
RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M.
SUNDAY-To Boston ,9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.
For Nashua ,Manchester and Concord,N.H.at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.19, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y
Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15-8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 , p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham ,5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.
In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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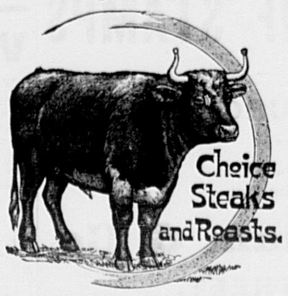

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Boston & Northern St. Railway
WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P.M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A.M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

MARRYING A TITLE

By Frank Leslie Bowen

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Gerald Elkins was seriously disturbed over his mother's cold blooded purpose to secure a titled son-in-law. He loved his sparkling, vivacious, warm hearted sister, and his soul was in revolt at the idea of forcing her to make a loveless marriage.

He was still pondering over the question in the lobby of the Breslau hotel when inspiration came to him in the person of Tom Carrington, a former college chum.

After the first greetings Gerald dragged his friend into a quiet corner and immediately began to unfold his brilliant scheme.

"Tom, old man, you are still single and heart free, aren't you?"

The other nodded in mild surprise.

"Good! I didn't know but that you had met your fate during the three years you've spent in England. Do you know, the sight of you put a queer idea into my head. You remember my little sister, Elnore? You saw her once about six years ago. She was only a little girl of fifteen then, but I remember you said you thought her deucedly pretty."

The other's brown syes kindled at the recollection.

"Well, of course she is a young lady now and, if I do say it, one of the loveliest girls that you'll meet in many a day's travel. Most unfortunately, mother has determined to marry Elnore off to some duffer with a title, and she's badgering the life out of the poor girl about it. So far Elnore has turned down all the lords, counts, et cetera, for, though she says she is willing to marry one provided she loves him, she draws the line at the half baked specimens of nobility that the mater has sprung on her. I want you to come to the rescue, Tom. Go in and win the little sister yourself and save her from the titled fortune hunters. You'll fall in love with her, I'll wager my head. My plan is to introduce you to mother and Elnore as an English nobleman whom I met a couple of years ago in England. I remember you once told me your father was an Englishman and distantly related to the Earl of Weldon. That's what made me think of the plan. Of course, having only seen you once for a few minutes years ago, Elnore won't remember you. Join our party for the next two months while we are doing Germany and Austria. What do you think of it?"

"For heaven's sake, Elkins, are you serious?" the other gasped.

"Never more so in my life."

"But your sister! You are not considering whether she will like me or not. Then think of the position it would put me in. She would despise me when she discovered what a trick I had played on her."

"Oh, she'll like you all right, and you can tell her the truth when you propose. You need not care what the others think so long as dad and I are satisfied, and I can vouch for the governor's views. At any rate, as long as you are in the party mother won't be inflicting any more of these fossilized and impecunious nobles on the poor girl."

There was a peculiar twinkle in Carrington's eyes, and he gazed meditatively at the opposite wall a full minute before answering.

"I'll do it," he said briefly as he swung around. "You may introduce me as Lord Carnleigh, the courtesy title of the heir apparent of the Earl of Weldon."

Tom Carrington was tall and broad shouldered, with polished manners of a man of the world. Mrs. Elkins was in a flutter of ecstasy that evening as her son presented to her "my Lord Carnleigh, heir apparent of the Earl of Weldon, Castle Weldon, Sussex, England, a gentleman whom I met two years ago in England," the last statement, at least, being a literal truth.

Elnore's face bore a look of doubting surprise as her eyes first rested on the clear cut features of "my lord," and the latter's quick glance caught it. It worried him a bit, but he soon forgot it in blissful enjoyment of her society.

"By George!" he exclaimed as he paced up and down his own room later in the evening. "Gerald was not a bit too partial in his praise of her. She's the handsomest, brightest, most adorable little girl I've ever met. I'm not sorry I entered into his plot now. I'll carry it through and win her if I can."

Carrington's courtship of Elnore during the next few weeks was of the most industrious and persistent character. Gerald smiled contentedly as he watched the couple so absorbed in themselves, so oblivious to externals. Mamma Elkins, too, was complacent.

True, "Lord Carnleigh" found no easy victim to his noble charms.

"She's a girl of the most distractingly variable moods," he declared in half despair one day to Gerald. "I believe she likes me. At times I almost think I've won her, she is so sweet and gracious to me, and then just as I am getting my courage up to the proposal pitch she'll suddenly turn cool as an iceberg."

Taking consolation from Gerald's wise commonplace, "That's a woman's way, my lord," he kept up the siege most valiantly. Finally one day his eager eye saw a signal of distress in her mantling cheeks and drooping eyes. Then he boldly demanded a capitulation.

When she whispered, "I love you, Tom," he took her in his arms and shamefacedly acknowledged the deceit he had practiced upon her and Mrs. Elkins.

Mischievous dimples lanced about the corners of her sweet mouth as she raised her head from his shoulder.

"Tom Carrington," she cried gleefully and to his great consternation, "I knew who you were the moment I saw you there in Breslau! A schoolgirl of fifteen never forgets a young man she meets, particularly if he is a—a—well, rather good looking fellow. I knew you were not 'Lord Carnleigh.' I don't believe I should have learned to like you so well if you had been. I have grown prejudiced against titles since I have been in Europe. Of course, I forgive you, you bad, deceitful fellow, but I can't say what mamma will do."

"Mamma" did just what Tom anticipated when he told her of his love for her daughter and bravely confessed that he had been guilty of an atrocious hoax in passing as Lord Carnleigh. Apologies availed him naught. Even when Gerald broke in and attempted to assume responsibility for the whole affair and to explain that Carrington was rich and really connected with a noble English family, Mrs. Elkins' wrath was not abated one jot. In a storm of passion she ordered the young man to leave her apartments and never again to intrude his presence on her or her daughter.

There was a conference that evening between Gerald and Tom at another Berlin hotel, with the result that the next morning, long before the hour of Mrs. Elkins' awakening, Elnore stole out of her room. She was dressed for traveling. Gerald and Carrington met her in the lobby, and all three entered a waiting cab.

Two hours later Mrs. Elkins' French maid brought a large square envelope to her bedside. On both envelope and paper was the Weldon crest. Her astonished eyes read the following lines:

> My Dear Madam—I humbly beseech your pardon for defying your commands, but I have obeyed the dictates of my heart, and this morning at 6:30 o'clock, in the presence of your son and my private secretary, Mr. Holcomb, at the Fourth Lutheran church, your daughter and I were married.
>
> We start at once on our wedding trip, and after a few weeks in Italy and France we shall proceed directly to Castle Weldon, England, my country seat.
>
> The countess sends her love and a most earnest plea for forgiveness, in which I heartily join. She also was deceived, basely deceived, and did not learn the truth until she saw my signature on the marriage register. You see, I was not Lord Carnleigh, but the Earl of Weldon, my father, who died more than a year ago, having unexpectedly succeeded to the title only a few weeks before his death.
>
> I need not add, I am sure, how very great pleasure we take in extending an invitation to you, your husband and to my dear friend, Gerald, to pay us a long visit at Castle Weldon after June 1. With deepest regards, WELDON.

Facial Resemblance.

"Physiologists tell us," observed a well known lawyer the other day, "that no two faces are exactly alike, and I think they are correct, although we often hear of one person being the exact image of another. That this is largely a matter of imagination can be proved by investigation. For example, I have in my office a clerk who is constantly mistaken for myself. Several people say he resembles me so closely that I must be joking when I deny the relationship. In order to ascertain how much reason there was for these statements I took the fellow to a photographer's one day last week, and we both had our pictures taken together, and I would defy any one to point out a single point of resemblance.

"My clerk, however, regards the matter as a good joke, and I half suspect that he acknowledges relationship in a good many cases intentionally so as to cause complications. I have shown the photograph to several people who have made the mistake, but it has no influence upon them whatever, and it is impossible to convince them against their will."—New York Mail and Express.

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THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

SAGACITY OF MR. SAGE.

His Reason For Refusing to Advance Another Loan.

One day a young man of Russell Sage's acquaintance—in fact, the grandson of an old friend of other days—approached him on the subject of a loan of $10 for two weeks and—got it. He promised faithfully to return the money at a stated hour, and the promise was as faithfully kept. Mr. Sage had very little to say when he gave up the ten and quite as little when he got it back.

A week or ten days later the young man came to see him again and this time asked him for $100, making all sorts of representations of what he would do with it. Mr. Sage refused to ante. The young man was surprised, not to say pained.

"Why," he exclaimed, "you know I'll pay it all right. Didn't I say I'd have that ten for you on Monday, and wasn't I there to the minute with it?"

Mr. Sage beamed softly on the grandson of his old friend.

"My boy," he said, with no trace of unkindness in his tone, "you disappointed me once, and I don't want you to do it again."

"I beg your pardon, I did not," argued the youth. "I said I would pay you back, and I did."

"Yes, my boy," purred Mr. Sage, "you paid back the ten, and I never expected you would. Now, if I let you have a hundred I should expect you to pay it back, and you wouldn't. One disappointment at my time of life is enough, my boy. Good morning."—Collier's Weekly.

A Perugian Superstition.

The girls of the Perugian highlands believe as firmly as any heroine of Theocritus that a person possessing a lock of another person's hair can will pain, disease and even death to the owner of the hair, and thus when maidens give their betrothed lovers the customary plaited tress it is virtually their life and all their power of suffering that they give into those trusted hands.

If the man should prove unfaithful and disease descend upon the unhappy woman, she is not, however, utterly lost. The experienced matrons of her village have means to transfer the complaint to a tree, to an animal or to cast it into running water. The patient must rise in the early dawn, touch a certain plant in a certain manner, saying, "May thou wither and I flourish again," or bind her complaint to a tree in a given fashion, taking care never to pass again before that tree lest the disease, recognizing its former possession, return to her again.

Trees In Japan Sacred to the Gods.

Near every temple in Japan are certain trees that are supposed to be peculiarly loved by the gods and to be sacred to them. Any one injuring or causing to be injured one of them will bring down the wrath of the kami or god whose particular property it is. If the trees be injured in the name of any one the kami avenges himself on that person instead. So when a girl finds that a swain's love has cooled and she thinks revenge would be sweet she makes a straw manikin and calls it by his name. If she is very vengeful she may also make one of her hated rival. At 2 o'clock at night (called the hour of the bull) she rises, and, clad in a white nightdress only, with high clogs on her feet, her hair hanging loose and crowned with an iron tripod, on which three lighted candles are stuck, she proceeds to the shrine of the patron god of the family.

Praise Your Wife.

Praise your wife, man, for pity's sake, praise your wife when she deserves it! It won't injure her any, though it may frighten her some from its strangeness. If you wish to make and keep her happy, give her a loving word occasionally. If she takes pains to make you something pretty, don't take it with only:

"Yes, it is very pretty. Won't you hand me my paper?" It will take you only a minute's time to kiss her and tell her she is the best wife in town. You will find it to be a paying investment—one which will yield you a large return in increased care and willing labor for your comfort. Loving praise will lighten labor wonderfully and should be freely bestowed.—Exchange.

Animals and Sight.

In the water fishes see only at very close range—about half their own length. This will seem, perhaps, unlikely to anglers, although some of them can cite instances showing that fish cannot see far. Snakes seem to have a very mediocre sense of sight. The boa, for instance, does not see at more than a quarter of its own length. Different species are limited to one-fifth or one-eighth of their length. Frogs are better off; they see at fifteen to twenty times their length.

A Narrow Footing.

Smarticus—I didn't know Offiseeker had had any experience as a tight rope walker.

Sparticus—He hasn't.

Smarticus—Without it I don't see how he's performing the feat of which he is accused—running on his own merits.—Baltimore American.

Under the Spell.

Dashaway—A few short hours ago I was sitting with a girl, telling her she was the only one in all the world I ever loved, and so forth and so forth.

Cleverton—And she believed you, didn't she?

"How could she help it? Why, I believed it myself."—Life.

A RUNAWAY PRINCESS

By Curran
Richard Greenley

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"It is useless, your highness, to protest against the things that are." The baroness smoothed down her laces with plump little hands upon which gleamed innumerable rings. Marie Amalie Constantia Louise—"and all the rest of it," as she said to herself, Princess of Doldrums, arose from her low chair with a most unroyal impatience. Swish, swish, went the silken skirts over the polished floor, and the Baroness von Griefenstein wisely kept silence.

Marie Amalie stood at the window and drummed a tattoo upon the pane. Below, the little fountain tossed its laughing waters and the cuirassiers' band poured forth the national air. Marie Amalie was tired of fountains that played in the sunlight, tired of the national hymn, sick to the soul of the duchy of Doldrums and all it contained—all because a few short weeks before the baroness had taken her young charge with her train to the hunting schloss and then spent a glad, never to be forgotten day.

Somehow—nobody knows, for such things have a way of managing themselves—the equerries and the princess' maids drifted two by two down the forest alleys in the languorous afternoon. The baroness nodded in her chair, and Marie Amalie found herself alone.

When Marr Davent rode from the gasthaus that morning he drew long breaths of the forest freshness. For miles beneath the arching lindens of the duke's forest he rode at a walk, the reins hanging loose on the bay's neck, singing snatches of college glees and thinking of the faroff country whither he would soon be going.

He raised his eyes and looked down the linden reaches—looked and woke, so near that the bay reared in sudden fright. Then Davent slipped from the saddle and stood, hat in hand, as Marie Amalie came toward him through the green twilight.

She did not attempt to excuse herself to herself, and to no one else did that imperious young woman vouchsafe rhyme or reason for her deeds. It was temptation, pure and simple, at a time when the girl was sore imbittered against the traditional shackles. A prisoned thing, bound and dumb in her jewels and laces, she had known the shame of the old roue's approval when he came to view her, as one would the points of a prize mare, and pronounced her fit to be Duchess of Grafsland. "Fit!" Marie Amalie ground her white teeth together at the remembrance of it. But she smiled with level brows into the brown eyes of Davent as the handsome head was bowed before her, and then trouble began for the Baroness Griefenstein.

Two hours later they parted under the lindens, he believing her some nobleman's daughter in the train of the young princess; she knowing all the facts about him. Marie Amalie came up the linden walk, thinking deeply. An American, it suited her exactly. She thought of the yacht that lay even now at Havre; thought, too, of the doddering old Duke of Grafsland, who had buried his second wife not a year before, the pale, pretty princess out of the north, who had been sold to him, as they were selling her.

Marie Amalie went softly up the marble steps, through the portico and down the hall, her footsteps making no sound in the thick carpet. She drew back the portiere that hung in straight, heavy folds. There was a smothered cry from within, a rustle of paper, but before the baroness could close the drawer a white hand closed firmly upon her wrists.

"What are you doing here among the private papers of Duke Fritz?"

The baroness sank down, gasping, speechless, as Marie Amalie towered over her. Then the girl made a hasty examination of the drawer. The key was in the lock. A fragment of wax that adhered to the keyhole told the secret of the baroness' access to the papers of the young duke who had killed himself in that very room years before, when the Baroness Griefenstein had been a famous court beauty and Marie Amalie but a child in the cradle.

Only a bundle of yellowed letters, written in the delicate Italian script affected by the women of that generation. Marie held them thoughtfully; then, with sudden impulse, retied the faded ribbon about them, locked the drawer and placed the key in her bosom. The letters she kept in her hand. With a slow smile around the mischievous red mouth, she passed through the portiere out into the sunlight. She held the key to the situation.

The Baroness Griefenstein was a sensible woman. She knew herself at the mercy of the girl whom heretofore she had ruled relentlessly. Therefore, through the weeks that followed she temporized, telling herself that it was only for a time. In a month the girl would be safely married. There were various expeditions to the forest, evening walks, when only the baroness guarded the pretty princess. The young American still lingered at the gasthaus and rode his bay through the duke's forest.

Meanwhile the women came and went, intent upon the preparations for the marriage. All around the luxurious room were scattered the silks and laces, jewels strewed the tables. And in their midst Marie Amalie at the window, her eyes upon the forest, heedless of it all. A horseman rode down the winding road and turned in the saddle for a long look at the palace. Some day he would ride from her forever to his land of "hearts content" over the sea, leaving her to the desolate pomp of the Duchess of Grafsland. She turned to the baroness, and their eyes met. The baroness shivered. The crisis that she had been dreading had come. Marie Amalie leaned down, hushing her voice to a whisper. "I will do it, and you must help me." And the baroness knew that she would keep that word.

The old duke, her father, could hardly believe his eyes and ears when Marie Amalie dutifully accepted her betrothal presents from the old Duke of Grafsland and even bent her white brow to his kiss. Through all the festivities that followed she moved, a queenly figure, but there was a wicked light in the brown eyes, a mutinous curve to the red lips, and the days of the Baroness Griefenstein were not days of pleasure.

The Princess Marie Amalie lay in her darkened room. Once the doctor would have let in the light, but she protested, and finally he left her alone with a sleeping draft. As he measured it, going to the window with his back to the bed, a white hand flashed out toward the little case that held his drugs. Only an instant, but as the door closed behind him Marie Amalie laughed low to herself.

The baroness was on the point of rebellion, when Marie Amalie before her protesting eyes poured a generous dose into the chocolate and bade her swallow it.

"I am afraid. It will mean imprisonment, banishment."

"Take it" (the sweet voice was like steel); "take it quietly. The letters shall be yours when I am safe." The baroness drained the chocolate with quivering lips.

Davent waiting with a closed carriage at the postern gate heard the click of the sentry's heels as the baroness came through the gateway. A long black cloak came down to her feet, but the tawny gray hair and the password were sufficient for the sentry.

Without a word they entered the carriage and were driven through the night, past the gates, where the baroness gave the word, aboard the express, by grace of the promptly produced passports. When the morning broke they were well away to Havre.

The princess had issued orders that on no account were her maids to enter her room until summoned. But as the morning wore away and no sound came from beyond the closed doors they braved her anger and entered to find the princess' bed empty, unused, and in a chair by the window the Baroness Griefenstein, with an empty chocolate cup at her elbow, lost in a drugged stupor.

There was much hurrying to and fro in the duchy of Doldrums, but of their Princess Marie Amalie there was never a trace.

The little Lutheran minister blinked and hesitated. But in the state of New York there is no Alamancha de Gotha, and, although Marie Amalie von Halsburg awakened an old sound in his ears of the fatherland, the suspicion seemed too utterly impossible to be entertained for a moment. So he went on with the ceremony, and Marie Amalie Davent passed from the shadow of the quaint little church out into the free sunlight of a land that knoweth neither princess nor principalities.

A Mean Trick.

A lawyer defending a promissory note went to lunch, leaving his books and citations on the table in the court room. The opposing counsel sneaked back into the room and changed the places of all his bookmarks. In the afternoon the lawyer, taking up his books, referred the court to his authorities. His lordship noted every volume and page carefully and took the case under consideration. In rendering his opinion he said:

"I was inclined after hearing argument of counsel for defendant to nonsuit plaintiff, but I find, after referring to the authorities quoted by counsel, none of them bear on this case, and I am led to think that the gentleman has been willfully trying to insult the court. He has referred me to an action of an Irishman who sued the proprietor of a monkey for damages for biting him, to a case of arson, one of burglary, two of petty larceny and three divorce cases, none of which bears on an action to recover on a promissory note. Perhaps the grossest insult to the court is referring to 'Duckworth versus Boozyman,' an action charging defendant with breach of promise. Judgment for plaintiff with costs."

The lawyer never knew what the matter was and to this day thinks the judge was out of his mind.—Pearson's Weekly.

Dreaded the Interview.

Medium (at spiritualistic seance)—Is Mr. Keezicks present? His deceased wife wishes to communicate with him.

Mr. Keezicks (in an agitated voice)—Tell her I'd rather not. I'm married again.—Chicago Tribune.

Perpetual Beginners.

Would Be Sportsman—I suppose everybody must begin as—er—er—a beginner, don't you know.

Gamekeeper—To be sure, sir; but some continue it a good deal longer than others.

Ayer's
Take cold easily? Throat tender? Lungs weak? Any relatives have consumption? Then a cough means a great
Cherry Pectoral
deal to you. Follow your doctor's advice and take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It heals, strengthens, prevents.
"For 40 years I have depended on Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. I know it greatly strengthens weak lungs."
MRS. P. A. ROBINSON, Saline, Mich.
25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Weak Lungs
Ayer's Pills increase the activity of the liver, and thus aid recovery.

THE OLD RELIABLE

ROYAL
BAKING POW

Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

The Bashi-bazouk.

Like each of the various clans of the Kurds, the bashi-bazouk can easily be distinguished by his costume. His shoes or "yemenys" (meaning leather) are red or black. His golflike stockings, which leave the knee exposed, are elaborately embroidered in black, his short Turkish trousers are of homespun, while about his waist is a short sash of wool or silk, surmounted by a leather belt in rich colors and embossed in red. This is divided into three or four sections, in which he keeps his revolver, his chibouk or pipe and his yataghan, always kept sharp. The bashi-bazouks never carry daggers, as the Circassians do. A cartridge box hangs from the side, as also a small silver snuffbox. They wear two jackets—the under one with short sleeves and the outside one with long. At the elbow is an opening in which they carry in a leather bag written quotations from the Koran as a talisman to protect them from the bullets of the adversary. About the neck is a chain of silver coins, from which is suspended a powder box.

Monte Carlo's Black List.

It is usually imagined that any one may enter the gambling saloons of Monte Carlo and try his or her luck at the tables where roulette, trente-et-quarante and baccarat are played. But the Prince of Monaco has made a rule that no resident in his "dominion" is to be allowed admission, and the privilege is consequently denied his "people."

The casino authorities decline admission on their own account to any person who on a previous occasion may have lost all his money at the tables and may have had to ask for financial assistance from them to procure a railway ticket for home.

To secure this money one goes to the office of the administration, which is at the top of a steep staircase, and after signing sundry documents the victim has to sit to a photographer. This photograph is preserved for future reference, and the man who is on this black list has very little chance of renewing acquaintance with the gilded saloons until he has repaid the debt.

In Old Nantucket.

Nantucket island is full of strange names. Here are a few of them: Coatue, Coskata, Nauma, Wauwinet, Pocomo, Squam, Quidnit, Quaise, Cachacha, Sankoty head, Polpis, Siasconset, Pochick, Tom Never's head, the territories of the late Sachems Wannochmamock, Autapscot and Poconet, the Shearing Pens, Shawkemo, Shimmo, Monomoy, Massasoit bridge, Nopque, Wannacomet, the Washing pond, No Bottom pond, Saul's hills, Cain's hill, Hensdale, Popsquatchet, Trot's hill, Maddequet, Whale House lookout, Miacomet pond, the Haulover, Tuckernuck, Muskeget, Abram's point, Jeremy's cove, Wigwam ponds and Egypt.

A Pauper Artist.

In a museum attached to two almshouses at Kirkleatham, England, is a wonderful carving of St. George and the dragon out of a single block of boxwood, the work of a poor prisoner, and it is valued at £2,000. It is said that this piece of carving was the cause of a wager being once laid in a dispute as to its entirety. To prove that the work was one single piece of carving it was plunged into a pot of boiling oil and allowed to remain for hours. All doubts were set at rest when it was withdrawn and found to be still complete. The prisoner who completed this marvelous piece of work used an ordinary penknife only.

Fishing For Plunder.

A visitor to one of the hotels at Peking was awakened during the night by the noise caused by the fall of a roll of paper. Getting out of bed, he saw with astonishment a pole, to which was attached a fishing line, moving about the room, collecting various objects and removing them through the window. Upon going downstairs he was heard by the burglarious Chinaman outside to whom the rod belonged and who escaped, leaving his fishing line behind him.

A Mental Strain.

"I'm thinking of a trip to California," said Smartie.

"Really, old man," remarked Pepprey, "you can't afford that. You're not accustomed to that sort of thing."

"I merely said I was thinking of it. I can afford to think, can't I?"

"No; that's what I meant. You're not accustomed to thinking."—Philadelphia Press.

Failure.

Toucher—If I borrow a dollar from you will it be necessary to hand it back tomorrow or can you wait until next week for it?

Frost—I'm too busy to discuss purely hypothetical questions. Ask somebody who likes to argue.—Kansas City Journal.

Bravery.

"John," whispered the good woman in the dead of the night, "there are burglars downstairs."

"You go down, dear," replied John sleepily. "They wouldn't dare to strike a woman."

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, OCT. 30, 1903

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Governor,	John M. Bates
Lieut. Governor,	Curtis Guild, Jr.
Secretary of State,	William M. Olin
Treasurer,	Edward S. Bradford
Attorney General,	Herbert Parker
Auditor,	Henry E. Turner
County Commissioner,	Samuel O. Upham
Senator,	Francis Appleton
Representative,	Herbert S. Riley Charles H. Nowell
Councillor,	David I. Robinson

REPUBLICAN RALLY

—AT—

Republican Headquarters,

—ON—

Saturday Evening, Oct, 31

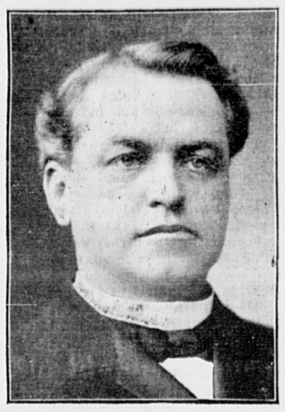
SPEAKERS:

Senator Francis Appleton, Representative Charles H. Nowell Hon. Geo. R. Jewett, candidate for Councillor [probably], and others.

The Rally will be wholly informal, with no Spread Eagle Features, its object being to arrange business for Election Day.

☞ Everybody Cordially Invited.

PRESENT AND NEXT GOVERNOR.



Immediately preceeding this brief Editorial allusion to him the Gentle Reader will observe a fine portrait of Hon. John L. Bates, Governor of Massachusetts, and Republican candidate for reelection, with a moral certainty of getting there with more votes to spare than some of the aspiring political parties will cast on election day. For this admirable likeness of our highly esteemed Chief Magistrate the JOURNAL gratefully acknowledges its obligation to the Republican Club of Massachusetts, whose courtesy we heartily appreciate, and to whose good work the annual stupendous victories of the Republican Party of this State is largely due. The Club is made up of Stalwarts, and no Mugwumps need apply for admission.

The reelection of Governor Bates is a foregone conclusion; the only question to be decided will be the size of his majority. He richly deserves the honor, for he has made a Governor of whom the Old Bay State may well feel proud.

NEXT TUESDAY.

Massachusetts will fight her annual political battle at the polls next Tuesday, Nov. 3. The conditions at the present time do not point to a great battle, but it must of necessity prove a Waterloo for somebody, and, inevitably, that somebody must be the Democratic Party.

The Democrats are putting on a bold front and boasting loudly of what they are going to do on election day; but anybody with half an eye can see that it is another instance of whistling to keep their courage up, and that they have no faith in their ability to win this fall.

Col. Gaston is a worthy citizen, of good ability, so the Democratic papers say; but there isn't enough of him, nor strength enough behind him, to keep Gov. Bates out of the gubernatorial chair next year, nor the year after, as for that matter.

SENATOR APPLETON.

Prominent Woburn Republicans tell us that, beyond a shadow of doubt, General Francis Appleton, the Republican candidate for reelection to the State Senate in this District, will receive a larger vote next Tuesday than he did a year ago, and win by a larger majority. This will come from that excellent gentleman and efficient legislator being better known to the voters now than at his first election.

Senator Appleton deserves well of the Republicans of this District. He is an able, upright man, and one to be trusted.

THE ONLY CONTEST.

The main contest at the polls in this District on Nov. 3, will be that over the election of Representatives to the Legislature. It is firmly believed by all good Republicans, and as much as admitted by the Democrats, that Messrs. Riley of Woburn, and Nowell of Reading, will emerge from the contest with flying colors. Both of these deserving gentlemen will get handsome support in Woburn, and Reading Republicans will come to their aid with a solid and enthusiastic vote.

A FULL REPUBLICAN VOTE.

What the Republicans would like to know just now is whether, or not, their Ward and City Committee are straining every nerve to secure a full Republican vote next Tuesday.

If every Republican voter is not at the polls and does not cast a ballot for Riley and Nowell and the entire Republican ticket, the Committee will be held strictly accountable for the deficit.

☞ Music by the National Band was the drawing card at the Democratic Rally (!) in the Auditorium, this city, last Monday night. The Band boys played firstrate, but the rest of it didn't amount to anything to speak of.

Col. Gaston and his Lieutenants, Sullivan, Fitzgerald, et als, were on deck early and often, and Mayor Feeney presided with dignity and grace He opened the ball with a speech.

The audience was small and not very select. Col. Gaston was not disappointed, for he has become accustomed to that sort of a thing during his present whirlwind campaign.

Col. Gaston's theme was coal, the last subject under the sun that Woburn Democrats wanted to hear discussed. His speech operated like a blanket drenched in ice water on the spirits of his hearers.

Col. Gaston spoke and acted just as though he was teaching a political kindergarten class, whereas fully one half of the Unterrified present had already been advanced from the kindergarten to the third and fourth grades

There won't be nearly as many Democratic ballots cast in this city next Tuesday as there would have been if Col. Gaston and his Lieutenants had kept away from here.

☞ Last Saturday evening, Oct. 24, Mrs. E. F. Hayward, President of the Woburn Woman's Club, delivered a lecture before a large and cultivated audience at Milford, N. H., under the auspices of the Woman's Club of that town. Her theme was "Women in the Renaissance," as the period of the revival of learning and the fine arts after the "Dark Ages" was called, a theme to which she has given much time and study, and which, it was reported, she handled with rare ability and success. It was pronounced by competent judges an able production, with which her intelligent audience were greatly pleased. Mrs. Hayward has an engagement to lecture before the Woman's Club of Natick and invited guests this evening, Oct. 30, and also to perform a like service for the Woman's Club of Littleton later on. She is a highly educated and accomplished young woman; a student and thinker; and it is probable she will be frequently heard on the lecture platform this coming winter.

☞ The Republicans of Reading will, it is said, cast their full strength for Nowell and Riley for Representatives this year. The 100, or so, of them who, without sense or reason, went over to the Democratic candidate last fall learned a lesson that will not soon be forgotten by them. Riley and Nowell will get their votes next Tuesday.

☞ If Commissioner Preston of the Board of Public Works declines another election, as is likely, and Mr. E. F. Hayward steps into the ring to secure the place, which is also likely, he will stand much more than an even chance of being elected. He has hosts of friends.

☞ Any Republican voter in this city able to walk, ride, or go afoot, who fails to go to the polls next Tuesday and vote the ticket of his Party, including Nowell and Riley, ought to be ashamed to show his head in public for a month.

☞ John W. Johnson, Esq., President of the City Council, is, beyond doubt, the coming man for Mayor of Woburn. The Mayor Feeney influence will be with him to the finish.

☞ Republican campaign managers assure us that Nowell and Riley will win the Representative race by handsome majorities on election day.

☞ A full Republican vote will insure the election of Nowell and Riley high and dry on Nov. 3.

☞ It is more than probable that Ald. M. C. Felch will be reelected to a seat in the City Council next December.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City—Notice.
C. H. Cadwell—Water.
Housekeeper—Wanted.
C. L. Babcock—To Let.
F. A. Hartwell—To Rent.
Burbeen F. L. F.—Course.
Mrs. M. T. Lane—Wanted.
Mrs. A. J. Plumer—To Let.

— The ground froze quite hard last Tuesday night.

— Read the new card of Hanson & Co., jewelers, in this paper.

— Water Commissioner Elwyn G. Preston is home sick abed this week.

— C. L. Babcock, 79 Elm street, N. W., advertises tenements. See ad.

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— Miss Margaret Reade attends the teachers convention at St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

— "Crawford's" is famous for the fine quality of its candies and reasonable prices.

— Mr. Fred A. Hartwell advertises a desirable tenement and a room for rent. See ad.

— The Towanda Whist Club beat the Pastimes of Boston 12 to 7 last Friday evening.

— Hope Circle are to give a Halloween party in Odd Fellows Hall tomorrow evening.

— Miss Minette Dow and Miss Ethel Burbeck are visiting friends in Portland, Maine.

— Mr. Daniel Beggs returned from a successful hunting trip in Maine woods last Saturday morning.

— A lady wishes to obtain a situation as housekeeper. Call at the JOURNAL office and learn her address.

— The ladies of Trinity Parish will hold their annual Sale and Supper at Music Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 18.

— Dr. S. P. Codman will open the Burbeen Lecture Course in Lyceum Hall on Tuesday evening, Nov. 24.

— Mr. Clifton Hanson and his new bride, respected residents of Toledo, Ohio, visited relatives and friends in this city last week. Woburn is Clifton's native place.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
FLOOR COVERINGS

Assortment — COMPLETE
Prices — — — RIGHT
Work — — — PROMPT

It is generally known that we are ***Distributors of Floor Coverings*** of every description, and we desire it to be equally well known that we have all grades of ***Upholstery Fabrics, Lace Curtains, Furniture Coverings, etc.***

The advice of an interior decorator is at your service, if desired. Goods displayed either in our show-room or at residences. Estimates furnished for covering single pieces of furniture or for completely decorating either a single room or an entire house.

For eighty-six years, under the same firm name, we have distributed to the public, to our neighbors, to our friends, Carpets and Rugs, and until we added Interior Decorations and Upholstery Fabrics our sole and entire business has been Floor Coverings.

Does not this record make for intelligent confidence on your part?

Pray Building, Washington St., opposite Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

New Line of FALL GOODS
—AT—
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

High Grade Confectionery

is not only very palatable, but very healthful. Beware of inferior goods.

Our line comprises only of standard goods, such as Quality, Appolo, Lowney,s, etc. We have a large variety of bulk goods containing over 25 different kinds to choose from.

Also dainty sealed packages from 25 cents to $1.00.

A special line of chocolates at 20 cents per pound.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

GREEN TRADING STAMPS.

☞ Original Cut Prices Drug Store.

— The reader will please note carefully everything set forth in the advertisement of the Burbeen Lecture Course.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— The Highland Orchestra played for the Bell-Blake wedding in Winchester last Tuesday evening. It was a swell affair.

— Halloween comes tomorrow, Oct. 31. We suspect and greatly fear there will be "a hot time in the old town" on that festive evening.

— The Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, D. D., Bishop of Massachusetts, will visit Trinity church, Thursday evening, Nov. 5, at 7.30 p. m.

— Druggist Brooks's store is popular and enjoys a firstrate standing among physicians, as well as common people. It is well kept in every respect.

— A goodly number of Woburn Congregationalists attended the Woburn Conference at Lexington last Monday. They had a fine time.

— Mr. Arthur W. Whitcher returned several days ago from a business trip to Bangor, Maine. He was accompanied by Mrs. Whitcher.

— The Mystic Valley Bowling League season opens on Nov. 4 and closes Feb. 3. On Nov. 5 Towanda Club of this city plays at Central.

— Messrs. Benjamin Hinckley, Jacob M. Ellis, and John W. Ellard, appraised the estate left by the late Mr Gilman F. Jones, last Monday morning.

— Col. Charles W. Woodward was in this city Wednesday calling on friends and presumably spying out a suitable route for another street railway.

— Mrs. A. J. Plumer advertises a desirable residence to rent, 9 Wyer's Court. It is a house of 8 rooms, neat, warm, convenient, and nearly new.

— Mr. Thomas Moore, the successful and popular Main street grocer, has bought the valuable Connolly business estate corner of Main and Broad streets.

— Tomorrow evening, Oct. 31, a Woburn bowling team and one from the Father Mathew Society of Lowell are to play a match at the Auditorium in this city.

— Benjamin Champney, the venerable artist, and his daughter, Mrs. A. C. Wyer, and child, return from their summer home at North Conway, N. H., today.

— Gerard Dodge was elected Captain of Harvard's Second Football Eleven last week. He was a graduate of the Woburn H S. Class '00, and is Class '05 at Harvard.

— The course to Lawyer Riley's election next Tuesday appears to be smooth, straight, and level. A search for obstacles in his path to the Legislature has so far proved fruitless.

— By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that Mrs. M. Talbot Lane offers a smart, lively woman a good chance to earn some money in a pleasant occupation.

— If Brother Sullivan had offered them green trading stamps, possibly he might have prevented the audience from leaving in platoons at the Democratic Rally last Monday evening.

— The next game of football in the High Schools League is to be played in this city by the Woburn Highs and Methuen Highs. Our home lads are playing a strong game this season.

— Prudent householders will now be looking to their plumbing and getting it put in order before the pipes freeze up, and they will find C. M. Strout & Co., just the right parties to do the work.

— Mayor Feeney's fast trotter ran away on Main street last Saturday, and stove the buggy into smithereens, and injured the horse. Lawyer James E. Feeney was thrown out, but not hurt.

— Last Saturday the JOURNAL family received a pleasant call from Mr. Frank M. Williams, an old Illinois acquaintance. He is a Maine product, and settled in Geneseo, Illinois, in 1870.

— Mrs. McDonald, wife of Mr Fred McDonald, came from her home at Groveton, N. H., last week to visit relatives and friends here. Mr. McDonald is largely engaged in the lumber business at Groveton.

— Miss Mary McGrath, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McGrath, gave a nice birthday party to her friends at Elmwood last Saturday afternoon. A delightful season was spent by Miss Mary and her young friends.

— The Woburn Brass Band played for a Democratic Rally at Winchester last Monday evening. A report of the powwow in the Boston papers failed to state whether or not the Band played "See the conquering Hero comes."

— Voters in Wards 3 and 4 are requested to read City Clerk Finn's notice of a change in their polling places to the Auditorium. This is important, and the change should be kept in mind, else some voters may be lost.

— Mr. Samuel Cummings of the firm of Cummings, Chute & Co., coal merchants, and wife returned from Winterport, Maine, last Tuesday at the close of a fine and pleasant visit there among the scenes of Mrs. Cummings's early days.

— Mrs. M. E Putney, who has been visiting her former cherished home and many beloved friends in Woburn this summer and fall, has returned to her home at Putney, Georgia, where the JOURNAL hopes she may "live long and be happy."

— Mrs. Dr. Wyer of Nebraska, formerly Miss Ada Hummell, Captain of the Salvation Army here several years ago, in which capacity she did a grand Christian work, and afterwards married Dr. Wyer in this city, was here on a visit last week.

— No jewelry store in the country shows a handsomer display window than that of Hanson & Co., and what is more, there is no shoddy about the goods. But those who would see something exquisitely fine in the jewelry line should wait until Mr. Varney opens up his holiday stock.

— Rev. Charles F. Barter, formerly Assistant Pastor of the Every Day church, Boston, and for three years Superintendent of the children's vacations at Winning Farm, has been called to the pulpit of East Cambridge Universalist church. This church intends to open its doors to the public every week-day, and in the practical religious and philanthropic work planned, Mr Barter will find abundant opportunity to continue the work among children, which he has always delighted in.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— The marriage of Mr. Charles Bert Strout, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Strout, and Miss Marion P. Holland, daughter of Mr and Mrs Alfred H. Holland, will take place at the residence of the bride's parents, 25 Middlesex street, next Tuesday evening, Nov. 3. It is to be mainly a family affair.

— Mr. Harry F. Parker, formerly of this city was usher at a very swell wedding of Miss Mary Louise Parker of Medford and Mr. William Henry McLaren of Westwood, at the residence of Mrs. Henry Marshall Parker in Medford on Wednesday evening, Oct. 14, 1903, a full description of which appeared in the Dedham *Transcript* of Oct. 17.

— The first fall of snow in the autumn of 1903 occurred on Monday, Oct. 26. The first in 1902 was on Nov. 24, almost a month later than this year. To be sure, the precipitation last Monday was microscopical as to bulk; but it was snow, all the same; and, as was the custom of the late lamented Mark Allen, the JOURNAL cheerfully makes a note of it.

— It is expected that a goodly number of the Woburn Woman's Club will attend the meeting of the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs to be held in Asbury Temple, corner of Main and Moody streets, Waltham, at 10.30 a. m. Wednesday, Nov. 4. The principal address will be delivered by Mr. Earl Barnes of N. Y., one of the foremost educators in the United States.

— It is gratifying in the highest degree to be informed that the attendance at the evening school is larger than ever before, for it indicates an increasing interest in that useful adjunct to our public institutions of learning. The number studying there under competent teachers is now 180, by whom, we understand, excellent progress in studies is being made. The utility of our evening school can hardly be estimated.

— On Tuesday evening, the 27th, the Young Men's Bible Class of the First Baptist church enjoyed a very pleasant evening, the occasion being that of their first social and supper. Rev. Mr. E. C. Applegarth, pastor of the Elm Hill Baptist church, Roxbury, was the speaker. Subject: "The Relation of Young Men to the church." Also, Miss Bertha Wells Cohoon, of New Dorchester, was the reader, and Mr. E. C. Barnes, the pianist.

— The reception given to Rev. and Mrs. James L. Fowle in the handsomely decorated parlors of First church last Monday evening, was an exceedingly pleasant affair. It was informal; no speeches; but a fine repast and social intercourse. Rev. Mr. Fowle left the next day for Caesarea, Turkey, to resume the work of a missionary which he has been successfully engaged in there for the last 25 years. Mrs. Fowle will return to Turkey later.

— The homemade food sale by the enterprising women of the Unitarian church last Saturday was a phenomenal success, and might just as well as not have been a great deal more so had there been more food to sell, the demand for which exceeded the expectations of the women by at least 100 percent, and many would be customers were compelled to go away empty handed. The net profits will go quite a ways in greasing the financial wheels of the church.

— One day last week we were shown the latest production of Albert Thompson's brush in his favorite line of cattle and landscape painting, for proficiency in which he enjoys a wide and enviable reputation. This picture, which we regard the best sample of his work that we have seen, is a small one, about a foot square, and represents a stream of clear water lazily meandering through low grassy banks, with cows standing at the water's edge, and trees and shrubbery distributed at the back and edges of the rural scene. In painting pictures of cattle Mr. Thompson stands unrivalled among New England artists, and is equally au fait in handling landscapes and water views.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Hand Tailored

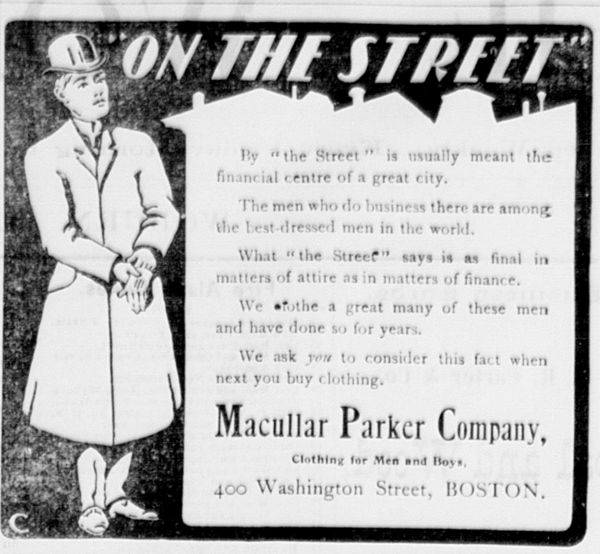
Copyright 1903 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

Out Of
The Common

are many of our new Winter Overcoats. Young men who wish the new broad shoulder, loose fitting, sumptuous effect, will be pleased with the nobby styles we have had made for us, by Hart, Schaffner and Marx of Chicago.

It will be a pleasure to show you.

Hammond & Son,
Leading Clothiers,
Lyceum Hall Building,
403 Main St., WOBURN.



By "the Street" is usually meant the financial centre of a great city.

The men who do business there are among the best-dressed men in the world.

What "the Street" says is as final in matters of attire as in matters of finance.

We clothe a great many of these men and have done so for years.

We ask *you* to consider this fact when next you buy clothing.

Macullar Parker Company,
Clothing for Men and Boys,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.

Cut Rates on Cough Cures !

		OUR PRICE.
Adamson's	35c	25c
Arnold's Killer	25c	20c
Piso Cure	25c	20c
Lung Kuro	50c., $1.00	42c, 80c
Father John's	50c., $1.00	42c, 80c

LOWEST RATES AT Whitcher's

$3.00 WORTH OF STAMPS
—WITH A—
ONE DOLLAR PURCHASE!

Cut out the coupon below and present it at the store of

E. P. Fitzwilliam & Co.
373 MAIN STREET,

and with a One Dollar purchase you will receive Three Dollars worth of Stamps.

GOOD FOR
$3 Worth of Stamps
With a $1.00 Purchase.
GOOD ONLY at the store of
E. P. FITZWILLIAM & CO.,
373 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

— Mrs. Boice of N. Y. City, formerly Mrs. McDonald of Bennett street, is visiting old friends here.

— Mr. Bryan McSweeney is local agent for sound, firstclass Fire and Life Insurance Companies. Apply at 7 Munroe street.—5

— At a musical given by the Melrose Glee Club at Melrose last Wednesday evening, Miss Jennie Trecartin of the Woburn First church Quartet was the soprano soloist.

— Woburn W. R. C., 161, announce this week to the public that they will have a supper and sale in G. A. R. Hall, Wednesday afternoon and evening, Dec. 2. Further particulars later.

— Company K, 39th Mass. V. Reg't, held a reunion at the residence of Veteran William P. Warren, 89 Mishawum Road, last Wednesday evening. Refreshments were followed by a jovial smoketalk and happy evening.

— Woburn W. R. C., 161, will hold their first of a series of whist parties for the coming season in G. A. R. Hall Wednesday evening, Nov. 4, at 8 o'clock. There will be nice prizes for ladies and gentlemen. Admission 10 cents.

— Mr. C. H. Cadwell sells the Crystal Spring Water which is a pure, refreshing, and health giving beverage, as his many customers in this city and elsewhere will not hesitate to testify. Druggist Brooks takes orders for this excellent water. See ad.

— The L. C. S. and Alliance Branch will meet in the Unitarian church parlor, Thursday afternoon, Nov. 5. There will be an address at 5 o'clock upon "The Developement of Church Architecture and Decoration," by Mr. H. B. Pennell. All are invited. Supper served at 6.30 p. m., followed by a Dramatic Entertainment. Supper and entertainment, 25 cts. Entertainment only, 15 cents.

— FIRES—The alarm from box 62 early last Saturday morning was for a slight fire in the rear of A. J. Foster's house on Church ave. The alarm from box 66 Tuesday evening was for a fire in John H. Murray's barn on Lawrence street, in which Dr. Carroll's horse was burned to death. The alarm from box 63 at 2 35 Thursday morning and immediately followed by general alarm was for a fire that destroyed the patent leather shop of Hugh D. Murray on Broad street.

— Maine men of the forests, cute Yankees, all, and famous Nimrods, are often greatly diverted and laugh heartily (in their sleeves) at the gunning exploits and mighty boastings of Massachusetts moose and deer hunters in the solitary fastnesses of "Away Down East." Because they know a trick worth two of it. The sportsmen who are "to the manner born;" whose homes are embowered among the noble pines of the vast Maine forests; who eat "moose meat" all the year round, with caribou, partridges, and wood chucks, for side-dishes; these men bring down the antlered King of the Forest, the gentle doe, and frolicsome fawn whenever they choose to do so, and almost at the very edge of the rough steps to their rude habitations. It is easy enough. In this wise: they plant "saltlicks" at desirable points, which are quickly discovered by the wild denizens of the woods and resorted to by them singly, in pairs generally, and sometimes in herds, to lick the soft soil well seasoned with salt, a proceeding which they very much enjoy. They gradually become tame to such a degree that the hardy woodsman who would have a choice, juicy venison steak for his dinner or supper has only to take his sheathknife, gun and dog being superfluous accompaniments, proceed to the "lick," select a fat victim, as one would choose from a barnyard of domestic cattle, thrust the keen blade to his vitals, and take it home. Guides, skilled in others besides woodcraft, of which the forests are full, understand this trick and profit by playing it, for when the shooting season opens, and the woods begin to resound with the sharp cracks of Massachusetts rifles, the hour has come to put it into operation. Then he takes his moose hunter in tow; leads him many a weary dance through woods and tangled underbrush for days, perhaps, all the time having his mind's eye intently fixed on the "lick," which, after great fatigue and poor luck is reached. The weary tramp is over! Hope, so long deferred, has ended in fruition, for, glory hallilujah! there, within easy shot, stands the long sought, but elusive, Monarch of the Forest, with wife and child, perhaps, by his side, peacefully enjoying the "lick," as fine a target for a huntsman's aim as ever eyes beheld. Five minutes later he lies still in death, his companions fled, the prey of the mighty Bay State hunter. With a profusion of thanks the Guide receives an additional generous fee for so skilfully leading the hunter to the rendezvous of the game and the animal is expressed to Massachusetts, the tag informing the public that "this is the first one shot in Maine this season."

Polo.

The next games in the Polo League are to be played as follows:

Monday, Nov. 2—Chelsea at Lawrence, Stoneham at Salem.

Tuesday, Nov. 3—Chelsea at Lynn.

Wednesday, Nov. 3—Lynn at Stoneham, Lawrence at Chelsea, Salem at Woburn.

Thursday, Nov. 5—Woburn at Stoneham, Lawrence at Salem.

Friday, Nov. 6—Lynn at Woburn.

Polo is rapidly regaining its old time popularity in this section of the State, and is beginning to draw old fashioned crowds of spectators.

Mrs. Hubbard.

MRS. HARRIETT E. HUBBARD of this city, widow of the late Allen T. Hubbard, died suddenly of apoplexy at Jamaica Plain Hospital at 8 p. m. last Sunday, Oct. 25, 1903.

She was born in Boston, Oct. 13, 1837, her maiden name being Harriett E. Faden. She married Frank B. Dodge, who died a few years ago, and afterwards, for a second husband, Allen T. Hubbard of Boston. She had been a resident of Woburn 44 years.

Of her family the deceased left three children: Mrs. Dr. H. G. Blake, Frank F. Dodge, and Walter L. Dodge.

The funeral was held last Wednesday, Oct. 28, at her late home, 46 Mishawum Road.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Twenty-eight Franklin Street.

The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.

The National Graded Course Used.
P. O. Box 344.

MISS DORA A. WINN,
WILL RESUME
Pianoforte Instruction,
October 1, 1903.
6 Highland Street, Woburn.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

WANTED!

Women have become a factor in Life Insurance, and I want a smart and energetic Representative in your town to sell the best Company in Life insurance. If interested, call or address, Mrs. M. Talbot Lane, General Agent Woman's Department, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "Dwelling Together in Unity."
Sunday School at 12 M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—21st Sunday after Trinity
Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Adam and Fallen Man."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: "Thou Shalt Love the Lord Thy God with All Thy . . . Mind."
12 M. Sunday School.
6.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., Preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Are We Responsible for Our Own Characters?" (Ladies Quartette.)
Friday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D. Subject: "The Promise of Power."
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service. Subject: "Self-Mastery."
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening, at 7.30.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev Cephas B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "Prayer a Deed."
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "A Strange Saying Concerning Sodom."
7.45 P. M., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 22, by Rev. George H. Tilton, Charles Herbert Tabbut and Florence May Buck, both of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 28, by Rev. W. S Thompson, Charles Hurder Hunter of Woburn and Helen Burrill of Burlington.

In Burlington, Oct. 21, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, Frank Tilton Buchanan of Woburn and Nellie Pollock Winn of Burlington.

In Wilmington, Oct. 21, by Rev. Michael J. Locke, John Francis Tenney of Woburn and Cora Elizabeth Croteau of Wilmington.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 27, Thomas Murphy, aged [illegible]2 years, 8 months, 5 days.

In Burlington, Oct. 27, Mary Reade, aged 67 years, 21 days.

A Brilliant Party.

Stonehurst, the beautiful home of Mrs. John I. Munroe, was the scene of a brilliant social gathering, Wednesday evening, October 28.

The spacious drawingroom and hall were decorated with palms and American Beauty roses, and the guests, as they entered, were greeted by music from the orchestra.

The audience was a representative one, and the ladies were beautifully gowned.

The hostess gracefully introduced Mrs. Gertrude Rugg Field of Providence, R. I., whose lecture on "The Evangeline Land in Romance and Reality" was listened to with evident pleasure and appreciation. Mrs. Field recited, to violin accompaniment by Miss Maud Littlefield of Woburn, numerous selections, including two original poems. The recital was interspersed with stories and allusions of a witty character, and the program was varied, showing the versatility of the artist, and giving those present a unique entertainment, and a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

Following the recital Mrs. Munroe presented her guests to Mrs. Field, and a social hour and light refreshments brought to a close a most successful and brilliant affair.

Millionaire's Poor Stomach.

The worn-out stomach of the over-fed millionaire is often paraded in the public prints as a horrible example of the evils attendant on the possession of great wealth. But millionaires are not the only ones who are afflicted with bad stomachs. The proportion is far greater among the toilers. Dyspepsia and indigestion are rampant among these people, and they suffer far worse tortures than the millionaire unless they avail themselves of a standard medicine like Green's August Flower, which has been a favorite household remedy for all stomach troubles for over thirty-five years. August Flower rouses the torpid liver, thus creating appetite and insuring perfect digestion. It tones and vitalizes the entire system and makes life worth living, no matter what your station. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At A. W. Whitcher's drug store.

Woman's Club.

All Club members who are interested in forming a singing class are invited to meet at the home of Mrs. Sarah C. Phinney, 29 Warren avenue, on Monday afternoon, Nov. 9, at three o'clock.

The Celebrated

Fownes Gloves

For Street Wear.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Pork AND **Lard Are Cheaper**

Best Pure Lard,	10c per lb.
Pork,	10c " "
Peanut Butter,	15c " "
Queen Olives,	35c per qt.

We are headquarters for

Kennedy's Biscuits.

Call and see the great variety we keep.

DO YOU USE SALADA TEA?

☞ We sell it.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Martha Sturtevant, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Charles A. Sturtevant, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the tenth day of November, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Salem T. Brigham, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate by Ann Maria Brigham, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of November, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of William H. Hinds, late of River John, in the Province of Nova Scotia, deceased, intestate, leaving estate in said County.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to James Hinds of said River John, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of November, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notive thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Ice Cream

Vanilla, Strawberry,
Coffee, Chocolate,
Orange Sherbet,
Always on hand.

CRAWFORD'S

No. 412 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE: 48-3.

Desk Room To Let

at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

To Let.

Tenement of six rooms at 37 Salem street, $11 00 per month.

E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount street.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after October 5th, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

NORTH BOUND.

Leave Woburn—5 30, 6 45, 8.00, 10 05, 11.45, A. M; 1 15, 2.45, 3.15*, 4.00, 4 45, 5.45, 6.15, 8.15, *9 45, 11 00 P. M. SUNDAYS—7.15 A. M. hourly until 9 15 P. M.; also 10.45 P. M. 9.45 P. M. for Burlington only.

Burlington Centre—5.43, 7.05, 8.13, 10.25 A. M.; 12.05, 1.35, 3.05, 3.35, 4.13, 5.05, 6.05, 6 35, 8 35, 10 00, 11 13 P. M.

Billerica—6 00, 7 30, 8 30, 10.45 A. M.; 12 30, 2 00, 3 30, 3.40, 4 30, 5.30, 6 30, 7.00, 9 00, 11.30 P. M.

Arrive Lowell—6 32, 8 02, 9.02, 11 17 A. M.; 1 02, 2 32, 4 02, 5 02, 6 02, 7.02, 7.32, 9.32 P. M.

*3.15 Reeds only. *9.45 Burlington Centre only.

SOUTH BOUND.

Leave Lowell—5.27, 6 57, 7 57, 10.27, 11.57 A. M.; 1 27, 2 57, 3 57, 4.57, 5.57, 6 27, 8.27, P. M. SUNDAYS—7 27 A. M. Hourly until 9 27 P. M

Billerica—6 00, 7 30, 8 00, 11 00 A. M.; 12.30, 2 00, 3 30, 4 30, 5.30, 6 30, 7 00, 9.00, 11 30 P. M. SUNDAYS—8 00 A. M. Hourly until 10.00 P. M. and 11 30 P. M.

Burlington Centre—6 20, 7 45, 8.45, 11 20, A. M; 12 55, 2 25, 3 45, 4 55, 5.55, 6.55, 7.25, 9.20, 10 00 P. M.

Arrive Woburn—6 35, 8 00, 9.00, 11.35 A. M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4 00, 5 15, 6.15, 7.15, 7.45, 9 45, 10.15, 12.00 P. M., connecting with Boston & Maine trains 6 44, 8.14, 8.21, 9 06, 11.38 A. M, 2 56, 4.11, 10 30 P. M.

C. W. B HARRISON, Supt.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE, October 19, 1903.

In accordance with the provisions of Section 212, Chapter 11, Revised Laws, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote for State Officers, will be held on

TUESDAY.

The third day of November, A. D. 1903

in the following places, namely:—

Ward 1, Music Hall, Dow's Block, Main street.
Ward 2, Armory, Montvale Avenue, entrance from Prospect street.
Ward 3, Auditorium, Montvale Avenue; entrance opposite Prospect street.
Ward 4, Auditorium, Montvale Avenue; entrance opposite Prospect street.
Ward 5, Porter Hose House, Thorn street.
Ward 6, Vidette Hose House, Main street.
Ward 7, Cummings Hose House, Willow street.

The Polls will be Open at six o'clock in the morning and closed at four o'clock in the afternoon,

and all such citizens will, in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, Attorney-General, Councillor, Senator, Two Representatives in the General Court, County Commissioner, County Treasurer, Register of Deeds, Register of Probate and Insolvency, also to give in their votes "Yes or No" on the acceptance of Chapter 454, Acts of 1903, entitled: "An Act to provide for joint Caucuses or Primaries of all Political and Municipal Parties."

By order of the Mayor and City Council.

Attest:

JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

By S. R. KNIGHTS & CO., Auctioneers.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alvin T. Morrill and wife, Ludovica Dimon Morrill, in her right, to Silas R. Carter, Edwin Irving Sawyer and James D. Tyler, trustees of the First Unitarian Society in Berlin, dated March 31, 1·98, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 2644, Fol. 258, and duly transferred to the undersigned; for breach of condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction, upon the premises first hereinafter described, on

Monday, November 16, 1903,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, viz:—The following tracts or parcels of land all situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts:

FIRST: A certain tract of land with the buildings thereon and bounded as follows, to wit:-Northerly by Lexington street, by land of Jacob M. Ellis and by land of the heirs of Walter Frost; easterly by land of the heirs of Walter Frost, and by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; southerly by land of said Benjamin F. Flagg, by land of William B. Doyle, and by land formerly of Joseph Gardner; westerly by land of Mary G. Pierce.

SECOND: A certain lot of woodland near Horn Pond and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; easterly by land formerly of Stephen Dow; southerly by land of Ebenezer L. Pierce; westerly by land of William B. Doyle.

THIRD: A small lot of land bounded as follows, namely:—Southeasterly by Lexington street; northeasterly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; northwesterly by Garden street.

FOURTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Locust street; easterly by land now or formerly of James B. and Horace W. Pearsons and by Garden street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by Willow street.

FIFTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Willow street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by land of the heirs of John Weston; northerly by land now or formerly of Doherty, and by John Cummings.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes, tax bills or other municipal liens.

$300 will be required to be paid by purchaser at time of sale. For further particulars apply to Andreas Blume, Attorney-at-Law, 27 School street, Boston, Mass.

ANDREAS BLUME, Trustee
under the will of William Phipps, Mortgagee.
Boston, Oct. 21, 1903.

Decorative Art Course.

Lowell Textile School.

While the Decorative Art Course is mainly preparatory to textile design, it also prepares for any branch of Decorative Art, such as wall paper, book illustration, lithography, interior decoration, stained glass, etc., etc., and for pictorial art in water and oil. The facilities now offered permit of thorough instruction in these specialties. The classes are open to ladies and gentlemen in connection with textile design or otherwise and have been specially popular with ladies. The studio is open DAILY except Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Prof. Vesper L. George is in charge and conducts the work on the basis of the Julian Academy.

Lecture Course on Historic Ornament.

Terms moderate. Special rates of transportotion.

Pupils can enter at any time. Instruction from 9 to 4 P. M., except Saturday and Wednesday afternoon. For particulars address

WM. W. CROSBY, Principal.

House To Let.

Six Rooms. Rent reasonable.

Enquire of M. C. FELCH.

--FREE--
Public Lectures
— IN THE —
City of Woburn
TO BE GIVEN BY THE
BURBEEN FREE LECTURE FUND

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

MEMBERS OF THE CORPORATION,—John W. Johnson, Maria E. Carter, William R. Cutter, E. Maria Bean, S. Franksford Trull, John G. Maguire, L. Waldo Thompson, William Beggs, Frances W. Hill.

SEASON OF 1903-4.

The lectures given by this fund are free to the public, **but no one will be admitted to the hall except upon presentation of a ticket.**

Application for one or two season tickets entitling holders to reserved seats for the course may be made in writing on or before Nov. 14, 1803, to the BURBEEN FREE LECTURE FUND, P. O. Box 516, Woburn. Blanks for this purpose may be obtained at the Woburn Public Library, and to those successful applicants who send with their application a stamped addressed envelope, tickets will be mailed; and other successful applicants may obtain their tickets at the Woburn Public Library, on and after Nov. 20 Tickets not taken on or before Nov. 23, will be at the disposal of the Directors.

Tickets will not be issued to children; but parents, in applying for tickets, may request that one of them admit a minor child (naming such child) and a special ticket may, in such case be given to the parent which will admit to the hall such child if accompanied with the parent. Except upon presentation of such special ticket no children will be admitted to these lectures.

Tickets may be transferred but only to adults. A limited number of tickets for single lectures will be at the disposal of the directors and may be obtained at the Woburn Public Library the week preceding lectures. These evening tickets will entitle the holders to seats not taken at 7.55 o'clock by season ticket holders.

The Course of the Twelfth season will consist of seven Lectures as follows:—

Tuesday, Nov. 24, 1903. Rev. S. Parkes Cadman. Subject: "Life in London."
Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1903. Prof. Charles S. Fay. Subject: "The Canadian Rockies." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Dec. 27, 1903. Edmund H. Garrett. Subject: "The Home of Shakespeare." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1904. Minnie E. Tenney. Subject: "The Land of the Shamrock." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Jan. 26, 1904. Francis H. Herrick. Subject: "The Wild Bird at Arm's Length." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Feb. 9, 1904. Henry H. Clayton. Subject: "Exploration of the Air by Mountain, Balloon, and Kite." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Feb. 23, 1904. Senor Ramon Reyes Lala. Subject: "The Philippines and their People." Illustrated.
Tuesday, March 8, 1904. Dr. Edwin C. Bolles. Subject: "Picturesque Holland." Illustrated.

The course will be held in

LYCEUM HALL.

Doors open at 7.30 P. M. Lectures begin at 8 P. M.

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund,** P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE,
E. MARIA BEAN,
L. WALDO THOMPSON,
Directors.

Woburn, October 30, 1903.

Japol Tablets

a sure cure for hoarseness and tickling in the throat

Japol Powder

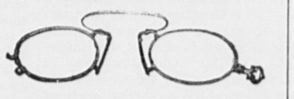
a remedy for cold in the head.

Japol Ice

unequalled in neuralgia and catarrh.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

Houghton & Dutton,
BOSTON.
Optical Parlors 9th Floor.
A FEW EYE HINTS.



Your eyes will tell when you need glasses Here are a few hints:-- Headaches, Dizziness, sleepy feeling while reading, blurring of objects either at close range or distance, frowning or squinting, smarting or burning, requirement of stronger light while reading. Those are but a few of the symptoms.

When your eyes suggest trouble don't fail to consult our OPTICIAN and he will cheerfully advise you, as he has spent many years in study of this one subject.

OUR GUARANTEE IS Entire Satisfaction at Lowest Prices.

N. B.—This department is under the pessonal supervision of Mr. Albert A. Carter, the wellknown optician of this city.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,
October 29, 1903.

Special Notice to Voters residing in Wards 3 & 4.

By order of the City Council the voting places for Wards 3 and 4 will be the

Auditorium Building,

Montvale Avenue; entrance opposite Prospect street.

JOHN H. FINN,
City Clerk.

To Let.

House on Frances street, eight rooms and storage attic. Bathroom, hot and cold water; cemented cellar with laundry. Economical heater; sunny, pleasant outlook. Apply to C A BURDETT, Mishawum Road, cor. Main street.

Good House To Let.

I offer to rent No. 9 Wyer's Court. It contains 8 good rooms; is neat, nice, warm, handy and convenient. It is right every way.

Apply to Mrs. A. J. PLUMER,
53 Bow St, Woburn.

ANNIE RUSSELL AS "PEGGY" IN MICE AND MEN.
NOW PLAYING AT THE PARK THEATRE, BOSTON.

DIXIE.

A Southern song of Dixie, picked up on the battlefield of Bull Run after the engagement, 1861.

Here I am in the land of cotton,
The flag once honored is not forgotten
Fight away! fight away, fight away, Dixies land
On every evening and every morning
To save our land from the oppressor coming
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Dixies land.

CHORUS:

I'm glad I am in Dixie, hurray, hurray!
In Dixies land I'll take my stand
To live or die for Dixie.
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

I suppose you've heard the awful news
Of Lincoln and his belligerous crews,
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Dixies land!
His myrmidons they would oppress us,
With war and bloodshed they'd distress us.
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Dixie land.

CHORUS.

We have no ships, we have no navies,
But mighty faith in great Jeff Davis.
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Dixie land
Due honors too we will award
To gallant Bragg and Beauregard.
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Dixie land.

CHORUS.

The Southern States were only seven,
But we've got them up now to eleven,
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Dixies land
From the land of flowers hot and sandy,
From Delaware Bay to Rio Grande.
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Dixie land.

CHORUS.

Hold up your head, indulge no fears
For Dixie swarms with volunteers,
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Dixie land
The old Dominion still shows plucky,
The storm is bursting in Kentucky,
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Dixie land.

CHORUS.

You hear the notes of that same ditty
On the right and left of the Mississippi.
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Dixie land!
Abe's proclamation in a twinkle,
Stirred up the blood of Rip Van Winkle;
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Dixie land.

CHORUS.

Some Lessons of Summer.

BY CLARA S. CARTER.

There must be something beautiful back of the beauty we see; there must be something musical back of the music we hear; there must be something substantial back of the substance we touch; there must be a finer flavor back of that we taste; and a more subtle fragrance back of that we smell. Everything we see, hear, touch, taste, and smell, is but expression of the somewhat which eludes our grasp, and defies our comprehension. Tree, flower, grass-blade, we can analyze them structurally and chemically; and we like to think of them as developing in orderly sequence from the seeds in which they lie enwrapped. Nothing without cause; it is all there; the oak in the acorn; the morningglory, the spear of green, in the dried and hardened particle we hold in the hand. It is all there; but then a seed containing an oak, a morningglory, a blade of grass in embryo is not less marvellous than the oak, the morningglory, the blade of grass itself.

Whence the concentrated possibilities, whence the impulse of life which under proper conditions moves in some mysterious way to growth as miraculous, so far as man can see, as any real, or supposed, event the ages record? Just what the connection is between soil and root; what the connection is between atmosphere and branches, buds and leaves; just what the thread of relation is between the starry blossoms of the sky and the blossoming stars of the sod, no one has fathomed. Insect, bird, beast, physical man himself, with all his complex web of structure and relations, what shall we say of them—independent of the power of thinking—what shall we say of them? After years of painstaking study the wisest have learned their wonderful anatomy, with structures so delicate as to be well nigh incomprehensible; so gifted with strength, with powers of flight, with adaptation to environment, as to excite wonder and awe—that is what the books record, that is what the teachers teach.

Our inability to understand the nature and geneses of life in all its manifestations only teaches the greatness of that nature and genius; only demonstrates our own limitations which to a modest observer should need no demonstration; only proves that there is no power to think creation without assuming a Creator; no power to think thought without assuming an Infinite Thinker; no power to think life without assuming a Life Giver. Every flower that blows, every creeping thing, every uplifting summons of the mountains, and every inspiring breath of the sea, challenge us to communion with that of which, in all their beauty and grace and majesty, they are expressions.

Summer is God translated into vitalized color, form and beauty. The purity of Nature appeals to all that is pure in humanity. *What* we see depends on *how* we see it.

A Dark Subject—Light Wanted.

Shortly before our last city election work was begun on a rock cut in Houghton street and continued until after election when it was suspended. Early in the summer of the present year work was resumed there and was continued until the larger part of the rock had been removed when it was again suspended. Now the question that is perplexing many minds is, What was the primary, or even the ultimate, purpose of commencing an extensive and expensive piece of rock work like that at that unseasonable time of the year? Was it because labor was cheaper and that the material could be handled more cheaply than in summer or early autumn? The reports do not support such claims. Was there a surfeit of cash in the treasury that was demoralizing temptation to the City Treasurer? Hardly that. For the ordinary and extraordinary appropriations of more than $40,000 made early in the year had all disappeared, and in October we find the Board of Public Works calling for more money. And we find, also, the City Council responding to that call with a loan of $7,000.

Was the work an actual, an urgent, an immediate necessity? The street was passable and safe before work was begun on it; it has not been passable and safe since. Was it for the purpose of obtaining suitable rock to be crushed for the highways? A very large part of this rock is so brittle and soft that it can be easily picked to pieces with an ordinary railroad pick, and would not be used on or near the surface of a street by any reputable, unhampered roadbuilder. Witness the condition of Pleasant street surfaced with it after a light rain—mud an inch deep in six weeks after the rollers had left it.

And again. If the work was a necessity what should it have cost the city? Without the original cross-section papers, if there ever were any, it is impossible to ascertain the exact number of yards of either rock or earth that have been moved. But I have recently been over the work and made measurements enough to enable me to make an approximate estimate of both rock and earth. Quite a quantity of material was removed when the street was first built, but I will make no account of that and will include it in my estimates.

I find there has been taken out not exceeding 400 cubic yards of earth and not exceeding 864 cubic yards of rock, and that 50 cubic yards of retaining wall have been built. A fair cost of such work would be: Rock $1.00; Earth 40 cents; and of retaining wall, 80 cents.

At these prices the cost would be:

864 yards of rock at	$1 00,	$864 00
400 " " earth "	40,	160 00
50 " " wall "	80,	40 00
Total,		$1,064 00

There have been expended to date $2,786.93, and the end is not yet. Will the Board of Public Works illumine these dark subjects in the interest of the people whose servants they are?

H. C. HALL.

Boston Theatres.

THE PARK.

Score another big hit for Annie Russell, perhaps the biggest of all the triumphs she has achieved in the six years she has been one of Charles Frohman's stars. It certainly does look from the immediate conquest Miss Russell made in Boston when the first performance of "Mice and Men" was given and from the packed, delighted and enthusiastic audiences that have seen her in Mrs. Ryley's play since, that she has a record breaker in "Mice and Men." It is a quaint, a dainty and a pretty play and in it Miss Russell is all that she has been heretofore to theatre-goers, and besides that she has something new. Her Peggy is an exquisite creation, perhaps more roguishly humorous and fuller of human quality than any of her previous roles, but as true to life, as sweet and winsome, and sympathy-compelling and as strong emotionally as any of the types of attractive womanhood she has given us. There is a magnificent blending of the best that has gone before, with the charming phases of the present character, and every admirer of Miss Russell will declare it a most winsome addition to her successes. Mrs. Gilbert, a great favorite, has a role that gives scope to her well known comedy abilities. Oswald Yorke and John Mason as the two lovers of Peggy contribute notably to the interest and merit of the performance. The engagement of Miss Russell was originally for two weeks, but Charles Frohman has extended it and four weeks will be allowed to Miss Russell, even this extension will prove to be not sufficient. The great demand for seats shows this conclusively. Seats for the entire engagement have been placed on sale, in order to accommodate those wishing to arrange theatre parties. The production is one that has called forth universal praise. The remodelled Park Theatre has certainly proven to be a winner and it has become at once a foremost amusement resort for the highest class of theatre-goers. Particular attention is called to the fact that during the engagement of Annie Russell matinees will be given only on Saturdays.

WINCHESTER.

First snow of the season fell here Monday, Oct. 26.

The best remedy for all shades and degrees of malarial diseases is Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets. They are a sure thing.

An exhibition of local amateur protography is to be given in the Reading-room of the Public Library to commence on Dec. 7.

The neatest piece of satire that I have read in many a long day was "Our Next Representative" by P. B. Publico in the *Star* of Oct. 23.

On Oct. 14, the Winchester Co-operative Bank declared a 2 1-2 per cent dividend for the preceding 6 months. No wonder that there is a brisk demand for shares of the Bank.

The last week's instalment of Thompson's "Town History" in the *Star* gave an entertaining and valuable history of the newspapers of Woburn and Winchester. Editor Wilson established the first paper in this town.

My friend and esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. John H. Carter, won out hands down at the hearing before the State Ballot Commissioners the other day, and his name goes on the ticket. Had the decision of the Board been different it would have been a sad blow to Winchester.

The "Democratic Rally" here last Monday night was a fizzle from the drop of the hat. Col. Gaston and his oratorical blowers and strikers failed to arouse the least mite of enthusiasm by their nonsensical harangues, and were heard to say some uncomplimentary things of Winchester Democrats when they left.

WANTED—A TRUSTWORTHY GENTLEMAN or lady in each county to manage business for an old established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly salary of $18.00 paid by check each Monday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Enclose addressed envelope. Manager, 360 Caxton Bldg, Chicago.

Housekeeper.

A very capable woman, also has served over six years as housekeeper for a clergyman, is desirous of securing a position in a comfortable home, consisting of one person. She is a superior cook, remarkably neat about self and work; faithful, conscientious, trustworthy and of pleasant disposition. Can produce high grade recommendations. No objection to country. Address or call at JOURNAL Office.

REAL HORSEPLAY.

Some Pranks Played by an Equine Practical Joker.

A Staten Island physician is the owner of a horse which has a fondness for practical jokes. Recently the doctor drove into the country to answer a sick call. Arriving at the farmhouse he tied his horse to a post, near which hung a rope attached to a large bell used as a dinner signal for employees, and went in to see his patient. Pretty soon the bell rang violently. The doctor and the man of the house looked out, but could see nothing except the horse. They had hardly turned away, however, before the bell rang again, and again they looked, but could see nothing.

This was repeated, and the doctor determined to solve the mystery, so at the third ring, instead of going into the house he stepped behind a tree in the yard. He kept his eye on the bell rope and in about a minute was surprised to see his horse lift up his head and give the rope a hard tug. When the physician sprang out and confronted the horse, the animal put on a look of innocence.

The same horse the next day was turned loose in the doctor's barnyard, and while there the beast saw a basket hanging on a pole about seven feet from the ground. In the basket was a pet cat. The horse put his nose up to investigate, and the cat gave the intruder a scratch. The horse turned around, looked back over his shoulder as though to take aim and measure the distance and kicked cat and basket into the air. The equine joker then gave a low whinny of delight and walked away.—New York Mail and Express.

Witchcraft.

Jane Wenham was indicted at the Hertfordshire assizes on March 4, 1712, for "conversing with the devil in the form of a cat," under the provisions of the act of 1604, repealed in 1736. Her prosecutors wished to have her also indicted for practicing witchcraft to the harm of Ann Thorn, a servant girl about sixteen years old, but this was not allowed, though evidence was produced at the trial to show what injury had been done the victim by means of crooked pins and by placing cakes and cats' hairs in Ann Thorn's pillow and how the prisoner had caused the death of some cattle simply by walking through a turnip field.

The jury brought her in "guilty," and Mr. Justice Powell passed sentence of death, but took steps to quash the verdict. Wenham's prosecutors published an account of the case, but their arguments were pulverized by scientific men. Jane Wenham herself was liberated and taken under the protection of Colonel Plummer, who gave her a cottage, and we are told by Dr. Hutchinson that in 1720 the whole country was fully convinced of her innocence.

Keeping His Place Warm.

This story is told of a successful general who was far from being a brilliant scholar at school. After he became famous he one day dropped into the old school to pay a visit to the scene of his former woes. The teacher was anxious to make a good impression on the general and put the pupils through their lessons so as to show them to the best advantage. After awhile the general said: "But which is the dunce? You have one, surely. Show him to me."

The teacher called up a poor fellow, who looked the picture of woe as he bashfully came toward the distinguished visitor.

"Are you the dunce?" asked the general.

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"Well, my good fellow," said the general, "here is a crown for you for keeping my place warm."—London Tit-Bits.

Curious Tombstone.

On a gravestone in the parish churchyard of Great Yarmouth, England, there is sculptured the unusual representation of a clown seated in a tub, which is being drawn down a river by two swans. Beneath this stone lies one of the many victims who were drowned years ago by the collapse of an iron suspension bridge on which they had crowded to see a clown pass underneath in the manner described. The feat, which was a novel form of advertisement by a traveling circus, was actually performed, but the rush of people from one side of the bridge to the other after the man had passed under caused the tragic ending.

Judicial Ignorance.

The ignorance of worldly affairs on the part of judges is proverbial, but a county court judge the other day certainly amazed the court, says an English newspaper. Counsel happened to say that the defendant, a vocalist, could not "turn up" at a certain place. "Turn up!" said the judge in bland surprise, "but he is a vocalist, not an acrobat." This recalls the story of the judge who asked, "What is the Stock Exchange—a cattle market?"

All on One Side.

"I am told your bride is very pretty," said Miss Peppery.

"Yes, indeed!" replied Mr. Con Seet. "Several of the guests at the ceremony were pleased to call it a 'wedding of beauty and brains.'"

"Well, well! She must be a remarkable woman! That's an unusual combination in one person."—Philadelphia Press.

An Exchange of Compliments.

"Man," remarked Mrs. Dinsmore reflectively as she dressed for going out, "is fearfully and wonderfully made."

"And woman," added Mr. Dinsmore, who was waiting impatiently, "is fearfully and wonderfully made up."—Detroit Free Press.

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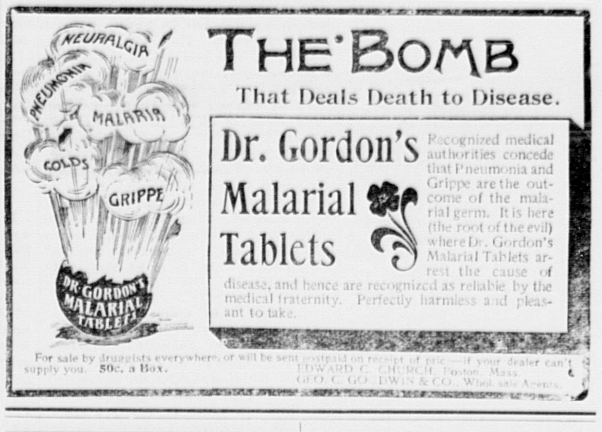

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TO LET.

No. 635 Main street, next to Mr. S. F. Trull's residence, near Mishawum Road, contains 10 rooms, bath, furnace, and 2 acres of land. Rent reasonable. Enquire of C. E. COOPER & CO., Mechanics Building.

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GILLETTE

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30 acres of the best farming land within 10 miles of Boston. Apply to S. B. MORSE, 180 Bedford street, Woburn.

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Destroys Decomposition, maintains conditions Essential to Health.

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Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.

Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.

Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

CUPID AND THE MUD CLERK

By W. W. HINES

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They rate on the company's pay roll as third clerks. Unofficially, but more correctly, they are known as mud clerks.

Jimmy Boynton was mud clerk on the big side wheel steamboat Rena Stanton, and he was proud of the fact.

Now, the chief clerk on a Mississippi river boat is a dignitary of no mean importance, while the second clerk is almost as impressive an individual. The mud clerk is the youngster who follows the foremost deck hand off the gangplank at every landing and checks the freight. When he jumps off the gangplank he generally lands in mud up to his knees. The reason why he never receives his rightful title of third clerk is obvious.

Some men might not consider this pleasant work, but it suited Jimmie. He knew, too, that the way of a mud clerk, if properly directed, leads to a chief clerkship and eventually to a post as captain. Meantime he was a happy go lucky sort of lad who was liked by every one from the captain down to the negro deck hands, more commonly known as "rousters."

On this particular evening he was at peace with himself, the world and even the rousters who were unloading the cargo of cotton on the levee. Jimmy was mechanically checking the numbers atop the bales, but a strange sort of inner consciousness was drinking in the beauty of the scene before him. The setting sun had turned the muddy waters to a sensuous, laving silver. Just beyond the ripples made by the slowly turning paddle wheels of the boat in the reverse motion necessary to counteract the force of the current lay a tiny island, formed by the cutting in two of a long, narrow sand bar. A few cottonwood trees nodded lazily on the willful bit of land. To his right the old levee had crumbled away, and a new one had been built behind it, forming an artificial lake fringed with tall cottonwood trees and gnarled stumps of cypress. Across the stream the mighty force of water had cut into an island, and every time the boat passed up and down the river the contour of the bank had changed. Sometimes only a foot or two had been sliced away. Sometimes whole acres had disappeared.

It was a marvelous power, was this mother of waters, and yet Jimmie thought exultantly that he was master of it. He could ride it, turn its force into money, make it earn him position and promotion. And, thinking thus, he decided that he would not trade jobs just now with his own congressman. And then she came on the scene, and he suddenly discovered that it might be desirable to be a congressman after all and wear glossy boots and unstained trousers.

It all happened very suddenly—so suddenly, in fact, that he stopped in the midst of a mighty volley of very forcible language aimed at a lazy rouster, dropped his stub of a pencil and, in blissful ignorance of what he was doing, stood deliberately staring at the dainty vision tripping up the gangplank.

The vision wore something very fluffy and thin and blue, with something thinner still at her throat and wrists, something which fluttered about very coquettishly when she turned her head or lifted her skirts. And her broad flat hat was wreathed in the pinkest of pink roses. Jimmie had only one brief glimpse, but he remembered quite distinctly that the blue in her dress and in her eyes matched perfectly, likewise the pink in her hat and her lips.

Now, of course any authority on fashion could have informed Jimmie that the vision was most badly dressed for traveling, but to Jimmie "good form" was an unknown quantity. He decided that the vision must be a daughter of a railroad president at least, and probably had a million or two in her own right. Having reached this decision, he finished the volley of language, picked up his pencil and resolutely turned his back on the vision.

But visions such as Miss Lorena Thomas possess a haunting quality. The ladies' cabin, so called by courtesy, lay at the other end of the long, narrow, oval expanse, but Jimmie was thoroughly convinced that Miss Thomas could see his mud spattered garments as he rushed through his report in front of the clerk's desk. So expeditiously did he complete this task that the Rena Stanton had not got under full headway before Jimmie bolted into his tiny stateroom in search of the only other pair of trousers he possessed.

They met at the supper table, and when the meal was over Jimmie thanked his stars that, after all, he was only the mud clerk.

Both the first and second clerk had desk work before them, and Jimmie had only a long, lazy evening on deck, during which he could show Miss Thomas the beauties of his river life.

There were moments when this pleasure palled, however. That was when the soft, thin stuff at Miss Thomas' neck and wrists fluttered with a particularly elegant air or the pink roses in her hat bent with languid dignity in his direction. They seemed to remind him that daughters of railroad presidents with their purple and fine linen, which in this instance appeared in the form of forgetmenot blue and rose pink, were not for mud clerks, even if the latter had flattering prospects. He had about decided to lead up to the topic of her family when the Kate Adams hove in sight, and they leaned against the rail while Jimmie discoursed upon the feats performed by this the fastest boat on the river. In truth, Jimmie's ambition had once stopped with the captaincy of the Kate Adams, but now he thought with a sigh, "What is the Kate Adams after all?"

But he did not linger on the thought. Everything happened too quickly. Miss Thomas in her excitement had climbed up on the foot rail when the impertinent evening breeze took a fancy to the pink crowned hat. Away it went. There was a shrill shriek, and something blue and fluttering bent a little too far over and then went after the hat. And after both went Jimmie.

* * * * * * *

It must be admitted that under the influence of a blanket, some hot grog and the fulsome praise of one or two of his comrades Jimmie indulged in some romantic day dreams. He had a picture of a grateful railroad president, a pink and blue vision with downcast eyes and a brown eyed young man being very magnanimous, but nevertheless accepting a lifetime devotion in return for a cold plunge. Then the effects of the grog wore off, and Jimmie shook himself vigorously.

The next morning he stood diffidently in Miss Thomas' presence. Gone were the blue frock with its lace frills and the beautiful rose crowned hat. A very sober, sad eyed young woman clad in a simple gingham dress murmured her thanks.

Jimmie shifted from one foot to the other and tried to hide his embarrassment, but when Miss Thomas burst into tears he forgot differences of station and sat down beside her.

"Oh, I reckon you won't be any the worse for the ducking," he said by way of consolation, wishing he could take the sobbing figure in his arms and say something more comforting.

"It isn't the wetting I mind, but—but—my—oh, my dress! I sewed three weeks for Aunt Myra to pay for that dress, and I—I was so proud of it. I know I shall never have another one as pretty as long as I live."

"Yes, you will," declared Jimmie, with the air of a prophet who knew his calling. "Just you wait," he added mysteriously. "Why, you'll have one of 'em every summer, see if you don't."

The girl dried her eyes and looked at him in wonder, but he hardly noticed her expression. He was thinking ecstatically that you cannot always tell a railroad president's daughter by her clothes.

And it was not until Jimmie became chief clerk of the Rena Stanton and settled his bride and her widowed mother in a neat little cottage at Natchez that he discovered that very pretty muslin could be bought for 12½ cents a yard, with pink roses at 50 cents a spray. That was when he insisted upon choosing the bridal gown and ruled severely against the loveliest cotton back white satin at 37½ cents per yard.

Take Your Time Eating.

Here is an example that is worth remembering and following. Horace Fletcher writes of an experience that he had while traveling on a railway with the proverbial twenty minutes for dinner in which to satisfy a laboring man's appetite. There was an excellent array of good things on the lunch counter to eat and drink, and from these he made a selection rather than attempt the regular dinner. He chose plump ham sandwiches, creamy milk and a large piece of pie. The twenty minutes was ample time for disposing of sandwiches and milk, while he had the pie put in paper to give epicurean enjoyment on the train. He says:

"If I had put the pie and sandwiches and the milk into my stomach in seven or eight minutes, which, by actual observation, is the gluttonous rate of dispatching a station meal, I would have lost two-thirds of nutriment, more than one-half of taste and taken on twenty-four hours of discomfort, possibly inviting a cold and creating an 'open door' for any migrating microbes that were floating about in my atmosphere looking for strained tissue or fermenting food in which to build their disease nests."

Observation proves that you cannot get more nutriment into your stomach than salivation prepares, "gulp" though you may, but you can take in a load of disease possibilities in trying to force or evade proper salivation.—Cooking Club.

Women In Poland.

Polish women are renowned for their beauty, for the perfection of their hands and the smallness of their feet. Polish ladies maintain that when they shop in Vienna and show their small feet with the high instep to be fitted the tradesmen exclaim, "Ah, those are Polish feet!"

But their pleasure in this distinction is not so much a matter of personal vanity as of satisfaction in the superiority of anything belonging to their country, for they are fervidly patriotic.

The lady of position rises between 11 and 12 in the forenoon and goes to bed at 4 o'clock the next morning. She drives from one visit to another, but in reality she is laboring all day for public interests. Everything, the founding of a library, a hospital, a sewing school, is made to strengthen the Polish cause. Four ladies do not meet on a charity committee, says George Brandes, without taking some measure, under that innocent pretext, for the national benefit.

As a consequence of this charm and spirit, the women of Poland receive from the men a courtesy amounting to homage. Men always rise in a tram car to give a lady a seat. At any public place a chair may be ruthlessly demanded of even the most distinguished official present, with the sufficient explanation, "for a lady."

Disraeli's Loves.

In his young days Disraeli fell under the spell of the "gorgeous Lady Blessington," to whom he wrote letters breathing something more than friendship. For example, in 1834:

> I was so sorry to leave London without being a moment alone with you; but, although I came to the opera the last night on purpose, fate was against us. I did not reach this place until Sunday, very ill indeed from the pangs of parting. Indeed I feel as desolate as a ghost, and I do not think that I ever shall be able to settle to anything again. It is a great shame, when people are happy together, that they should be ever separated, but it seems the great object of all human legislation that people should never be happy together.

"Dyspepsia," he writes a few months later, "always makes me wish for a civil war. In the meantime I amuse myself by county politics." Four years afterward "dearest Lady Blessington" had become "my dear lady," but the friendship lasted after his marriage "with my dear Mary Anne, who I am sure will be delighted by finding herself under a roof that has proved to me at all times so hospitable and devoted."—Meynell's Biography of Disraeli.

She Did Not Drop.

"Delia!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I am very tired, and I am going to lie down for an hour."

"Yes, ma'am."

"If I should happen to drop off call me at 5 o'clock."

"Yes, ma'am."

So my lady lies down, folds her hands, closes her eyes and is soon in the land of dreams. She is awakened by the clock striking 6 and calls indignantly:

"Delia!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Why didn't you call me at 5 o'clock as I ordered?"

"Shure, ma'am, ye tould me to call ye if ye dropped off. I looked in on ye at 5, and ye hadn't dropped off at all. Ye was lyin' in the bed in the same place sound asleep."

The Other Way.

Maude—So Jack is engaged, is he? And is Lucy the bride to be?

Irene—No; she's the tried to be.

WHY CUBS ARE KILLED.

Prison Life Often Robs Animals of Maternal Spirit.

Among the huge cages of the carnivorous animals—the lithe tigress, the treacherous and soft footed leopardess and frequently even the generous lioness herself—the life of a baby wild animal becomes sometimes a tale of bloodshed and tragedy. Nagged and galled by prison bars, by narrow confines that make exercise impossible and by the excitement of throngs of sightseers, these naturally nervous and high strung brutes become overwrought to a pitch where they satisfy an unnatural cannibal appetite on their own flesh and blood.

Like little bundles of sunshine the kittens of these ferocious brutes appear, mewing plaintively with tight shut eyes and groping in the darkness. Thousands of them have been born behind the bars of menagerie cages—no fault lies with the stork himself—but most frequently the irresponsible, crazy mothers pounce upon and devour them or else injure them beyond hope of recovery. When the watchfulness and a pitchfork of a keeper succeed in rescuing one of these kittens, it is given in charge of some big mother dog, which adopts the stranger and rears him.

Now and then, however, some strong, healthy, intelligent member of this ferocious family ceases to worry and fret at captivity, and, the maternal instinct cropping to the fore, the care of a litter of cubs becomes a welcome relief from the stern monotony of prison life.—A. W. Rolker in McClure's.

When Beards Were Barred.

In the early part of the last century a social tyranny prevailed which regarded the beard as an outrage, says an English writer. At one time only four men in Birmingham had courage to wear beards. They were followers of Joanna Southcott. They did it in imitation of the apostles and were jeered at in the streets. George Frederick Muntz, one of the first two members elected in Birmingham, was the first member who ventured to wear a beard in the house of commons, and he would have been insulted had he not been a powerful man and carried a heavy Malacca cane, which he was known to apply to any one who offered him a personal affront. The Rev. Edmund R. Larken of Burton rectory, near Lincoln, was the first clergyman (that was as late as 1852) who appeared in the pulpit with a beard, but he shaved the upper lip as an apology for the audacity of his chin. George Dawson was the first nonconformist preacher who delivered a sermon in a full blown mustache and beard, which was taken in both cases as an unmistakable sign of latitudinarianism in doctrine. In the bank clerk or the workman it was worse. It was flat insubordination not to shave.

The Natives Had Scruples.

There is an amusing story told about an old time south sea trader. He had been in the habit of carrying all sorts of tinned meats, which the natives bought with avidity. Each tin was branded with a colored picture—a cow for beef, a sheep for mutton and a fish for sardines.

It happened that the firm who furnished the mutton thought it a good plan to change their labels, that their goods might be more easily distinguished from others. The mark chosen was a red dragon.

The natives came with their copra to trade as usual. The new tins were shown them, but they recoiled with horror and gave the trader to understand that they had had some religious instruction and were not to be deluded into eating tinned devil.

The trader was forced to eat his stock of mutton himself, for not a native could be persuaded to touch the accursed thing.

Exchange of Compliments.

A village sexton in a Pennsylvania town, in addition to being gravedigger, acted as a stonecutter, carpenter and furniture mover. The local doctor, having decided to locate in another county, employed the sexton to assist in removing his household goods. All went well until it came to settlement, when the doctor deducted an old account due by the sexton. He wrote at the same time objecting to the charge made for removing his furniture, using these words: "If this was steady it would pay much better than gravedigging."

In a few days back came this reply: "Indeed, I would be glad of a steady job. Gravedigging is very slack since you left the county."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Best of Three!

After a criminal case in which Sir Frank Lockwood had secured an acquittal for the prisoners, Lord Brampton, then Sir Henry Hawkins, privately congratulated him on the excellent way in which he had conducted the case and remarked especially on the alibi that had been established. "Yes," was the characteristic reply, "I thought it was pretty good—anyhow, the best of the three I had offered to me!"—Golden Penny.

He Knew Right Off.

"Ah," sighed the wretched Mr. Newpop, "what can be more wearing on the nerves than a baby that cries all night long?"

"Twins," answered the man who had been through it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Opposition.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. It is what he wants and must have to be good for anything. Hardships and opposition are the native soil of manhood and self reliance.—John Neal.

Our duty is to be useful not according to our desires, but according to our powers.—Amiel.

Crushing.

He was an awful swell, and if there was one thing more than another that he prided himself on it was the fit of his clothes.

"I can never get a dress coat really to fit," he said to his partner as he glanced down at a perfectly made garment, with a hope, of course, that she would at once disclaim the insinuation. "Look at this thing."

"Well, it is atrocious," she said coolly. "But why not save your money and buy one? It is so much cheaper in the long run than hiring."

His Other Name.

The candidate for the place of coachman had been weighed and was not wanting, according to his new mistress' lights. Then the question of his name, which was Patrick, came up. The mistress objected to it in her heart, so she explained that it was her custom always to call her coachman by his family name. Had he any objections?

"Not the slightest, ma'am."

"What is your last name, Patrick?"

"Fitzpatrick, ma'am."

"ONE OF OUR BOYS."

An Instance of the Magnanimity of General Robert E. Lee.

General Robert E. Lee was sitting on the veranda of his Lexington home one afternoon engaged in conversation with some friends when a man, ill clothed and covered with dust, appeared at the gate and timidly beckoned to the general.

Apologizing to his friends, Lee rose at once and went to the gate. Very soon his purse appeared, and he was seen to give the man some money.

His friends, knowing the extent of his charity in any case of suffering, real or apparent, looked on with some impatience, for they knew how slender his means were then and how many calls of the same kind came to him.

"General, who was that?" one of them ventured when he had returned to his place.

"One of our boys in trouble," was the half smiling answer, for the general knew the remonstrance which his friend was longing to make.

"What regiment and company did he belong to?" persisted the friend, anxious, if possible, to unearth the suspected fraud.

"Oh, he—he fought on the other side," was General Lee's calm answer.—Youth's Companion.

Stair Climbing.

Under no circumstance but that of actual illness or extreme debility should stair climbing become a matter of dread. In every other case it should be attended by a pleasant feeling of exhilaration.

The "panting collapse" which many women experience at the top of a flight of stairs is due to the assumption of an incorrect position of the body during the ascent and the employment of wrong muscles for the work. "The spine should be kept straight as in correct standing and breathing poise, and movement should come from the knees and not from the waist and hips. Lift the knees well, hold the chest erect and breathe deeply as you pass from stair to stair." The observance of these rules ought to make the exercise one of real benefit instead of a drudge—for it will be one or the other, since stair climbing is a daily necessity to every woman who has household duties. Then she need never complain that she has no time for physical culture.

The Ants and the Elephant.

Eyewitnesses of the marches which ants make aver that when they come to an obstacle they go through it or over it or take it with them. They march as straight as a Roman road. Human occupants fly when an ant army takes its way through a house occurring on its line of march. The legions pass on and destroy nothing but such as will serve as food, but after they have gone not a beetle, a scorpion, a rat or a mouse or an insect or a reptile of any size, shape or name remains. All have been eaten by the army. It is on record that one of these moving companies was obstructed in its passage by an elephant. It took the army eight hours to pass that spot, and then there remained nothing but the picked bones of the elephant.

Disraeli and Lord Bury.

When Lord Bury, afterward Earl of Albemarle, joined the church of Rome, he went to Disraeli to confess.

He began by saying that a difficulty had arisen, quite unconnected with politics, and that he was afraid it meant party embarrassment and that he therefore placed his resignation in his leader's hands.

Lord Beaconsfield (laconically)—A lady?

"Well, if you like—the scarlet lady. I have become a Catholic."

Lord Beaconsfield—But how very convenient! A relative of mine has just taken the same step, and now you can tell me, what was terribly puzzling me, the appropriate thing to say in congratulation.—Maynell's Biography of Beaconsfield.

Cakes as Love Letters.

The Hungarian gypsies use cakes as love letters. A coin is baked into the sweetmeat, which is then thrown at the lady as she passes by. If she eats the cake and retains the coin all is well, but if she should fling back the silver it would be fatal to the lover's hopes. Among the savages of the Arabian desert the girl is approached without ceremony while pasturing her flocks. She resists strenuously, attacking her suitor with sticks and stones. If he succeeds in driving her into her father's tent she is his, but if she should resist him lifelong disgrace would be his portion.

Curb the Temper.

The peculiarity of ill temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. You know men and women who are all but perfect but for an easily ruffled, quick tempered or "touchy" dispostion. This compatibility of ill temper with high moral character is one of the strangest and saddest problems of ethics.

A Guess at It.

Teacher (of class in grammar)—What do you understand by "parts of speech?"

Tommy—It's—it's when a man stutters.—Chicago Tribune.

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Artists' Anachronisms.

Some years ago there was exhibited in London a beautiful picture of an eighteenth century interior, perfect in every detail but one, for on a wall of the interior was a small picture of a very up to date locomotive, and in the same year the writer saw among the academy pictures a presentment of a cavalier, evidently waiting impatiently for his lady to keep the tryst, consulting a watch which would have done credit to a twentieth century watchmaker, while on another canvas a peninsular veteran, who was fighting his battles over again for the benefit of admiring rustics at the village inn, was wearing an unmistakable Victoria cross about forty years before this badge of valor came into existence.

In his magnificent picture in the Royal Exchange of scared Londoners escaping in boats from the horrors of the great fire of 1666 Stanhope Forbes introduced vessels of a type which, it is said, the Thames has never known, and another artist of repute armed the children of Israel with guns, presumably for self protection, while they were occupied in gathering manna.—Stray Stories.

Knew What He Was Doing.

The affability of a candidate for parliamentary honors has a great effect, and many a vote is secured by means of it. But it would seem that effusiveness and affability are sometimes indulged in for quite a different reason when men are wooing a constituency. An incident in an east end election proved this. One of the candidates was extremely gushing, and the election agent, when in conversation with a keen supporter, said:

"It is a grand idea, that of Mr. ——. He is not only not satisfied with shaking hands with the voters in the ordinary way, but whenever he meets them he grabs both hands and shakes them effusively."

"I see," said the supporter. "But don't you think that that's rather overdoing it?"

"Well, it may look like that," returned the agent, "but Mr. —— knows his business, and he knows that so long as he holds on to both of their hands his watch is safe."—London Tit-Bits.

A Striking Presentiment.

It is curious how future events are occasionally prefigured by some anticipatory token which, unlike presentiments and premonitory dreams, makes perhaps no impression at the time on those whom they concern.

Here is a striking example: One of Charles Dickens' sons, from some childish oddity of expression in his large, wondering eyes, was given by his father the very unique sobriquet of the "Ocean Specter," by which he was always called. The great novelist never knew of the weird significance his playfully bestowed appellation was to bear, for he himself had been nearly two years in his grave at the time his little "Ocean Specter," then a lieutenant in the royal navy, died and was buried at sea.

A Monument to Folly.

There stands on Chatham hill in England a colossal structure known as "Jezreel tower," which was erected some years ago by a religious sect, now extinct, called Jezreelites. Their leader preached a faith which promised immortality to all its believers. Money flowed into its exchequers, and the Temple of Jezreel was begun "for the housing of 144,000 persons who were not to taste death." Before it was completed the faith of the Jezreelites received a double shock from the disappearance of their money and the death of their leader. But the great mass of bricks and iron still remains, a monument to latter day credulity.

A Pretty Compliment.

Sir William Harcourt, a political rival but still an admirer of Disraeli, once paid a pretty compliment to Lady Beaconsfield.

He was dining with the Disraelis and sat beside the hostess, who observed that he was looking at the picture of a lightly robed lady on the wall opposite and said, "It oughtn't to be allowed in here, but it is nothing to the Venus that Dizzy has up in his bedroom." "That I can well believe," replied he with a gallant bow. This was one of the rare occasions on which Disraeli smiled.—Meynell's Biography of Beaconsfield.

A Cent.

A cent is a little thing, but in the aggregate it is mighty. We speak of the "copper cent," but it is not entirely copper. Its composition is 95 per cent copper, 3 per cent tin and 2 per cent zinc. That alloy is in reality bronze, and the official name of the cent is "bronze." There used to be a copper cent, but an act discontinuing its coinage was passed in 1857. For seven years (1857-64) we had a nickel cent and up to 1857 a copper half cent.

Sounded Like a Reproof.

A lady in passing up a church aisle caught her dress on a corner of a pew and tore it. As the process of tearing was very audible to the congregation the feelings of the lady may be imagined when at that moment the clergyman began the service by reading the sentence:

"Rend your hearts and not your garments."

Rooms to Let.

Mrs. Fangle—Have you secured a lodger for your second floor yet, Mr. Goslin?

Goslin (horrified)—I haven't been looking for a lodger, madam.

Mrs. Fangle—Why, I'm certain my husband told me you had rooms to let in your upper story.

The Way of the World.

"When we were poor," remarked the prosperous man reflectively, "we looked forward to the time when we could have a summer home.

"Well?"

"Well, when we got rich enough to have one, we didn't like going to the same place every summer because it was monotonous, and we looked forward to the time when we could have another for variety."

"Well?"

"Well, we got another, and then we began to long for a winter place, so that we wouldn't have to be so much in the big house in the city."

"Well?"

"Well, we've got them all now."

"And are you happy?"

"I suppose so. At least, I suppose my wife is. She keeps them all shut up and spends most of her time in Europe, but she knows she has them."—Chicago Post.

Fitted Him.

Amateur Actor—Oh, I don't want to take that character. I'll make an idiot of myself, sure.

Manager—Well, you said you wanted an easy part.

Some fools and their money are parted only by death.—Puck.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 1.

Text of the Lesson, II Sam. xv, 1-12. Memory Verses, 4-6—Golden Text, Ex. xx, 12—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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After the everlasting, unconditional covenant made with David concerning his son, who would be Israel's Messiah, and the kingdom of righteousness, as recorded in our last lesson in this book (chapter vii), we read of David's great prosperity and righteous reign (viii, 15). Then comes the record of his great sin and repentance, the sin of Amnon and his death at the hands of his brother Absalom, after which Absalom fled to the king of Geshur and remained there three years, but through the pleading of the wise woman of Tekoa, employed by Joab, he came back to Jerusalem and dwelt two whole years without reconciliation to his father, after which, through Joab's intercession, the king became reconciled to him, saw him and kissed him (xiv, 28, 33). Absalom signifies "father of peace," but his conduct suggests one who is of his father the devil (John viii, 44). The king's kiss to Absalom was the loving kiss of a heartbroken father welcoming his erring son, but the kiss of Absalom (if he did kiss his father) was like the kiss of Judas when he betrayed his Master. This is the third time in fourteen years that we have had this portion of this chapter assigned as a lesson instead of the much more helpful and suggestive portion following, but we are asked today to study verse 23, which is some improvement.

The story of Absalom is one of deceit and lying and treachery and rebellion even against his own father. Perhaps there was no one more wicked. His unscrupulous self seeking, even at the cost of his father's life, is suggestive of the devil, who would if possible dethrone God, and who will yet seek to do so ere the age closes. Make a careful and prayerful study of the following passages and be ever on your guard against all such manifestations. Isa. xiv, 13, 14; Dan. vii, 25; viii, 24, 25; xi, 36; II Thess. ii, 3, 4; Rev. xiii, 5-7; xvii, 14; xix, 19, 20. There are many foreshadowings on a small scale—politicians who will not take up a matter without first considering how it may affect their own political prospect; those who, for their own ends, by good words and fair speeches, deceive the hearts of the simple; those who under pretense of worshiping God have only in view their own promotion and possibly the overthrow of some just person. How desperately wicked must have been the heart of Absalom, who, with profession of devotion to God on his lips and his father's blessing sounding in his ears, goes forth to carry out his devilish designs against his father. Yet there is an ever increasing multitude who are disobedient to parents and in open rebellion against God (II Tim. iii, 1-5). But as truly as David returned and sat on his throne in peace (xix, 14) so shall our Lord Jesus return and reign on David's throne, and the work of righteousness shall be peace and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever (Isa. ix, 6, 7; xxxii, 17). There are many ahithophels (foolish brethren, the name signifies) who stand high before men in relation to the king, but who, while outwardly professing allegiance, are really on the side of the enemy. Let us turn from the dark picture of self and sin to the faithful few who said to David in this dark hour, "Behold thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my lord the king shall appoint," and to Ittai, who said, "As the Lord liveth and as my lord the king liveth, surely in what place my lord the king shall be, whether in death or life, even there also will thy servant be" (verses 15, 21).

To mere natural sight it looked dark for David, but God had promised that the kingdom would be established forever, and there were some who had faith in God and were also ready to die with David rather than live with Absalom. The time was, and in China only two years ago, when to live meant to deny Christ, but many confessed Him and died for Him. See in Rev. xiii, 15-17, a description of coming days, and see in Rev. xiv, 9-11; xv, 2-4, the future of those who deny Christ in order to live and the future of such as die for His sake. May we have the spirit of Ittai and of Ruth and of Elisha (Ruth i, 16, 17; II Kings ii, 2, 4, 6, 9), and may our determined stand be that of Paul in Phil. i, 20; iii, 8-10. Note David's submission and recognition of God in this great trial, "Behold, here am I, let Him do to me as seemeth good unto Him" (verses 25, 26). Over the same brook Kidron (verse 23; John xviii, 1) went the Son of David on the night of the agony in Gethsemane and the betrayal by Judas Iscariot, and the faithful followers were very few. From the same Olivet (verse 30) the rejected Christ returned to His home in heaven, and to the same Olivet will He come again to overthrow His enemies and establish the promised kingdom with Jerusalem as a center (Acts i, 11, 12; Zech. xiv, 4), therefore let us obey Isa. lxii, 6, 7.

David's going barefoot is suggestive of his acknowledgment that this was all of God, and God must manage it, for it is His affair. He knows how to perform His every purpose, and it becomes us to put off our shoes in His presence, as He said to Moses and to Joshua (Ex. iii, 5; v, 15). We have come to a place of great rest when, with true humility and absolute confidence in God, we can go day by day with unshod feet, acknowledging that the whole life and all its service, passive or active, are of God, all appointed and prepared for us and we have only to walk with Him in it, He the author and finisher of all. Contrast a life like this with the wretched life of Absalom, and it is like contrasting heaven and hell.

Gambling the Worst Vice.

Of all the vices to which men are addicted gambling is undoubtedly the worst. Gambling has a worse effect on the mind and conscience even than drink. The inveterate gambler cannot remain honest; he does not remain honest.

We talk earnestly to the young man with the gambling habit because many such young men are strong in ability and character and would render good service to the world if they could use their energies properly.

The gambling instinct is a perverted form of ambition, the most dangerous of human perversions. Every young man who has genuine strength should think about gambling from his own point of view, and his own pride should give him reasons for stopping.

If you want success in life you should want it as a result of your own efforts, not as the result of any accident. The gambling instinct is weak as well as vicious. It is self indulgent and contemptible; it represents the desire to get something for nothing.—New York Journal.

Eskimo Gambling.

Those who have spent any time in the north polar regions and become acquainted with the life and habits of the Eskimo know that he is by nature a gambler. A favorite method of gambling that affords much amusement is to take one of the long handled musk ox cups and, partly filling it with soup or stew made from the seal or walrus, whirl it on the top of a flat rock, about which are grouped those who have entered the game. The person to whom the handle of the cup points when it has stopped turning is the winner of the contents of the cup.

When the winner has emptied the cup then another article, not always or necessarily a soup or stew, is put into it for the next winner. If, however, the article is too large to put into the cup—for instance, a walrus tusk or seal hide or what else—then it may be represented by something else. The cup is then sent spinning again, and when it comes to a rest the winner takes the prize. One of the most valuable prizes, next to a gun or harpoon, is a needle, especially when one is very much needed in the household.

The Real Thing In Toothaches.

"Geewhitaker! Jumping Moses! But it was the worst case of toothache I ever bumped against!" he said. "It was easy in the early part of the evening, but when midnight arrived it got busy for fair. Liniment, hot and cold water and all the rest of the standard remedies were applied without avail. Seven thousand demons, with 7,000 redhot sledges, hammered, hammered and hammered away at the throbbing nerve. That tooth stood upon its head, rolled over the carpet and hung out of the window. It growled, grumbled, moaned and muttered, laughed, cried, ran, walked, trotted, galloped, sailed, flew, dug and excavated and did everything under the heavens but quit and go to sleep like a decent tooth and stop monkeying"—

"And why didn't you have it extracted?"

"Just as soon as Brown could get to the dentist's he"—

"Great Scott, man! Wasn't it your tooth?"

"No. It was Brown's."—New York Press.

Acute Vision of Birds.

Birds have very acute vision—perhaps the most acute of any creature—and the sense is almost more widely diffused over the retina than is the case with man; consequently a bird can see objects sideways as well as in front of it. A bird sees—showing great uneasiness in consequence—a hawk long before it is visible to man. So, too, fowls and pigeons find minute scraps of food, distinguishing them from what appear to us exactly similar pieces of earth or gravel. Young chickens are also able to find their own food, knowing its position and how distant it is as soon as they are hatched, whereas a child only very gradually learns either to see or to understand the distance of an object. Several birds—apparently the young of all those that nest on the ground—can see quite well directly they come out of the shell, but the young of birds that nest in trees or on rocks are born blind and have to be fed.—Chambers' Journal.

President For a Day.

David R. Atchison of Missouri had the unique honor of being president of the United States for one day, and that was Sunday, March 4, 1849. The term of James K. Polk expired on the morning of that day, but, as it was Sunday, the president elect, General Zachary Taylor, was not inaugurated until next day, March 5. In consequence the president pro tem. of the United States senate, D. R. Atchison, was the acting president on March 4, 1849. However, he had presided at a night session of the senate, which lasted until away after midnight of Saturday, and he slept nearly all day Sunday, without realizing the fact that he was president of the United States.

Light Lunch and Music.

A country girl in Dublin went into a restaurant for her lunch. She was asked if she would have a meat dinner or "light lunch and music." Being curious, she chose the light lunch and music and was immediately shown into a room where other inquisitive persons were eating soup and listening to a spirited if not satisfying performance upon the jewsharp by one of the waiters. She felt at the end of the meal that she had paid high for curiosity, but she could make no complaint.

Grotesque.

Irate Husband—If I'm to believe what you say, why on earth did you marry me, madam?

Wife—I remember, I had at the time quite a craze for collecting grotesque curios—Chinese and Japanese hobgoblins and such like—and you were the only man to match my collection.

A Real Absent Minded Man.

The most absent minded man was not the man who hunted for his pipe when it was between his teeth, nor the man who threw his hat out of the window and tried to hang his cigar on the peg—no, but the man who put his umbrella to bed and went and stood behind the door.—Exchange.

Bumps Into Them.

Towne—I believe I'm a sort of owl or something. I can usually find anything I'm looking for in the dark.

Browne—I must be a sort of elephant or something. I usually find everything I'm not looking for in the dark.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Like a Woman.

"If you'll notice," said Finnick, "the poets invariably say 'she' when referring to the earth. Why should the earth be considered feminine?"

"Why not? Nobody knows just how old the earth is."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Simply Useful, That's All.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wordsworth, "the family is most interesting. John dances divinely, Tom sings like an angel, David is a famous footballer, Susanna paints with great taste."

"And Henry?"

"Oh, Henry! Well, he's a rather dull sort of a fellow, you know. He only works and supports the others."—Chicago Journal.

Classified.

"Here's an account of a big landslide," said the new reporter. "Under what head shall I put it?"

"Put it with the real estate transfers," said the city editor, as he wrote "Continued on the forty-fourth page" in the middle of a four line paragraph.

Not So Quiet.

Mrs. Muggins—Your husband dresses rather quietly, doesn't he?

Mrs. Buggins—Humph! You ought to hear him sometimes when he can't find his collar button!—Philadelphia Record.

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114 Boylston Street, Boston.

New Guinea Justice.

A comical vindication of the rights of property among the savages of New Guinea was witnessed by a missionary, the Rev. James Chalmers. Service was just beginning in the little church when a native boy came in dressed with what he considered great magnificence, in a shirt. As the savages were accustomed to go nearly naked, this garment made the boy very conspicuous.

The shirt had once belonged to some white man, and the importance it gave the present wearer was tremendous. But when his glory was at its height a bigger boy appeared, hot with rage and carrying a jacket. He fell upon the first lad and began stripping off the shirt. The rest of the congregation, understanding at once that the rightful owner had arrived, gave him not only sympathy, but practical aid. They rose to their feet, and those who were near by took part in the stripping process. Presently the true owner was invested in shirt and jacket, the congregation cooled, and the service went on.

Her Last Breath.

I heard a story the other day which is probably as old as the hills, though I never had the luck to hear it before. It was of a somewhat lengthy railway journey in very warm weather. An elderly lady, seated in one corner of the carriage, was provided with an india rubber cushion for her greater comfort, but unfortunately, owing to the heat and continued pressure, the cushion suddenly exploded. The old lady was in despair, even to tears, over the misfortune to the wind bag, and again and again reverted to her misfortune. "Tut, woman," said a commercial traveler in another corner of the carriage, "it's not worth making a fuss about. You will get it repaired in town for about 18 pence." "It's no' that I'm vexed aboot—it's no' the price. That's easy sorted. But the last time that bag was blawn up it wis by Aunty Jean, almaist wi' her very last breath, an' that canna be restored!"—Glasgow Times.

Animals and Rain.

It seems strange that no animal, unless it be the squirrel, seems to build itself a shelter with the express object of keeping off the rain, which they all so much dislike. Monkeys are miserable in wet and could easily build shelters if they had the sense to do so. "As the creatures hop disconsolately along in the rain," writes Mr. Kipling in his "Beast and Man In India," "or crouch on branches, with dripping backs set against the tree trunk as shelter from the driving storm, they have the air of being very sorry for themselves." But even the orang outang, which builds a small platform in the trees on which to sleep at night, never seems to think of a roof, though the Dyaks say that when it is very wet it covers itself with the leaves of the pandanus, a large fern.

A Threat That Was Heeded.

In 1866 the Prussian government demanded an indemnity of $25,000,000 from the city of Frankfurt. The head of the house of Rothschild there sent word to Bismarck that if an attempt were made to enforce the levy the Rothschilds would break every bank in Berlin. Knowing the power behind the threat, the man of blood and iron yielded.

Why, Indeed!

She—Why does woman take a man's name when she marries him?

He—Why does she take everything else he's got?

At the Sulphur Spring.

Visitor—This water tastes just like bad eggs, doesn't it?

Servitor—Don't know. I'm not an actor.

The man who pauses in his honesty wants little of being a villain.—Martyn.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6. 1903. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 49.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY—To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
712	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Cupid and the Cash Carrier

By BENNET MUSSON

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Through the great dry goods house of Chase, Remington, Bentley & Co. ranged the usual throng of shoppers—eager faced women and bewildered looking men. In the rear of the store Mr. William L. Remington, the sole survivor of the original firm, sat at a roll top desk in his private office.

Dignified, gray haired and sedate was Mr. Remington, and he looked thoughtful as he leaned back in his revolving chair and tapped the edge of his desk with a square envelope of rough blue paper. The envelope contained an invitation to a reception to be given by Mrs. Eleanor Chase, the widow of one of the former partners of the house and a society woman.

Mr. Remington was not a society man, and it was of his son Jack, aged twenty-two, that he thought as he fingered the envelope and of Eleanor Chase's daughter Nancy.

He rose, opened a door which led into the main part of the store and, threading the maze of aisles, made his way to the silk counter. There stood Jack, who was working his way through the various departments of the business, devoting the charms of his personality to the display of a roll of silk to one of a crowd of well dressed women.

Mr. Remington looked on approvingly as his handsome son concluded negotiations with the woman, took a bill from her and, inclosing it in a little nickel plated case, placed it in the receptacle of the cash carrier. He pulled a cord, and the box shot up till it reached the narrow lines of metal, whence it was whisked with business-like precision to the eyrie of the cashier.

As Jack turned to another customer his father waited; then, recognizing the purchaser of the silk, he stepped forward and engaged her in conversation.

Presently the nickel plated case shot back over the carrier and dropped with an assertive click into its receptacle. Mr. Remington released it, relieved it of its contents and, with a brief "I'll give Mrs. Waldron her change, Jack," which received an answering nod from the young man, handed the money to the woman.

But Remington senior did not give her all that the case contained. He withheld a small piece of folded white paper, which he regarded idly for a moment, then opened. Written across it in hastily formed characters were the words:

"It is an age till tomorrow night, dearest!"

The old gentleman held the paper nearer to his eyes and read the message again. Then he looked at his son, who was talking animatedly. Then he refolded the paper carefully, placed it in his vest pocket and walked slowly away. He went to another part of the store, from which he could get a view of the cashier's post, and looked up.

There among the converging wires of the cash carrier was a high desk, and over its top protruded a head of wavy brown hair, and occasionally as its owner reached for the metal cases Mr. Remington caught sight of the pretty, refined face of Gertrude Terry, his cashier.

The old gentleman watched the girl for awhile, then went to his private office and again seated himself at his desk. He drew the piece of white paper from his pocket and looked at it thoughtfully. Then he turned his attention to the square, blue envelope which contained Mrs. Chase's invitation and glanced from one to the other, as though weighing in his mind the value of each.

Perhaps the memory of his own married life, spent with a woman of society, whose tastes and temperament were at variance with his own, passed in mental review. The many nights he had sat at his lonely fireside while his wife was attending functions to which he had little inclination to follow her may have intruded themselves on his reflections. Whatever his thoughts—and they contained no bitterness for the woman who was gone—he kept them to himself.

He did not say anything to Jack when they left the store together except to tell him that he had some private business to attend to and might be late for their 7 o'clock dinner. Then he gave the driver of his coupe an address and presently alighted at a small frame house.

His ring was answered by a gray haired old man who walked with difficulty. He seemed greatly surprised to see Mr. Remington. When the latter was seated in the little parlor he regarded the invalid with kindly interest.

"Well, Max, I am sorry that time has not dealt better with you," he said at last. "It's a long cry back to our college days, isn't it?"

Old Max Terry sank painfully into a chair. "The last time you were in this house," he answered slowly, "was to attend my wife's funeral. No; time has not been overgood to me, but I don't complain."

"I want you to tell me of her," said Remington, and he drew his cashier's father on to talk of the mother and wife.

The rich old merchant listened thoughtfully while Max Terry told of years spent in perfect companionship, years during which his ambition to become a great musician had slowly suffered collapse, but which had been lightened and beautified by the sympathy of a devoted, loving woman whose soul was attuned to his.

When he had finished Mr. Remington was leaning forward in his chair. "And now that she is gone you have your daughter left," he said gently.

"Yes. She's just like her mother, thank heaven," responded Max Terry, sinking back, with a sigh.

At that moment the front door was opened briskly, steps sounded along the hall, and Gertrude Terry entered the parlor. She stopped abruptly when she saw the visitor.

"I have been telling Mr. Remington about your mother," Max Terry said, smiling at the girl.

"Did he call to ask about her?" she inquired.

"I called for a purpose of my own," said Remington, advancing toward her. "I accidentally received this note from the cash carrier this afternoon." And he produced the bit of white paper.

The girl was pale, but she regarded him unflinchingly. "I suppose you think it is very wrong of me to love Jack," she said.

"No, but I think it would have been better for him to have told me about the affair."

"I would not let him, and I have been trying to tell him that he must not see me again."

Mr. Remington smiled. "You took it for granted that I should not want an unofficial partner in my family who was brave and womanly merely because she happened to be poor," he said softly, taking her hand.

The next morning Chase, Remington, Bentley & Co. was crowded as usual when Jack pulled a slip of white paper from the metal messenger of the cash carrier. The message, which was in his father's handwriting, was as follows:

"Miss Terry will soon leave the employ of this firm."

Jack leaped over the silk counter and hurried to his father's private office. The room was empty, but in a moment Gertrude and Mr. Remington entered.

Jack angrily handed the note to his father. "What is the meaning of this?" he demanded.

Mr. Remington looked at the paper complacently. "It means," he said, "that I think my future daughter-in-law should have time to prepare for her wedding."

Jack leaned against the roll top desk in wonderment, while Gertrude read the note.

"If I had known what was in it I should not have sent it," she said, with a reproachful smile at the elder Remington. "Is that your idea of breaking the news properly?"

"No," answered the old gentleman, "but I did not like to spoil the record that cash carrier has for revealing the unexpected."

Traveling by Map.

The experiences of Captain Joseph La Barge, as told in "The History of Early Steamboat Navigation on the Missouri River," includes this story:

Captain La Barge was a pilot and Indian trader for fifty eventful years, and on one of his trips up the river he had a party of Englishmen aboard. They had a map and applied themselves industriously to the business of identifying the various places on it with those along their route. They were in the pilot house a good deal, and one of them was inclined to instruct in the geography of the country the veteran pilot, who had spent all his life on or near the river.

"What place is this that we are approaching, Mr. Pilot?" he asked.

"St. Charles, sir," La Barge replied.

"You are mistaken, sir. According to the map, it is ——."

La Barge made no reply. He stopped as usual at St. Charles and then went his way. Presently they came to another village.

"What place, captain?" inquired the Englishman.

"Washington, Mo., sir."

"Wrong again. The map gives this place as ——."

This experience was repeated several times, the captain's temper becoming more ruffled with each repetition. Presently a flock of wild geese passed over the river. The Englishmen were standing on the hurricane roof in front of the pilot house.

"What kind of birds are those, captain?" asked one of them in eager haste.

The captain, whose language still showed something of his French origin, replied: "Look at your map. He tell you."

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MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Bought Art to Destroy It.

The attendants in the art gallery of a department store in Brooklyn were startled the other day to see a man deliberately destroy two pictures that he had just purchased at a cost of $47. The man is wealthy and aims to have a collection of art objects that have no duplicates. He had purchased in the art gallery that was the scene of his vandalism a painting for which he paid $1,000. After it was sent home he was showing it to a friend, who, knowing the collector's weakness, told him he had seen two reproductions of the painting in the same gallery, one priced at $35, the other at $12.

"Go and buy them for me," said the collector, "and when you get them break them up. I'll give you a check for $47 before you go home."

The friend declined the task; so the collector went to the store himself, pointed out the two pictures, and after he had paid for them destroyed them on the spot.

This same man ordered a table with a carved top, for which he paid $900, and after it had been finished he went to the artist who had designed it and stood by him while he destroyed the original drawing for the table. That was a part of the contract, and he meant to see it carried out.—New York Press.

They All Saw It Move.

Mrs. Burton, with her husband, Sir Richard Burton, the famous traveler, and two ladies, had driven out of Triest to a village dance and were sitting in the carriage listening to the band. In telling of it she said:

Suddenly, at the top of a roof, I caught sight of a rat, which appeared to me to be spellbound by the music.

"Look!" I said. "Don't move, but watch that rat fascinated by the music."

So we all sat and watched it and thought it most interesting that rats should be susceptible to music like lizards and snakes.

We all saw it move. We all saw its head turn and its tail move, and we kept still, not to frighten it away. The next day, feeling so much interested in the affair, we sent to inquire about it. The rat, it turned out, was made of painted tin and fixed to the top of the house. So much for imagination.

A Rigid Sabbatarian.

A Canadian university man is enlivening his home circle with the following story: He was touring in Scotland last summer. One Sunday morning he put his little hammer in his pocket (he is an amateur geologist) and, strolling out upon the hills, began to chip off such specimens of rock as interested him. A native passing by looked on with a frown. "Sir," he said, "do ye ken yer breakin' more than stones there?" "Breakin' the Sabbath, eh?" said the young Canadian, with a laugh, and, to appease the Scot, he put away the hammer and walked a little way with him. A turn of the road revealed the ruins of a castle. "What castle is that?" said the stranger. "It's noo the day," was the severe reply, "to be speirin' sic things."—London Outlook.

A Tree That Grows Dishes.

There is a tree in the West Indies that the natives say "grows dishes!" It looks like an apple tree. They call it the calabash. It bears very queer leaves and large white blossoms that grow right from the trunk and larger branches. After the flower comes the fruit, just as our apples or peaches do. But this fruit is in the shape of a gourd, only stronger and much larger, sometimes a foot in diameter. Now, see what a use the people of that country make of this fruit. The shell is so hard that all sorts of big and little dishes and drinking cups can be carved out of it. Even pots and kettles are made and used over the fire, but of course they cannot last as long as our iron ones.

Fetched 'Em.

"Hello, Miggles! How are you getting along with that suit of yours against the railroad on account of personal injuries?"

"I brought 'em to time, old man. I brought 'em to time!"

"What! Did you get the $50,000 you sued for?"

"No; we sort o'—er—compromised on the amount. They offered me $250 cash, and I took 'em up so blamed quick it made their heads swim. I got it, too, by George!"—Chicago Tribune.

What It Is That Wins.

A country woman remarked to her neighbor during a conversation on their return from market, "How is it, Mary, that you have been married four times, and I've never been married at all, and I'm much handsomer than you?"

"Aye, to be sure," returned Mary, "but it ain't handsomeness that does it, Sarah. It's the 'come hither' in your eye."

The HONEYMOON COOK

By HARRIET G. CANFIELD

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

They had been married two years, "long enough," Prue suddenly declared, "to dispense with all honeymoon demonstrativeness."

Tom Dawson put down his evening paper and stared at the pretty little partner of his joys and sorrows. "I'm afraid I don't understand, dear," he said.

"Why, it's very simple. If you know that I care for you—and I am certain that you care for me—all signs of affection are quite superfluous; they may be dropped."

"Oh!" Tom said dubiously. "Well, what shall I drop first?" There was a twinkle in his eyes, and Prue saw it.

"To be serious," she pleaded, "to begin with, you must not kiss me when you come home to dinner and—and—other times. You must drop"—

"Drop you a courtesy instead," he interrupted her laughingly.

"Don't be ridiculous, Tom! You know very well that there are many useless customs that should be abandoned, many things that should be dropped."

"Yes," he said, smiling whimsically; "Hannah thinks so, I know. She dropped my meerschaum this morning. We must take lessons of that girl, Prue, or drop her. On the whole, I think we'd better drop her."

"It will not be necessary," she said, with dignity. "Hannah gave notice this morning. I shall have to find some one else within a week."

"I'm sorry—sorry, I mean, for the family she'll drop down on next. Hannah's no feather weight, you know. Speaking of dropping"—

"I am not speaking of it now. It is quite useless while you are in such a mood," she said indignantly, rising from her chair.

Before she could leave the room Tom was at her side. "Forgive me, dear," he said. "I didn't know you were in such sober earnest." He stopped to kiss the pink cheek next to him, but Prue lifted a protesting hand. "Don't, Tom!" she said. "You forget; it isn't necessary."

"No, 'it isn't necessary'"—the words came soberly enough now—"only sweet and natural."

And the next day, when the time came to say goodby, Prue had no occasion to complain of his "honeymoon demonstrativeness."

"Tom is very sensible this morning," she said to herself, but she sighed as she said it and went about all day with a wistful look in her blue eyes. Tom was "sensible" in the evening also, and the next morning he was so very sensible that Prue cried a little, but perhaps it was for joy. Even "sensible" people do that.

That afternoon Matilda made her appearance. Hannah came into the sitting room to announce her arrival. "Matilda Stebbins is here, Mrs. Dawson," she said, "after my place. Will I show her in, ma'am? She and me used to work together once, and she's a dreadful good cook."

"Yes, I will see her," Prue said. And in a moment a tall, lank, freckle faced girl was standing in the doorway, smiling at her. "Will you be seated?" Prue asked pleasantly, and the girl slid into a chair, still smiling.

"I hope you'll give me a try," she said. "I'd like first rate to cook for you and him."

It was Prue's turn to smile. "Have you had much experience?" she asked.

"Heaps of it, ma'am, but never long to one place."

"That seems strange!" Prue exclaimed.

"Well, you see, ma'am, the honeymoons don't usually stretch out over and above six months."

"The honeymoons?"

"Yes, ma'am. I don't cook and do for none but new married folks. Hannah told me about you and him when she first came here two months ago. She said as how she knew you was just married."

Prue blushed. "How did Hannah know it?" she asked.

"Easy enough, ma'am. It's like measles and whoopin' cough. She could tell by the symptoms. I'd rather live where there's lovemakin' goin' on continual than read the best novel ever made up."

This was interesting, but very embarrassing to Mrs. Thomas Dawson. Two days ago she would have laughed heartily at Matilda's sayings and have found much enjoyment in repeating them to Tom. But present conditions made the girl's remarks seem almost personal, yet she felt tempted to engage her.

"Matilda," said she, "did Hannah tell you the wages she received and the work she was expected to do?"

"Yes'm, she did, and I don't think she'll better herself none goin' to work in a factory."

"Very well. I will give you a trial. When can you come?"

"I can stay now, ma'am, and get dinner if you'll let me go home for my clothes when the work's rid up. Hannah wants to leave as soon as she can anyways."

And so it happened that the honeymoon cook held sway in the Dawson kitchen when the owner of the house came home that evening.

"You will be glad to hear that I've engaged a new girl," Prue said to him in the distantly polite tone that she had recently adopted in speaking to her husband.

"Very glad," he answered, "if she is an improvement on Hannah."

The dinner was excellent, and Matilda was very attentive in her service at table, beaming on them as though she would say, "Bless you, my children!" Late in the evening, when they were apparently much absorbed in reading, they heard a strange sound, half cough, half sneeze, in the hall. Prue looked up from the book. "What was that?" she said. Tom was on his way to the door when Matilda entered the room. "It was me, ma'am," she said. "I never walk in on new married folks without givin' 'em warnin' I'm a-comin'—not at first. Of course they get used to me after awhile and go right on 'lovein' if I do see 'em. Nothin' suits me better'n that!"

Prue's face was scarlet. She dared not look at Tom. Oh, why had she engaged the services of such a silly, sentimental creature?

"If you please, ma'am," Matilda continued, "I'm goin' home now to get my clothes, and I'll say good night to you and him."

"Thought we were 'new married folks,' did she?" Tom said grimly. "I can't imagine why. She's a good cook," he added, "and I hope we can keep her."

"We can," Prue said to herself, "if we will meet her peculiar requirements. But I'll not be driven into any foolishly unnecessary display of affection."

For three days the Dawsons enjoyed the results of Matilda's culinary efforts, but a heavy heart will affect the best of appetites somewhat, and on the fourth day Matilda complained that they "didn't seem to relish their victuals" and she "guessed she'd better be goin'."

"Oh, no," Prue cried. "No one could suit us better than you do."

"I'm glad of that, ma'am; but there's another reason." And she hung her head.

Prue was painfully embarrassed, for she could guess the other reason. "I hope you will stay," she stammered.

"I'll think it over till tomorrow, ma'am, but I feel as if Hannah hadn't been fair with me, leadin' me to expect things was different between you and him from what they really be."

Tom came home later than usual that night. Prue was in the hall giving some instructions to Matilda when he opened the door. His eyes looked tired and sad, she thought. She hesitated a moment—only a moment—for Matilda was present, and now was her opportunity to redeem herself in the girl's eyes, when she ran to meet her husband and held up her face to be kissed. The tired look faded from his eyes as if by magic, and he put both arms around her and held her close. "Has my little wife come to her senses?" he asked.

"Hush!" she answered. "I still think it's unnecessary, but Matilda likes it. She refuses to stay unless we are 'affectionate like.'" And she laughed hysterically.

"Oh," Tom said. That was all, but there was a world of disappointment in the exclamation. Then he looked beyond his wife at Matilda, who stood beaming at him, her hands clasped in ecstasy. "Well, she'll stay now," he said bitterly. "I congratulate you."

Yes; Matilda had decided to remain. She came to the sitting room door after dinner to announce her decision.

After she had gone Prue left her seat and moved restlessly about the room. Then she sighed so deeply that Tom looked up from his paper. "Headache?" he asked.

"N-no," she said. Her lips trembled, and she buried her face in her hands and sobbed out, "It's just heart ache, Tom."

"Heart ache?" he said gently. "I thought I had a monopoly of that."

Prue came close to his chair and leaned against an arm of it. "Tom," she cried remorsefully—"Tom, dear, will you forgive me and"—her voice sank to a whisper—"kiss me?"

He caught her hands in his and drew her down beside him. "To please Matilda?" he asked.

"Oh, Tom, you know better!"

"Because if it's to please that girl I'll be banged if I"— But something prevented further speech just then.

* * * * * * * *

When the Dawsons celebrated their tin wedding it was with the assistance of their honeymoon cook.

When a Peanut Sprouts.

"Few persons are perhaps aware that a thing of beauty is a common peanut plant growing singly in a six or eight inch pot and grown indoors during the colder weather," said a florist.

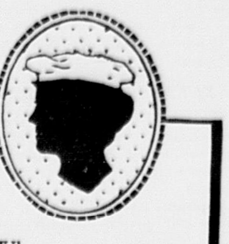
"Kept in a warm room or by the kitchen stove, a peanut kernel planted in a pot of loose, mellow loam and only moderately moistened will soon germinate and grow up into a beautiful plant, extending its branches over the pot.

"The leaves close together like the leaves of a book on the approach of night or when a shower begins to fall upon them. The plant bears tiny yellow flowers. There is nothing else just like it."

Too Much For Him.

Voltaire could not speak much English. The reason why he refused to study the language is this: It was drilled into him that "plague" was pronounced "plaig," which he thought very pretty and acceptable. But right on top of it he was introduced to "ague," which his teacher said must be called "a-gue." Finding it impossible to reconcile the difference, he went off into a philosophical tantrum and dropped the study.

Ayer's
What are your friends saying about you? That your gray hair makes you look old? And yet, you are not forty! Postpone this looking old.
Hair Vigor
Use Ayer's Hair Vigor and restore to your gray hair all the deep, dark, rich color of early life. Then be satisfied.
"Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the natural color to my gray hair, and I am greatly pleased. It is all you claim for it." Mrs. E. J. Vandecar, Mechanicsville, N. Y.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Dark Hair



When you stop to think that tea biscuit made at home with
Cleveland's Baking Powder
cost but five cents per dozen, is there any reason for buying at the bakers?

TELLTALE LIPS.

How to Judge a Woman by the Shape of Her Mouth.

"I judge a man by his eyes, but a woman always by her lips," said Benjamin Franklin. And no man ever read people more correctly.

Queen Elizabeth once refused to engage a waiting woman who came with every possible recommendation, "because," she said, "the woman is a tale-bearer. Do you not see the downward dip of her lip? I will none of her."

"In choosing a wife let her be a woman whose lips do not droop at the corners," advises a Persian sage. "If a woman's lips droop her husband's life will be a perpetual mourning time. Nor yet should they curve too much upward, for that denotes frivolity."

Select for a wife one whose lips are straight, not thin.

When the curve or arch is lacking and the lip overhangs, not loosely, but well defined and firm, the owner is gentle and ready to please.

The mouth of sagacity is large and always well closed, with the line of the lips firmly defined.

The witty mouth is thin lipped and so polished and smooth that light glances across it. The color is fine scarlet. The possessor of such a mouth will say clever, scintillating things, sacrificing her best friend for the sake of an epigram.

Coquettish lips are sharply defined, with a deep pressure under the nose and the corners inclined upward. Here lie laughter and fun and love of music, flowers and animals. The smile is sympathetic, never tragic. Love of ridicule will be strong, but not in a malicious vein. If the corners dimple deeply the lips are quick at repartee.—Exchange.

Map Making.

Map making has kept pace with the progress of other arts, though its steps are not so loud and are heard oftenest in the schoolroom. It is really an art to make a map and has always been so. From the time of the earliest crude affairs to the elaborate and exact pictures of today a great degree of skill has always been necessary to give a perfected representation. Map making is now at the height of its excellence and popularity. The man with land to cultivate, houses to build or land to sell must have everything set down on his map for reference. Nobody thinks of traveling any great distance without consulting a map. Indeed it is almost impossible to escape it, for the obliging ticket agent thrusts it into one's hand with thoughtful kindness, mindful of the advertisement within the pages as well as of the convenience of the tourist. Maps are so common now that there are no more little boys who think the soil of one state is green, another brown, another red, because that is the way it is colored in the geography.—Worcester Spy.

A City of Roof Gardens.

The majority of the houses in Buenos Ayres have but one story, whose flat roof serves all the purposes of Yankee lawns and dooryards. While the patios are frequently utilized as dining and sitting rooms, it is the universal custom to promenade in the cool of the day on the house tops, to sit there at morning and evening enjoying the refreshing breezes, extensive views and varied panorama in the street below. The children find their favorite playground on the roof. There the nurses bring their infant charges, the seamstress her sewing and the maid her mistress' bedraggled finery to put in order again. The clothes are dried and aired and ironed atop, and during the "heated term" of this dewless latitude thousands bring up their beds and sleep with the starry sky for a counterpane.

His Master Stroke.

"George Ferguson," said his wife, looking with crushing scorn at the gaudy rug he had bought at a special sale, "I wonder if ever in your life you knew a good bargain when you saw it?"

The case was critical. Mr. Ferguson saw that something bold and decisive must be done, and his mind worked quickly.

"Why, yes, Laura," he said. "When I wanted a wife I picked out the nicest, sweetest little woman in the whole world, and I got the best bargain any man ever got. There, there, pet!"—Chicago Tribune.

Soapstone In China.

The Chinese in utilizing soapstone, which is found in their country in large quantities, make of it trays for pens, slabs for rubbing ink, flower vases, incense boxes, sandalwood burners, flower baskets, candlesticks, chessmen, cups, bowls and lamps, all sorts of emblems, animals and the idols which the disciples of Confucius revere with so much favor.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, NOV 6, 1903

STATE ELECTION.

Massachusetts is again safe in the keeping of her friends. The Republican victory last Tuesday was something worth bragging about. Here are the figures:

Total vote	362,964
Bates	199,168
Gaston	163,796
Bates's Plurality	35,372

The entire Republican State ticket triumphed in the handsomest manner possible, and the Legislature of 1904 will stand about as it does now.

It was a great victory for the Republicans.

FEENEY A CANDIDATE.

We are able to state positively that Hon. John P. Feeney, present Mayor of Woburn, will be a candidate for reelection next month. He is already in the field.

Aspirants for the office will take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

NOWELL AND RILEY.

These estimable gentlemen were elected last Tuesday to represent the 28th Middlesex District in the Legislature of 1904. It will be Representative Nowell's second term.

Better men could not have been chosen.

CITY ELECTION.

The State election has passed into history, and the campaign for the choice of Mayor, Board of Aldermen, and other Woburn city officers, is fairly on. It promises to be a hot fight from this date to the closing of the polls early in December.

"WE TOLD YOU SO"

Col. Gaston's Democratic Rally in Woburn cost him 46 votes.

☞ It is not probable that a change of voting places for Wards 3 and 4 from Lyceum Hall to the Auditorium would have been made if the matter had been duly considered by the City Council. That was not done and considerable inconvenience and some loss of votes were the result. The change caused unfavorable comments by voters who were disgusted with it. Another one should be made before the city election and Lyceum Hall reinstated as the voting place for Wards 3 and 4.

☞ If the professed friends of temperance are satisfied with the present condition of the liquor traffic in this city they can easily contribute to its continuance and permanancy by voting for license next month, or, more easily still, by remaining at home and allowing the liquor dealers to have things all their own way. They have the power to make Woburn a no license city; but will they exercise that power?

☞ That notorious Wakefield Democratic politician, Charles A. Dean, was snowed under in the most beautiful style last Tuesday. His former Republican supporters went back on him this time and he was beaten out of his boots, as he ought to have been years ago. How true it is that "when rogues fall out honest men get their dues."

☞ Many stories are afloat respecting the probability, or possibility of Hon. William F. Davis becoming an independent candidate for Mayor this year. On one side it is asserted that that he will make the run; on the other it is as positively claimed that he will not be in the fight. Mr. Davis has not the least doubt of his ability to win if he should conclude to go in. But it is not likely that he will be a candidate.

☞ Considering the location of his name on the ballot, the last one, it is perfectly surprising that Mr. H. S. Riley did not lose more votes than he did. It can be safely said that his loss in this city, on that account, was not less than fifty, and a proportionate number in Reading.

☞ J. Howard Nason was elected Representative to the General Court from one of the Everett Districts last Tuesday by 700 majority. Mr. Nason has many friends in Woburn who were made happier by his grand success at the polls on Nov. 3.

☞ Representative Charles H. Nowell visited some of his many friends in this city last Wednesday and appeared to be well satisfied with Tuesday's election, barring New York. He was warmly congratulated on his success at the polls.

☞ Ald. Linscott of Ward 6 gave the Board of Public Works just such a dressing down as they deserved last Monday evening in the Council. Oh! for more Ald Linscotts!

☞ And now Tammany are talking of running General McClellan, the successful candidate for Mayor of New York City last Tuesday, for President. History repeats itself.

☞ The Republicans of Woburn and Reading failed to do the fair thing by H. S. Riley, Esq., at the polls on Nov. 3. What is the matter with them.

☞ The Speakership contest is now on in great shape. Representative Newton of Everett seems to be in the lead.

☞ The reelection of Senator Francis Appleton is exceedingly gratifying to his hosts of friends and the Republican Party in this District.

☞ Last Tuesday Massachusetts placed herself solidly in the Roosevelt line for 1904.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— Make a mental note, carefully, of the facts stated in the Burbeen Lecture Course advertisement.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City—Reg. of Voters.
A. S. Hudson—Citation.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
J G. Maguire—Tax List.
C. L. Babcock—Insurance.

— At 1 p. m. last Wednesday it was 70 in the shade.

— Grip is what ails Mr. Herbert B Dow. He'll come out all right.

— The South End Social Club are to give their annual ball this evening.

— Commissioner E. G. Preston continues on the sick list, but is improving.

— A fine rain came to bless the earth and make the people happy yesterday.

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

—Miss Goodwin of Maine is visiting her sister, Mrs. John F. Peterson, in this city.

— Halloween was observed in a decent manner by the young fry last Saturday night.

— 10 colors of new Camels Hair "Tams," regular dollar quality, 75c each at Hammond's.

—Mr. William E. Blodgett returned yesterday from a successful hunting trip in Northern Maine.

— Miss Maude H. Littlefield is a fine violinist and successful and popular teacher of that instrument.

— Harold McDonald of Porter st., broke his wrist while playing football in Winchester last Saturday.

— The North Woburn A. A. are to give a grand minstrel show one of these days. Rehearsals for it have begun.

— The recently elected officers of Gabalotte Club are: President, Fred E. Leathe; Secretary, Miss Ethel M Bryant.

— We have had quite a touch of Indian Summer this week, which was a welcome change from freezing weather.

— Mr. Bryan McSweeney is local agent for sound, firstclass Fire and Life Insurance Companies. Apply at 7 Munroe street.—5

— Ladies wishing a "mannish" street glove, can find a line of "Fownes English gloves at Hammond's, sizes 5 3-4 to 7 1-4. Price $1.50.

— A card contest of great spirit and skill came off between the Towanda Club and Centrals, both of the Mystic Valley League, at Somerville last evening.

— Workmen are mending the curbing on the north side of the Common. There was need enough of it, everybody knows.

— Mayor Feeney is in good working condition and isn't letting opportunities to make dollars at the law business slip through his fingers.

— There is to be preaching at the First Baptist church next Sunday, morning and afternoon. Fred W. Keene will occupy the pulpit.

— Mr. Earnest M. Ellis and Miss Bertha Hurd, daughter of Mr. Sylvanus Hurd of Blossom street were married last Wednesday evening.

— On Wedneaday evening Nov. 18. the ladies of Trinity Parish are to give a great supper and sale in Music Hall. Supper tickets 25 cents, sale tickets 10 cents.

—What with football, bowling, polo, whist contests, etc., our Woburn young people couldn't be better supplied with intellectual amusement if they tried ever so hard.

— And now again the music of the cider mills is heard in the land. It falls sweetly on the ears of boys with long straws and lips for pure unfermented apple juice.

— The Robbins Drug Company are flourishing these gentle fall days, and richly deserve their prosperity. The store is well managed and one of the most popular in the city.

— "Ex-Official," '02 didn't make much capital out of his reply to Ald. Linscott's solid facts and sharp criticisms of the Board of Public Works. It was a weak production.

— Fitz & Stanley of the Boston Branch grocery, an old and substantial business house, firmly believe in quality of goods, and never fail to buy and sell the best. Read their notice in this paper.

— Here is a Challenge: The Jones Court football team hereby challenge any 11-year old team to play them tomorrow morning, Nov. 7. Come on! Address Captain Charlie Larson 6 Jones Court.

— All Club members who are interested in forming a singing class are invited to meet at the home of Mrs. Sarah C. Phinney, 29 Warren avenue, on Monday afternoon, Nov. 9, at three o'clock.

— Dr. Charles T. O'Brien, whose parents live on Church avenue, this city, has opened an office for the practice of the medical profession at Ware, Mass. He is throughly eduacated, level headed, and an upright young man.

— The Trinity church women are to give their annual supper on Nov.18. They are famous for the fine suppers they give and many people have already begun to look forward to that of 1903 with pleasureable longings.

— We respectfully ask the public, particulary the womenfolks, to cast their visual organs over the card of Copeland & Bowser in this paper. They will find "food for thought" in its words of promise.

— Last week the Cummingsville Social Club elected the following officers: President, P. Loudrigan; V. P., Frank Doherty; R. S., Daniel Doherty; F. S., James Rooney; T., Frank Thornton; Directors, T. Taylor, Lawrence Finn, Patrick Dolan.

— The Highland Orchestra of this city, of which Mr. John C. Andrews is the Manager, is in demand this fall for tony weddings, parlor entertainments, and recherche society functions, and bids fair to become more so during the appreaching winter. It is composed of fine musicians, and the members are real ladies and gentlemen. The Orchestra has frequent calls to furnish music for out of town parties.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

FLOOR COVERINGS

Assortment — COMPLETE
Prices — — — RIGHT
Work — — — PROMPT

It is generally known that we are ***Distributors of Floor Coverings*** of every description, and we desire it to be equally well known that we have all grades of ***Upholstery Fabrics, Lace Curtains, Furniture Coverings, etc.***

The advice of an interior decorator is at your service, if desired. Goods displayed either in our show-room or at residences. Estimates furnished for covering single pieces of furniture or for completely decorating either a single room or an entire house.

For eighty-six years, under the same firm name, we have distributed to the public, to our neighbors, to our friends, Carpets and Rugs, and until we added Interior Decorations and Upholstery Fabrics our sole and entire business has been Floor Coverings.

Does not this record make for intelligent confidence on your part?

Pray Building, Washington St., opposite Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

New Line of FALL GOODS
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

Big Bargains in Rubber Goods

Think of it, a guaranteed 2 quart Hot Water Bottle from 42c. to $1 17.

Bulb, Fountain and Combination Syringes from 23c. to $2 00.

These goods being cuaranteed the prices speak for themselves.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

☞ The Leader of Low Prices.

— The Ladies Auxiliary of St Charles C. T A. S. are making progress in their preparations for the Minstrel Show to be given by them on Nov. 18. They have secured the best talent in town for the show, which will be a fine one.

— On Nov. 17, the following officers of the Ladies Auxiliary, No. 5, A. O. H, are to be duly installed: President, Mrs. M. L. Logue; V. P., Mrs. Lizzie Maguire; F. S, Miss B. Kerrigan; R. S., Mrs. Rose Clancy; T., Miss Nellie Sheehan.

— The Woburn Machine Company installed the new boiler in City Hall and made a neat job of it. The company are doing a good deal of work of the kind, with which the public are well satisfied. They understand their business and are square.

— By refering to his card in this paper it will be seen that Mr. Cornelius L. Babcock of 79 Elm street, N. W., is engaged in the Life and Fire Insurance business; also, in real estate and obtaining pensions. The public will find him a reliable man to deal with.

— The Gabalotte Club, one of the hightoned society clubs of this city, which is famous for the number and choice quality of its organizations of such a character, are to give their third annual ball in Lyceum Hall on Friday evening, Nov. 27. It can be safely said that it will be a fine affair.

— The Russell Counter Company have suspended business for the present, at least. The rumors say it is a permanent closing. It has been for years one of the best manufactories in this city, employing a large number of work people at good prices, and it is to be hoped the rumors are false.

— Woburn sent a good delegation to the State Federation at Waltham Wednesday, Nov. 4. Among those who attended were: the President, Mrs. Josephine Hayward, Mrs. Alice Bancroft, Mrs. Ada Kendall, Miss DeLoriea, Mrs. John Winn, Miss Marcia Winn, Mrs. M. Littlefield and Mrs. Duncan.

— Whitcher, the pharmacist, makes a great announcement of Souvenir postcards in this issue of the JOURNAL. He has about 20 of the choicest views in the city and people ought to buy them, for they make a capital advertisement for the town, going everywhere, and creating an interest in the objects they represent. They are cheap, handy and nice.

— Mr. Clarence W. Stetson of this city has taken charge of the Winchester Y. M. C. A. in place of the late General Secretary who recently resigned. The Winchester Association will find him all right and a proper person for the situation. He is a smart, stirring young man, earnestly devoted to the cause of improving the moral and religious condition of young people, and abundantly capable of successfully conducting a live Association.

— The Democrats of Ward 7 ran the election last Tuesday with beer for a motor. They said it was furnished by Mr. Joshua T. Nowell, their candidate for Senator, but we are not prepared to swallow the story. Possibly he greased the palms of the b,hoys to a slight extent; but beer — never! He originated in North Berwick, Maine, the people of which town don't even know the sight of beer. And, besides, Mr. Nowell, we have been told is a gentleman, and gentlemen don't do such things.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— We have received from Mr John E Miles, Legislative Agent for the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the "Report of a hearing before the Commission of Relations between Employer and Employee," which is found deeply interesting.

— Mr. L. Waldo Thompson says that "the ownership of numbers of houses and tenements by one person, held for renting, is not condusive to the growth in population and general prosperity of this city. It would be vastly better if each house and tenement was occupied by an owner, and this for many good reasons." No level headed business man will dispute the soundness and practical good sense of Mr. Thompson's statement.

— The nearly universal sequel to a boiled dinner is a vegetable hash dinner with a cold corned beef accompaniment. Some people prefer the sequel to the viands in their original form, and their judgment is not to be questioned hastily. Everything that goes to produce a firstclass vegetable hash, including, condiments, can be found at Linnell's popular provision market on Main street, this city.

— The Fair held by the Swedish Evangelical Luthern church has thus far proved a grand success from every point of view. On the three evenings which it has been held the attendance was large, the sales satisfactory, and the entertainments, literary and musical, fine. The Fair will end tomorrow, Nov. 7, for which an excellent programme has been arranged. Mrs. C, W. Anderson, wife of the pastor, a prime singer, is to be the soloist, and Miss Dora A. Winn the accompanist.

— Thanksgiving Day comes on Nov. 26, or 3 weeks from yesterday. A Proclamation to that effect may be expected from Gov. Bates at any moment, and also from President Roosevelt, for it has become a National holiday. It is no longer a movable feast, its date dependent on the caprice of the Governors of States, but is permanently fixed to take place on the last Thursday of November in each and every year. When was the first New England Thanksgiving held? Don't all answer at once.

— People are coming here to live. Smith's Real Estate Agency has recently rented the Winn estate corner of Main and Davis streets to Albert M. Dean of Keene, N. H, who takes possession at once. Also the John Ferguson residence to M. F. Thomas, of Somerville, a B. & M. car Inspector. Also, house 578 Main street to George Gray, Supt. N W Div. B. & N. St. R. R. Also, the William Winn house corner of No. Warren and Pleasant streets to G. H Platts.

— A few days ago Mr. Abijah Thompson handed us an article entitled "She has outlived her usefulness," clipped from a Boston newspaper published about the middle of March, 1864, and picked up on a Southern battlefield by a Union soldier about that date. The burden of the article was a son's inhumanity to his mother, 97 years old, and his unfilial language and conduct at her funeral, "she had outlived her usefulness, was no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody," said that hartless son.

— After a long period, to wit, from Sept. 1 to Nov. 4, of intense suffering, caused by a total absence of caloric from the atmosphere which pervaded the different apartments of City Hall, the respected inmates of that noble and interesting institution have been rescued from their perilous situation by the instalment of a new heating plant and the reintroduction of steam where of late gas stoves only have been doing duty. Enthusiastically whistling the old time tune of "Wood Up Quickstep," the favorite piece of the late Ned Kendall, the famous Boston Bugler, Janitor Connolly opened up the new boiler a couple of days ago, and in less than a quarter of an hour after every public employee in the rickety old shell was as happy as a clam at high water

— Fires. Saturday, Oct. 31, 7 30 p. m., an unoccupied house on Richardson street owned by J. J. O'Connor. Damage slight. — At 10.30, p m. box 36, false alarm. — Sunday, Nov. 1, 12 05 p. m., box 51, rubbish dump off Mt Pleasant St. — Tuesday, Nov. 3, 12 35 a. m., box 37, an unoccupied barn on Houghton St., damage small. Probable incendiary.

— The Celtic Association are preparing for their 33d annual ball to be held on Wednesday evening, Nov. 25.

The Election.

The weather last Tuesday was of just the right sort for election day, and Woburn improved it by polling an unusually large vote. It beat that of 1902 by 77. Gov. Bates gained 107 over his last year's vote. The Luce caucus bill was defeated by 412 majority. H. S. Riley won the Representative election in the District. The following are the returns:

GOVERNOR.

	Wards 1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	T'ls
*Bates, R	137	174	186	194	65	177	57	990
Brennan, L	6	17	9	13	2	2	6	55
Chase, S	6	13	6	8	1	8	2	44
Cobb, Pro	2	3	0	4	2	0	1	12
Gaston, D	262	285	242	190	137	98	99	1313

Gaston's plurality, 323.
Gaston's plurality 1902, 369.

SENATOR—MIDDLESEX-ESSEX DISTRICT.

	Wards 1.	2.	3	4.	5.	6.	7.	T'ls
*Appleton, R	134	161	168	181	58	171	56	929
Hatch, S	10	16	9	6	1	11	6	59
Larson, L	7	24	9	18	2	5	4	69
Nowell D	247	264	225	183	119	82	84	1204
Woodward, Pr.	0	4	3	5	1	2	4	19

REPRESENTATIVES—TWENTY-EIGHTH MIDDLESEX DIST.

	Wards 1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	5.	7.	T'ls
*Aldrich, D,	247	273	240	203	102	106	80	1251
Flint, D	200	213	179	147	84	69	65	957
McKeen, S	5	17	8	6	2	6	5	49
*Nowell, R	121	155	157	175	91	164	57	920
O'Brien, L	20	31	27	34	6	9	8	135
Poulson, L	7	22	17	14	2	6	4	72
Riley, R	116	172	149	149	66	140	55	847

	Reading.	District Totals.
*Aldrich, D	123	1374
Flint, D	271	1228
McKeen, S	52	101
*Nowell, R	684	1604
O'Brien, L	10	145
Poulson, L	8	80
Riley, R	538	1385

Representatives elected—Nowell, Reading, Rep.; Riley, Woburn, Rep.

*Candidates for re-election.

Hon. Francis Appleton was reelected State Senator from the Middlesex-Essex District.

Strout—Holland.

One of the most numerously attended and finest appointed weddings that has taken place in Woburn this fall was that of Mr. CHARLES E. BERTRAND STROUT, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Strout, and Miss MARION P. HOLLAND, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Holland, Tuesday evening, Nov. 3, 1903, at the home of the bride's parents, 25 Middlesex street, this city. About 150 invited guests witnessed the interesting ceremonies and shared in the pleasures of the wedding reception, given by the bride and groom assisted by their parents at the Holland residence.

In performing the nuptial ceremonies Rev. Daniel March, D. D., was assisted by Rev. Stephen A. Norton, Pastor Emeritus and Pastor of Woburn First church respectively. The Wedding March was splendidly played by Miss E. Minnette Dow.

The Best Man was Mr. Percy T. Strout, brother of the Groom; Maid of Honor, Miss Bertha M. Burbeck; Maids, Miss Lillian T. Brooks of Woburn, and Miss Jessie Dibble of Brooklyn, N. Y. The Ushers were Louis H. Dow, Chester W. Holland, George W. Smith.

The house was brilliantly decorated in white chrysanthemums and evergreens. The bride was elegantly attired in a dress of cream crepe de chine with lace aplique, a long tulle veil caught with lillies of the valley. She carried a beautiful bouquet of Bride's Roses. The Maids were dressed with fine taste for the happy event.

Cook of Boston provided a rich and bountiful wedding supper, to which ample justice was done by hosts and guests.

The bride and groom received a large number of costly and elegant presents, which were viewed and admired by the company.

By a neat piece of finessing the pair escaped the unpleasant farewell attentions, with rice and confetti accompaniments, of the young people, to the infinite chagrin and disappointment of the latter, and secretly repaired to Boston, from whence they sailed Wednesday morning on the S. S. Admiral Dewey for Jamaica, W. I., for their wedding trip. They will reside on Montvale avenue, this city.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed executrix of the will of Salem T. Brigham late of Woburn in the County of Middlesed, testate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ANN MARIA BRIGHAM, Executrix.
No. 6 Court Street, Woburn.
Woburn, Nov. 5, 1903.

Woman's Club.

The Woburn Woman's Club will hold an open meeting Friday evening November 13, at 8 o'clock at the Towanda Club House. Prof Hans Schneider will lecture on "Legends of the Parsifal in German and Old English" with readings from the same interspersed with selections from the Wagner Parsifal music

Prof Schneider is at the head of the Providence Music Teachers Institute, a reader as well as a fine musician The New York *Music Courier* says of him:

"Hans Schneider, as usual, succeeding in deeply interesting his audience by the dramatic delivery of the story the, lofty comment of its beautiful sentiment and by the musicianly reading of the score. The magnetic power of Mr. Schneider's strong personality, combined with a most sympathetic and poetic temperament, make him an ideal lecturer, who keeps his listeners almost spellbound to the last moment."

The tickets for admission will be twenty-five cents.

A. C. K., Rec. Sec.

Literary Notices.

During August this year Reverend Peter MacQueen of Boston visited Macedonia, Turkey and Bulgaria for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. He tells the touching and pitiful story of what he saw there in the NATIONAL for November, under the title, The Inside Story of the Macedonian Massacres, illustrated from photographs. Frank Putnam, in the same number, writes The Year with the Labor Unions, a strong and timely paper in which the unions are urged to get rid of their stupid and criminal leaders of the Sam Parks stripe, and warned against trying to monopolize public as well as private employment. The article carries portraits of the officers of the American Federation of Labor. The number has a variety of other choice reading. Dallas Lore Sharp tells a funny possum story. Joseph Howe Dickson explains why Canada doesn't wish to be annexed Lewis E MacBrayne describes St. Agnes, one of the most romantic spots in Europe, his article being illustrated with drawings by Gertrude Stanley. Mr. Putnam writes a breezy sketch around Clyde Hayden's unique photographs of The Squirrels of Harvard Yard. The new Greek theatre of the University of California is illustrated and described. Arthur McIlroy sketches the career of Governor Cummins of Iowa, the leader of the western Republicans' movement for tariff revision. Frank B. Tracy deals with Boston and the Honourables, considering the recent visit of the Honourable Artillery Company of London. Five full-page pictures illustrate this article. The Stage and Book chat by George T. Richardson and Kate Sanborn is fresh and entertaining and freely illustrated. Affairs at Washington deals with the opening of the extra session and carries many fine new portraits of men and women of importance in the national capital. The five short stories of the number are by Eva Hampton Prather of Atlanta, Carrie Hunt Latta of Indianapolis, Thomas W. Steep of Buffalo, James Ravenscroft of Baltimore and Georgia Ransom Fay of New York.

WINCHESTER.

Clarence Stetson of Woburn has charge of the Y. M. C. A. here.

The Business Men's Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium Class opened bravely last Tuesday.

The Mt. Vernon Whist Club is about the smartest pleasure combine in this village.

Mr. Gray gave an interesting talk to the Y. M. C. A. boys on "Lessons from Niagara" last Sunday afternoon.

There is to be a big football game here Thanksgiving Day morning between Winchester and Medford teams.

Capt. Abijah Thompson has a fine illustrated historical and descriptive sketch of Yarmouth, Maine, his summer home, in the last issue of the *Star*.

Football on Manchester field Winchester Saturday at 3 P M Winchester A. A. versus St. Alphonsus A. A. Tom Hoy, P. Meagher, M. Meagher, Charlie Dean, Gus Ball and Billy Carlton, will play for Winchester. E. T. Crawford, manager.

This town, in conjunction with Medford, is greatly exercised over the business of the B & N. Street Railway, with no prospect of an early abatement thereof. It is all a snarl, anyway. Medford is acting the hog part by refusing to let the Railroad Company lay a double track over certain territory which prevents the Company from running their Woburn cars directly into the Elevated at Sullivan Square, and there the matter stands.

Whatever Your Wants

in Furnishing Goods, whether it be in Hosiery, Gloves. Shirts, Neckwear, Night Robes, Pajamas—no matter what—bear in mind that you can find at our store a stock equal in size to almost any exclusive haberdashery in Boston. Most people know this, but occasionally we have a new customer express surprise at the completeness of our stock.

☞ Large lot of Adler's Street Gloves just received.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers,
403 Main Street, Lyceum Hall Building,
WOBURN.

Souvenir Post Cards.
4 for 10 Cents.
ORIGINATOR and DISTRIBUTOR.
Whitcher OF WOBURN.

SUBJECTS SELECTED:
Woburn Public Library, 2 views.
Horn Pond.
Middlesex Canal.
Centre in Winter.
Count Rumford Birthplace, 2 views.
Catholic Church,
Soldiers' Monument.
Count Rumford Statue.
Main Street.
Baldwin Mansion.

4 for 10c.

4 for 10c.

$3.00 WORTH OF STAMPS
—WITH A—
ONE DOLLAR PURCHASE!

Cut out the coupon below and present it at the store of
E. P. Fitzwilliam & Co.
373 MAIN STREET,
and with a One Dollar purchase you will receive Three Dollars worth of Stamps.

GOOD FOR
$3 Worth of Stamps
With a $1.00 Purchase.
GOOD ONLY at the store of
E. P. FITZWILLIAM & CO.,
373 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Climatic Cures.

The influence of climatic conditions in the cure of consumption is very much overdrawn. The poor patient, and the rich patient, too, can do much better at home by proper attention to food digestion, and a regular use of German Syrup. Free expectoration in the morning is made certain by German Syrup, so is a good night's rest and the absence of that weakening cough and the debilitating night sweat. Restless nights and the exhaustion due to coughing, the greatest danger and dread of the consumptive, can be prevented or stopped by taking German Syrup liberally and regularly. Should you be able to go to a warmer clime, you will find that of the thousands of consumptives there, the few who are benefited and regain strength are those who use German Syrup. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At A. W. Whitcher's drug store.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "God as Spirit."
Sunday School at 12 M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—22d Sunday after Trinity.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "The Power of Shallowness."
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "And Their Works Do Follow Them."
7.45 P. M., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service. Theme: "Heart and Hands."
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening, at 7.30.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Mortals and Immortals."
Sunday School for the Children at 11 45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: "Faith, the Giving of Substance to Our Hopes."
12 M. Sunday School.
3 P. M., Junior League.
5.45 P. M, Epworth League.
7 P. M., Preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Does the Future Life Depend upon This Life?" (Prof. W. W. Adams' chorus of male voices will sing.)
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 24, by Rev. Augustus Lindquist, Albin Erickson of Foxborough and Clara Caroline Hallstrand of Boston.

In this city, Oct. 17, by Rev. E. J. Peterson, Lwante Pearson and Jennie Elizabeth Bergnear, both of Woburn.

In this city, Nov. 3, by Rev. Daniel March, Charles Everett Strout and Marion Parker Holland, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In Boston, Oct. 25, Harriet C. Hubbard, aged 66 years, 13 days.

In this city, Nov. 4, Mary Spencer, aged 64 years.

In this city, Nov. 2, Jacob Linscott, aged 87 years

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Twenty-eight Franklin Street.

The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.

The National Graded Course Used.
P. O. Box 344.

MISS DORA A. WINN,
WILL RESUME
Pianoforte Instruction,
October 1, 1903.
6 Highland Street, Woburn.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN,
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

CORNELIUS L. BABCOCK,
INSURANCE.
LIFE, ACCIDENT, HEALTH.
Notary Public, Pensions, Real Estate.
79 Elm St., No. Woburn, Mass.

Cut This Out and Use It.

Bargain Coupon.

By presenting this coupon at Copeland & Bowser's 399, 401 Main street, Woburn, you will receive **3 stamps instead of 1 on every 10c. purchase.**

This Coupon is good between Nov. 9 and Nov. 28.

Only one coupon received on each purchase.

[Woburn Journal.]

COPELAND & BOWSER.

—OUR—

Tea

—AND—

Coffee

Trade has always been an important part of our business. We take great care in selecting our goods, believing that quality in Tea and Coffee is always appreciated, and we are prepared to meet any competition in this particular line.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

By S. R. KNIGHTS & CO., Auctioneers.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alvin T. Morrill and wife, Ludovica Dimon Morrill, in her right, to Silas R. Carter, Edwin Irving Sawyer and James D. Tyler, trustees of the First Unitarian Society in Berlin, dated March 31, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 2644, Fol. 258, and duly transferred to the undersigned; for breach of condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction, upon the premises first hereinafter described, on

Monday, November 16, 1903,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, viz:—The following tracts or parcels of land all situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts:

FIRST: A certain tract of land with the buildings thereon and bounded as follows, to wit:—Northerly by Lexington street, by land of Jacob M. Ellis and by land of the heirs of Walter Frost; easterly by land of the heirs of Walter Frost, and by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; southerly by land of said Benjamin F. Flagg, by land of William B. Doyle, and by land formerly of Joseph Gardner; westerly by land of Mary G. Pierce.

SECOND: A certain lot of woodland near Horn Pond and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; easterly by land formerly of Stephen Dow; southerly by land of Ebenezer L. Pierce; westerly by land of William B. Doyle.

THIRD: A small lot of land bounded as follows, namely:—Southeasterly by Lexington street; northeasterly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; northwesterly by Garden street.

FOURTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Locust street; easterly by land now or formerly of James B. and Horace W. Pearsons and by Garden street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by Willow street.

FIFTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Willow street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by land of the heirs of John Weston; northerly by land now or formerly of Doherty, and by John Cummings.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes, tax bills or other municipal liens.

$300 will be required to be paid by purchaser at time of sale. For further particulars apply to Andreas Blume, Attorney-at-Law, 27 School street, Boston, Mass.

ANDREAS BLUME, Trustee
under the will of William Phipps, Mortgagee.
Boston, Oct. 21, 1903.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Martha Sturtevant, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Charles A. Sturtevant, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the tenth day of November, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Ice Cream

Vanilla, Strawberry,
Coffee, Chocolate,
Orange Sherbet,
Always on hand.

CRAWFORD'S

No. 412 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE: 48-3.

Desk Room To Let

at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

To Let.

Tenement of six rooms at 37 Salem street, $11 00 per month.

E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount street.

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

--FREE--
Public Lectures
— IN THE —
City of Woburn
TO BE GIVEN BY THE
BURBEEN FREE LECTURE FUND

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

MEMBERS OF THE CORPORATION,—John W. Johnson, Maria E. Carter, William R. Cutter, E. Maria Bean, S. Franksford Trull, John G. Maguire, L. Waldo Thompson, William Beggs Frances W. Hill.

SEASON OF 1903-4.

The lectures given by this fund are free to the public, **but no one will be admitted to the hall except upon presentation of a ticket.**

Application for one or two season tickets entitling holders to reserved seats for the course may be made in writing on or before Nov. 14, 1803, to the BURBEEN FREE LECTURE FUND, P. O. Box 516, Woburn. Blanks for this purpose may be obtained at the Woburn Public Library, and to those successful applicants who send with their application a stamped addressed envelope, tickets will be mailed; and other successful applicants may obtain their tickets at the Woburn Public Library, on and after Nov 20. Tickets not taken on or before Nov. 23, will be at the disposal of the Directors.

Tickets will not be issued to children; but parents, in applying for tickets, may request that one of them admit a minor child (naming such child) and a special ticket may, in such case be given to the parent which will admit to the hall such child if accompanied with the parent. Except upon presentation of such special ticket no children will be admitted to these lectures.

Tickets may be transferred but only to adults. A limited number of tickets for single lectures will be at the disposal of the directors and may be obtained at the Woburn Public Library the week preceding lectures. These evening tickets will entitle the holders to seats not taken at 7.55 o'clock by season ticket holders.

The Course of the Twelfth season will consist of seven Lectures as follows:—

Tuesday, Nov. 24, 1903. Rev. S. Parkes Cadman. Subject: "Life in London."
Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1903. Prof Charles S. Fay. Subject: "The Canadian Rockies." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1903. Edmund H. Garrett. Subject: "The Home of Shakespeare." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1904. Minna E. Tenney. Subject: "The Land of the Shamrock." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Jan. 26, 1904. To be announced.
Tuesday, Feb. 9, 1904. Henry H. Clayton. Subject: "Exploration of the Air by Mountain, Balloon, and Kite." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Feb. 23, 1904. Senor Ramon Reyes Lala. Subject: "The Philippines and their People." Illustrated.
Tuesday, March 8, 1904. Dr. Edwin C. Bolles. Subject: "Picturesque Holland." Illustrated.

The course will be held in

LYCEUM HALL.

Doors open at 7.30 P. M. Lectures begin at 8 P. M.

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund,** P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE,
E. MARIA BEAN,
L. WALDO THOMPSON,
Directors.

Woburn, October 30, 1903.

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE
Registrars of Voters

will be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common St., on

Saturday Afternoon, Nov. 14, from 2 to 5 o'clock,
Evenings of Saturday, Nov. 14, Monday, Nov. 16, and Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 7 o'clock, and Wednesday, Nov. 18, from 12 M. to 10 P. M.

for the PURPOSE OF REGISTERING all persons legally qualified to vote in City Election and for correcting the List of Voters.

Registration for the City Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of November 18th

Women desiring to register for the City Election are requested to attend the afternoon session, but may register at any sesion of the Board.

☞ All naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
FRED F. LOWELL,
CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters

Woburn, Nov. 4, 1903.

Decorative Art Course.

Lowell Textile School.

While the Decorative Art Course is mainly preparatory to textile design, it also prepares for any branch of Decorative Art, such as wall paper, book illustration, lithography, interior decoration, stained glass, etc., etc., and for pictorial art in water and oil. The facilities now offered permit of thorough instruction in these specialties. The classes are open to ladies and gentlemen in connection with textile design or otherwise and have been specially popular with ladies. The studio is open DAILY except Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Prof. Vesper L. George is in charge and conducts the work on the basis of the Julian Academy.

Lecture Course on Historic Ornament.

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CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Sale
— OF —
Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., November 2, 1903.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1902, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said parcels sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of each of said parcels if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, December 5th, 1903,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the nonpayment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 1.

HANORA F. BRADY.—About 9,205 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Lawrence street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Lawrence street; easterly by land now or late of Whitford; southerly by land of Hudson; westerly by land now or late of Buck and Whitford.
Tax of 1902, $84 13
Street Watering for 1902, 1 40

HANORA F. BRADY.—About 12,818 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn on Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Tidd; easterly by said Main street; southerly by land of the City of Woburn; westerly by land of Mahoney and land of Tidd.
Tax of 1902, 28 64
Street Watering for 1902, 1 52

MARY CLAFFY.—About 5,888 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Porter street, being lot No. 19 on Plan of Thomas Richardson lands, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 41, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by said Porter street; easterly by lot 20 on said Plan; southerly by land of Eustice Cummings; westerly by lot 18 on said Plan.
Tax of 1902, 38 49

BRIDGET DOHERTY.—About 16,785 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Buckman street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of James Burke about 66 feet; easterly by land of Dunberry about 160 feet; southerly by Buckman street 66 feet; westerly by Buckman Court about 166 feet.
Tax of 1902, 17 90

CELIA FITZPATRICK.—About 6,800 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Caulfield; easterly by Main street; southerly by land now or late of Buck; westerly by land late of Doyle.
Tax of 1902, 37 23
Street Watering for 1902, 1 13

JAMES FRASER.—About 5,200 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Court street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Reagan; easterly by Court street; southerly by land of Peter M. G. Fraser; westerly by land of Munroe and land of Grammer.
Balance of Tax of 1902, 34 59

FRED AND LIZZIE F. GOWING.—About 5,424 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Wyer's Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of St. John's Parochial School Corporation; easterly by land formerly of Colson; southerly by land formerly of L. G. Richardson; westerly by Wyer's Court.
Tax of 1902, 42 96

MARY KEATING.—About 11,950 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Ash street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Sheehan; easterly by land of Lynch; southerly by land now or late of Hugh Keating; westerly by Buck street.
Tax of 1902, 8 95

JAMES E. KELLEY.—About 6,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Hudson street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Hudson street; easterly by a private way; southerly by land of Farry; westerly by land now or late of Butman.
Tax of 1902, 37 59

MARGARET E. KELLEY.—About 7,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Lake avenue; easterly by Main street; southerly by land of Plummer; westerly by land of Clancy;
Balance of Tax of 1902, 36 97
Street Watering for 1902, 1 64

MARGARET T. KENNEY.—About 7,030 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Pleasant street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Pleasant street; easterly by land of George F. Bean, Trustee; southerly by land of Edward H. Richards; westerly by Court street.
Tax of 1902, 78 76
Street Watering for 1902, 1 44

PATRICK LYDON.—About 8,818 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on a private way, leading westerly out of Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by said private way 126 feet; easterly by land of Fournier 75.14 feet; westerly by land of Pickering 75.3 feet; southerly by land late of Holleran 109 9 feet. Same premises conveyed by deed of Mary Levigne et al, dated August 19, 1890, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1993, Page 464.
Tax of 1902, 30 43

ANNIE C. MCCORMICK.—About 3,713 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn in rear of No. 18 Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of McLaughlin; easterly by Main street; southerly by a private way leading westerly out of Main street; westerly by land late of Levigne.
Tax of 1902, 71 60
Street Watering for 1902, 1 38

MARY F. MELINDY.—About 12,770 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn No. 10, Sturgis street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Sturgis street; easterly by land of Durant 115 feet, 3 inches; southerly by land of Westcott; westerly by land of William P. Wyman.
Tax of 1902, 51 91

RUSSELL COUNTER COMPANY.—About 34,502 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Beacon street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Buckley, Porter and Hartwell; easterly by land now or late of Dow; southerly by land now or late of Ferrin; westerly by Beacon street.
Tax of 1902, 291 77
Street Watering for 1902, 4 12

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 6,120 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 11 Bennett street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Linnell; easterly by Bennett street; southerly by land of Connolly; westerly by land of Crosby and other land of Smith.
Tax of 1902, 48 33
Street Watering for 1902, 1 20

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 6,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 10 Court street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Crosby; easterly by other land of Smith and land of Connolly; southerly by land now or late of Thompson; westerly by Court street.
Tax of 1902, 31 33

JACOB WEBSTER HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 15,630 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 20 Warren avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Hunt and land now or late of Oliver Bacon; easterly by Court street; southerly by Court street; westerly by Warren avenue.
Tax of 1902, 87 71
Street Watering for 1902, 1 76

Non-Residents.

BOWAN BUCKMAN HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 7,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Buckman street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Buckman street; easterly by land now or late of Harkins; southerly by land formerly of Buck; westerly by land of Conway.
Tax of 1902, 6 27

ROSE MCELANEY.—About 25,536 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of St. John's Parochial School Corporation; easterly by Main street; southerly by land now or late of Hudson; westerly by land of Lydia W. Gage.
Tax of 1902, 102 93
Street Watering for 1902, 2 88

PATRICK WELSH.—About 7,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on a private way leading westerly from Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on the northerly side of said private way at land of Ronald S. McCormick; thence the line runs westerly by said private way to a stake at land formerly of Mary Levigne; thence northerly by land of said Levigne to land formerly of J. H. Warren; thence easterly by land of said Naven; thence a little north of east by land of Timothy Connors to land of McCormick; thence southerly by land last named to the point of beginning; being same premises described in deed of Mary Levigne to Patrick Welch, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1993, Page 467.
Tax of 1902, 8 95

WILLARD WELSH.—About 10,527 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Connors and by land now or late of Murphy; easterly by land now or late of Murphy and by land late of Levigne; southerly by a private way; westerly by land now or late of Levigne.
Tax of 1902, 9 40

MARY WELSH.—About 26,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Arlington Road, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Sheehan 123 feet; easterly by a private way about 197 feet; southerly by land now or late of Leathe about 132 feet; westerly by Arlington Road formerly Canal street, about 197 feet. Being the same premises described in deed of Timothy O'Brien et als., dated Feb. 26, 1895, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2380, Pag 242.
Tax of 1902, 5 37

WARD 2.

GEORGE W. ALLEN HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 3,3 0 square feet of land situated in said Woburn off Green street, being westerly part of lot 49 on Jeduthan Fowle Plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 8, Plan 26, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by a private street; easterly by land of Lauretsen; southerly by land now or late of Holton; westerly by a private street.
Tax of 1902, 90

KATE BATTEL.—About ½ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Glenwood street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Glenwood street; easterly by Highland street; southerly by land of Bellew; westerly by land of Miller.
Tax of 1902, 57 28

JAMES FRED BUEL.—About 8,240 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Fairmount street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Buckman; easterly by land of Smith; southerly by land of Richardson; westerly by Fairmount street.
Tax of 1902, 43 86

ROSE DUNN HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 3-16 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 39 Conn street bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Clapp; easterly by land now or late of McHugh; southerly by land now or late of McHugh; westerly by Conn street.
Tax of 1902, 18 80

TIMOTHY CREEDON.—About 7,140 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, Nos. 9 and 11 Conn street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Conn street; easterly by land of Maguire and land of Parker; southerly by land now or late of Lewis L. Whitney, Trustee; westerly by land now or formerly of Fifield.
Tax of 1902, 39 38

ADELIA L. HILL.—About ¼ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Spring Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of John G. Flagg; easterly by land late of Joseph G. Pollard; southerly by land late of Joseph B. Sawtelle and by Spring Court; westerly by land now or late of Richards.
Balance of Tax of 1902, 12 01

LAURITZ LAWSON.—About 5,759 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn No. 66 Eastern avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of L. H. Allen, 91.45 feet; easterly by land of Luke W. Fowle 65 feet; southerly by land of Luke W. Fowle 85.77 feet; westerly by a private way about 65.15 feet.
Tax of 1902, 49 23

HENRY A. MOTT HEIRS.—About 11,998 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Nashua street, being the northerly part of lot 26 on Plan of Emerson Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plans 23, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 27 on said plan 160 feet; easterly by Beacon street on said plan 40 feet; southerly by the other part of lot 26 about 160 feet; westerly by lot 36 on said plan 40 feet.
Tax of 1902, 4 48

JAMES A. ORDWAY.—About 72,376 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 61 Fowle street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Fowle street 147 feet; easterly by Eastern avenue 395½ feet; southerly by land now or formerly of Sparrow Horton 219 feet; westerly by Sourel street 395½ feet.
Tax of 1902, 223 75

HENDRICK A. ROST.—About 3400 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, being the westerly part of lot 51 on plan of Emerson Lots recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 23, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 52 on said plan 280 feet; easterly by the other part of said lot 51 on said plan 125 feet; southerly by lot 50 on said plan 270 feet; westerly by a private street called Woburn street on said plan 125 feet.
Tax of 1902, 19 69

CHARLES A. SMITH HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 11,400 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 67 High street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by High street; easterly by Garfield avenue; southerly by land formerly of Thomas Richardson; westerly by land now or late of Buckman, and by land now or late of Butters.
Tax of 1902, 87 71

GRACE A. TOBIN.—About 21,800 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 199 Montvale avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue 100 feet; easterly by land of Holden 218 feet; southerly by land of Holden 100 feet; westerly by Wood street 218 feet.
Tax of 1902, 14 32

JULIA A. WARD.—About 24,896 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Holden Place, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of William B. Ward; easterly by a private way known as Holden Place about 217 feet; southerly by land of Charles Bush about 116½ feet; westerly by land of John B. Smith, M. Cram and Joseph Hill, about 238.9 feet.
Tax of 1902, 9 85

JULIA A. WARD.—About ¼ acre of land situated in said Woburn on Holden Place, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of William B. Ward; easterly by Holden Place about 815 feet; southerly by land now or late of Onion; westerly by land formerly of Keith.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

WILLIAM B. WARD.—About 7,774 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 145 Montvale avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue; easterly by a private way; southerly by land now or late of Ward; westerly by land of Foss.
Tax of 1902, 32 22

Non-Residents.

P. A. ANDERSON.—About 15,750 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of John P. Peterson 105 feet; easterly by Garfield avenue 50 feet; southerly by land now or late of Walton; westerly by land now or late of Walton.
Tax of 1902, 5 37

OLIVER E. BARBER.—About 3100 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 39 and 40, block 6, on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by 38 in said block; easterly by May street on said plan; southerly by lot 41 in said block; westerly by lots 49 and 50 in said block.
Tax of 1902, 72

OLIVER E. BARBER.—About 5674 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 60 and 61, block 7 on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 59 in said block; easterly by Willard street on said plan; southerly by lot 62 in said block; westerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1902, 90

OLIVER E. BARBER.—About 3100 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 47 and 48, block 6 on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 49 in said block; easterly by lots 41 and 42 in said block; southerly by lots 45 and 46 in said block; westerly by Willard street on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 72

OLIVER E. BARBER.—About 3903 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 42 and 46, block 6 on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 47 in said block; easterly by lot 44 in said block; southerly by Lowell street on said plan; westerly by Willard street on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 71

OLIVER E. BARBER.—3100 squarre feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 8 and 9, block 5, on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded of follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 7 in said block; easterly by Tremont street on said plan; southerly by lot 10 in said block; westerly by lots 24 and 25 in said block.
Tax of 1902, 71

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 5 acres of land situated in said Woburn on southerly side of Green street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Green street; easterly by land formerly of Reed and Tweed; southerly by land formerly of Dunklee and Holton; westerly by land formerly of Joseph B. Sawtelle.
Tax of 1902, 4 48

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 4⅜ acres of land situated in said Woburn on northerly side of Green street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by land now or late of Foster; northeasterly by land now or late of Wade and by land of Cox; southerly by said Green street; westerly by land o- Onion.
Tax of 1902, 5 37

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 2¾ acres of land situated in said Woburn on southerly side of Montvale avenue bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue and land of Tobin; easterly by land now or late of Jennison; easterly by Holton street; southerly by Green street; westerly by Wood street
Tax of 1902, 5 37

JOHN A. GRISWOLD.—About 5550 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Vernon street, being lot No. 19 on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 101, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by lot 18 on said plan; easterly by Foster street on said plan; southerly by lot 20 on said plan; westerly by Vernon street.
Tax of 1902, 50 12

G. W. M. HALL.—About 17,225 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 101 Montvale avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue; easterly by land of Maloney; southerly by land of Flagg and by land formerly of Bacon; westerly by land of Robertson.
Tax of 1902, 64 44
Street Watering for 1902, 1 48

WILLIAM H. HUNTER.—About 3,100 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots No. 49 and 50, Block 6, on Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 51 in said block; easterly by lots 39 and 40 in said block; southerly by lot 48 in said block; westerly by Willard street on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 72

WILLIAM S. MITCHELL.—About 6,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Vernon street, being lot No. 6 on Assessors Plan No. 7, Book 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 5 on said plan; easterly by said Vernon street; southerly by lot 7 on said plan; westerly by land now or late of Flagg.
Tax of 1902, 5 37

DAVID T. MONTAGUE.—About 17,682 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn on westerly side of Vernon street being lots 7 and 8 on Assessors Plan, No. 7, Book 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 6 on said plan; easterly by said Vernon street; southerly by lot 9 on said plan; westerly by land now or late of Flagg.
Tax of 1902, 8 95

DAVID T. MONTAGUE.—About 14,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on westerly side of Vernon street, being lots 12 and 13 on Assessors Plan, No. 7, Book 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 11 on said plan; easterly by said Vernon street; southerly by lot 14 on said plan; westerly by land now or late of Flagg.
Tax of 1902, 7 16

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 4,652 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Tremont street, being lots 5, 6 and 7, Block 5, on plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 4 in said block; easterly by Tremont street on said plan; southerly by lot 8 in said block; westerly by lots 26, 27 and 28 in said block.
Tax of 1902, 1 35

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 1981 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Willard street, being lot 63, Block 7 on plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 62 in said block; easterly by Willard street on said plan; southerly by lot 64 in said block; westerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1902, 45

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 1,552 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on May street, being lot 27, Block 5, on Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 28 in said block; easterly by lot 6 in said block; southerly by lot 26 in said block; westerly by May street on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 45

THOMAS H. MCMANUS.—About 10,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Hanover street, being lots 281 and 283, on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 28, Plan 44, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 280 and 282 on said plan; easterly by lot 285 on said plan; southerly by Hanover street on said plan; westerly by lot 279 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 36,640 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Stoneham street, being lots 40 and 41 on Plan of L. G. and W. H. Richardson land, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 26, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Medford street on said plan; easterly by lots 21, 22 and 23 on said plan; southerly by Stoneham street on said plan; westerly by lots 38 and 39 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 5 36

WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 9,280 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Stoneham street, being lot 42 on Plan of L. G. and W. H. Richardson land, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 26, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Stoneham street on said plan; easterly by land of owner unknown; southerly by Reading street on said plan; westerly by Concord street on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 1 35

WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 60,825 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Stoneham street, being lots 55, 67 and and 68, on Plan of land of L. G. and W. H. Richardson, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 26, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Stoneham street on said plan; easterly by Concord street on said plan; southerly by Winchester town line; westerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1902, 8 06

C. J. SPENCELY.—About 7245 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Vernon street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Foster; easterly by land now or late of Foster; southerly by Hawley street; westerly by said Vernon street.
Tax of 1902, 7 16

FRANK A. STENGER.—About 6,488 square feet of land being lots 1, 2, 3, 4, Block 5 on Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by Tremont street on said plan; southerly by lot 5 in said block; westerly by lots 28, 29, 30 and 31 in said block.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

FRANK A. STENGER.—About 1,550 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on May street, being lot 28, Block 5, on Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 29 in said block; easterly by lot 5 in said block; southerly by lot 27 in said block; westerly by May street on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 72

FRANK A. STENGER.—About 3,318 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on May street, being lots 30, and 31, Block 5, on Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by lots 1, 2 and 3 in said block; southerly by lot 29 in said block; westerly by lot 31A in said block.
Tax of 1902, 1 07

GEORGE A. TIRRELL.—About 11,446 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn on Tremont street, being part of lot 36 shown on Plan of Emerson lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 23, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 35 on said plan 200½ feet; easterly by part of lot 36, 55 feet; southerly by part of lot 36, 218 feet; westerly by Tremont street on said plan 58 feet;
Tax of 1902, 25 06

WILLIAM H. WOODMAN.—About 11,050 square feet land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn on Highland street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Mary Meehan 127.6 feet; easterly by land now or late of Lyman 84 feet; southerly by land of Thomas Cullen 133 feet; westerly by Highland street 123 feet.
Tax of 1902, 63 55

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 5000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Nashua street, being part of lot 10 on plan of Emerson Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 23, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 9 on said plan about 100 feet; easterly by part of lot 10 on said plan 50 feet; southerly by rest of lot 10 on said plan 100 feet; westerly by Nashua street 50 feet.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 18,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Laurel street, being lots 25, 26 and 27 on plan of Mory P. Foster land shown on Assessors Plan No. 7A, Book 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 28 on said plan; easterly by said Laurel street on said plan; southerly by Hawley street on said plan; westerly by lots 21, 22, 23, 24 and 24A on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

WILLARD WELSH.—About 11 32-100 acres of land situated in said Woburn on Green street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly land late of Pollard; easterly by land of Hastings and Flagg; southerly by Green street; westerly by Eastern avenue. Excepting from the above description lots 37 and 39 shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 116, Plan 15.
Tax of 1902, 89 50

WILLARD WELSH.—About 7,838 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 47 Highland street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by a private way leading westerly out of Highland street; easterly by said Highland street and land now or late of Collins; southerly by land of McHugh; westerly by land now or late of McHugh.
Tax of 1902, 18 80

WILLARD WELSH.—About 6050 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Vernon street, being lot No. 15, Foster land, shown on Assessor's Plan No. 7A in Book 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Harvard street on said plan; easterly by lot 33 on said plan; southerly by lot 16 on said plan; westerly by Vernon street.
Tax of 1902, 5 37

WILLARD WELSH.—About 9375 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Vernon and Hawley streets, being lot 25, Foster land, shown on Assessors Plan No. 7A, in Book 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Hawley street 50 feet; easterly by lot 26 on said plan; southerly by land now or late of Sawtelle; westerly by Vernon street.
Tax of 1902, 4 48

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of John F. Barrett, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Albert P. Barrett, of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of November, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notive thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirtieth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Stilman H. Church late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William E. Church and Bowers H. Church who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of November, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourth day of November in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Pure Water!

One of the principal essentials in preserving health.

Cadwell's Crystal Spring Water

One of the purest and best in New England. Address

C. H. CADWELL,
Woburn.

Origin of the Peach.

Nothing is now more universally accepted than the fact that the peach is an improved variety of the almond. The almond has a thin shell around the stone, which splits open and shows the stone when mature. This outer skin has simply become fleshy in the peach, so that it is all that gives it its specific character. It seems now clear from investigation in the history of ancient Babylon that in their gardens, nearly 4,000 years ago, the peach was cultivated then as it is now.

It must have been many years before this that the peach was improved from the almond, and this fact goes to show the great antiquity of the fruit. Possibly gardening in some respects, at least so far as it relates to many of our cultivated fruits, was as far advanced 6,000 or 8,000 or perhaps 10,000 years back as it is today.

Phœnicians, many thousands of years ago, as is proved by the records, had in their gardens almonds, apricots, bananas, citrons, figs, grapes, olives, peaches, pomegranates, and even sugar cane was in extensive cultivation. Certainly this shows how far advanced these nations were in garden culture many years ago.

Speeches of Men.

You may search through the annals of all time, and the speeches of men will tell the passions of the periods during which they flourished. The speeches of the ancients that have been preserved through the ages present to us our strongest and most important history of the past. They constitute the living sentiment of the literature of fame. In all the mighty tumults of war, the tranquil periods of peace and the convulsive shocks of revolution the orator stands in clear relief as impressive and enduring as the soldier. The great speeches of the great men of antiquity are in the mouth of the schoolboy. He cannot know Greece without Demosthenes. He cannot know Rome without Cicero. Still the stenographers of those centuries were unlike the stenographers of this, and so it will always remain a lasting regret that many of the most brilliant utterances of ancient oratory and wit have never been recorded.—Schoolmaster.

A Cat and a Mouse.

Many, says a contributor, are distressed by the way in which a cat "plays" with a mouse before killing it. That the mouse does not suffer so much as might be expected is proved by certain facts told me by a friend a short time ago. Her cat after catching a mouse and "playing" with it for some time left it to go and eat some meat in a plate on the floor. To my friend's surprise, the mouse followed in spite of a broken leg and fed for awhile out of the same dish, the cat occasionally pushing the mouse aside when it came too close. When both had finished, the cat ate up his companion, who evidently feared death as little as the condemned murderers who, we are often told, "ate a hearty breakfast on the morning of their execution."

Mastication.

The primary object of mastication is to break up the food so as to facilitate the swallowing of it and, still more important, to insure its intimate admixture with the digestive juices, not only within the mouth, but throughout the entire digestive tract. Mastication has, however, other important and far reaching effects. Thus it promotes the flow of saliva and, when properly performed, secures a due insalivation of the food; it increases the quantity of alkaline saliva passing into the stomach; it stimulates the heart and circulation, and it finally influences the nutrition of the jaws and their appendages by stimulating the local blood and lymph circulation.

Japol Tablets

a sure cure for hoarseness and tickling in the throat

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a remedy for cold in the head.

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unequalled in neuralgia and catarrh.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
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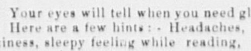
BOSTON.
Optical Parlors 9th Floor.
A FEW EYE HINTS.



Your eyes will tell when you need glasses Here are a few hints:- Headaches, Dizziness, sleepy feeling while reading, blurring of objects either at close range or distance, frowning or squinting, smarting or burning, requirement of stronger light while reading. Those are but a few of the symptoms.

When your eyes suggest trouble don't fail to consult our OPTICIAN and he will cheerfully advise you, as he has spent many years in study of this one subject.

OUR GUARANTEE IS Entire Satisfaction at Lowest Prices.

N. B.—This department is under the pessonal supervision of Mr. Albert A. Carter, the wellknown optician of this city.

Good House To Let.

I offer to rent No. 9 Wyer's Court. It contains 8 good rooms; is neat, nice, warm, handy and convenient. It is right every way.

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53 Bow St., Woburn.

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F. A. HARTWELL.

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Always giving you full, honest value for your money, and ever ready to make any wrong right. Surely no one will, or can, give you more for your money than we will give you, and you can do no better than to make our store Your Jewelry Store. It will please us to have you do so, and we believe you would never regret it.

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That Deals Death to Disease.

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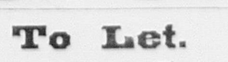

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Two Modern Flats.

Shaw house on Main street, next to Methodist Church, has been made into two flats with all modern improvements. Rent low.

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15 Green St., Brockton.

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30 acres of the best farming land within 10 miles of Boston. Apply to S. B. MORSE, 180 Bedford street, Woburn.

House To Let.

Six Rooms. Rent reasonable.

Enquire of M. C. FELCH.

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— AND —
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Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.

Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

WHEN PEGGY TOOK THE KEY

By MARJORIE STEVENS

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Donald Murray was not thinking about the strike.

In fact, it made precious little difference to him at just this moment whether any trains ran on the D. R. and G. tracks at all. His engagement with Miriam Bentley had been suddenly derailed, and that was trouble enough for him. He had appointed himself a wrecking crew of one to act that very night at the church fair and possibly to undo the mischief wrought by too much steam in the form of hasty words. And then had come the orders from headquarters to stand by his instrument until relieved.

Brownsville was an unimportant station in the center of a thriving farming section. Its stockyards and grain elevator dwarfed the passenger station, and there wasn't enough business in the whole town to support a night telegraph station. In fact, Donald, with his lusty helper and messenger boy, Andy Johnson, constituted the entire D. R. and G. force.

Young Murray was not afraid of work, and at any other time the order to remain at his post for twenty-four hours would have affected him not at all. But tonight he thought of Wilson, Graham, Donaldson and the rest all clustered about the table where Miriam was selling fudge and other homemade sweetmeats, and his hands were plunged into his pockets, even as his soul was plunged deeper in gloom.

The idea of disobeying orders, however, never entered his head, though he did not fully realize the danger which beset the road. This strike through the great wild west was not the ordinary seething turmoil of sudden dissatisfaction which yields quickly to pacific treatment. It had been a prolonged, quiet struggle between capital and labor, with no apparent gain on either side, but an attempt to install a yard force of "scabs" at Midford Junction had precipitated active demonstrations. Seeds of trouble had been sown with reckless hands in the shops and yards, where the stolid Swedes, seeing their jobs and comfortable home lives threatened, had set their teeth hard. And when a Swede says nothing, but draws his eyelids down to a narrow slit, railroad authorities know that trouble is brewing in the brain behind that stolid face.

* * * * * * * *

Andy Johnson stuck his head into the door. Murray caught sight of a vivid red necktie and knew what was coming.

"You won't need me, will you? I want to take in the fair again."

Andy's long, lank body, clad in a wonderful store suit of gray, green and brown checks, followed his good natured face. He closed the door, and his voice took on a wheedling tone.

"There's goin' to be such doin's, honest there is, Mr. Murray! That there fish pond just takes my eye, and you get the funniest things what you ain't expectin' to get. Then there's goin' to be a votin' contest tonight. That silver toilet set cost so much no one won't buy it, so they're goin' to vote it off to the most popular lady present."

Murray's face was suddenly illumined.

"Of course you can go, Andy. There won't be much doing here tonight. Besides, I want you to do some voting for me." He laid a five dollar bill on the table. "Miss Bentley must have that prize."

"Of course she will. Everybody likes Miss Miriam," assented Andy, with eyes fairly devouring the bank note.

"But we want her to be so far ahead of the other girls that they won't be in the running. See? Now, you vote that money slow. Have it changed and vote it a quarter at a time."

Andy nodded and then, filled with importance, turned to go.

"Wait a minute."

Murray drew a pad toward him and bit his pencil nervously. But at last the note was finished and carried away by the elated Andy. It read:

My Dear Miriam—I am sorry that I cannot be with you tonight when you win the prize, for of course you will win it. Andy will vote for me, and when it is over won't you send me word how many votes you received? I ask very little, and it is so lonely down here. I must stay because there is trouble of some sort up the line. I know it can't be as bad as the trouble that has been in my heart since we quarreled. Yours, DONALD.

Murray went out into the passenger room and stared up the street where the lights from the town hall shone gayly. Then, with a sigh, he returned to his little office, locked the door and threw himself on the carpet covered sofa for a nap. He was roused by a sharp call at his keyboard.

"Trouble brewing along the line," sang the little ticker. "Al Reeves, with a gang of Swedes, has slipped out of town. Keep sharp lookout for No. 3."

No. 3 was the D. R. and G.'s crack train. It carried the mail and the bulk of the cross continent passengers.

Murray was wide awake now. He went the rounds of his little station, making sure that all was secure. Then he examined his revolver and laid it within easy reach on the table and sat staring at the instrument while he reviewed the dangerous points between Brownsville and the stations east and west. There was the cut seventeen miles east. It had once been a favorite spot with train robbers, but little harm could come there from a derailment. The one dangerous spot was the Jamison arroyo, below the town by three miles at least. If No. 3 was stalled there and the fast freight happened to whirl after it round the curve, as it usually did now that the time card was demoralized by weak service, there might—

Murray closed a nervous hand over his revolver. Nothing must happen. He sat thus with straining ears for half an hour. To him it seemed as if hours had passed when suddenly he heard a faint tap at the outside door. Very cautiously and with revolver in hand he stepped to the door and asked in a firm, clear voice, "Who's there?"

"It's—it's me—Miriam."

Almost dropping his revolver, Murray threw open the door and drew the girl inside.

"Miriam!" he gasped and led her into his little den.

"Yes," she replied, with the calmness of the feminine mind which can ignore past grievances when it chooses to rise above them. "I wanted to thank you for helping me to win that lovely prize, and I—well—I didn't think Andy—could thank you quite as well as I could."

It was full ten minutes before Donald Murray came back to earth and the realization that No. 3 was four minutes overdue. Just as he reached his hand toward the instrument to communicate with the junction the door of the outside room creaked, and a burly form, followed by another and another, pressed into the waiting room and jerked down the small gate leading into the agent's room. Murray did not wait for a second glance at the intruders. One hand stretched toward the receiver, the other toward the revolver.

"No messages goes out of this office tonight, young feller."

For answer Murray's finger sent the first word over the wire. With an oath the leader sprang forward, and something cracked with a sickening sound in Murray's right arm. He turned white, and the left hand loosened its grip on the revolver. A burly fist shot forth, but a small, white one closed over the weapon first. Miriam stood beside Murray, the revolver leveled at the group of men.

"Send it, Donald. I'll shoot the first man that moves!"

Her voice trembled, but not with fear. Murray felt his brain reeling.

"I don't know what happened," he murmured thickly.

The men were edging away.

"Tell him!" cried Miriam. "What have you done to that train?"

Down at the junction they caught the words and wondered why Murray had such a jerky, uncertain touch.

"No. 3 derailed Jamison arroyo. Hold No. 9 and send help."

* * * * * * *

Above the mantel in the Murray home there hangs an out of date revolver. When Master Donald Murray, aged six, discovered it and asked where it came from his father replied:

"That is your mother's. She once used it to bring down big game."

"Why can't she shoot it now?" persisted the boy.

"Because she doesn't know how," was the answer as Donald Murray, Sr. gave a laughing glance in his wife's direction.

Moving In a Mysterious Way.

"While spending an afternoon at Pendleton's game the year before the war by one of those wonderful streaks of luck which touch a gamester not twice in a lifetime Stevens won $1,000 on a fifty dollar stake," says James Matlock Scovel, writing in the National Magazine about Thaddeus Stevens. "At midnight, as he left the faro palace, after a terrapin supper and a bottle of Roederer, he was accosted by a plethoric negro preacher, who had come all the way from Lancaster to solicit subscriptions to put a roof on the Zion Macedonia church, near old Thad's home. The negro preacher approached him timidly, saying:

"'Boss Stevens, kain't yer gib some thing to de Lawd and our church?'

"'Yes,' said old Thad. 'I like the security and will down with the cash.'

"He handed him a $100 bill and slowly walked toward the carriage which was to convey him to Capitol hill. The colored dominie hastily glanced at the bill under the gas lamp and saw it was a $100 greenback.

"'Fore de Lawd, boss,' he said as he plucked him by the coat, 'you hab made a mistake and gib me a $100 bill for a ten dollar.'

"'Take it, my friend,' said Stevens sententiously. 'I have heard it said that God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.'"

The Ugly White Man.

A traveler in the interior of Africa thus describes the effect which his presence had upon the natives: "My appearance on this occasion, as on many others, excited a universal shriek of surprise and horror, especially among the women, who were not a little terrified at seeing such an outcast of nature as they consider a white man to be peeping into their huts and asking for a little water or milk. The chief feeling that my appearance inspired I could easily perceive to be disgust, for they were firmly persuaded that the whiteness of the skin is the effect of disease and a sign of weakness, and there is not the least doubt that the white man is looked upon by them as being greatly inferior to themselves. One day, after bargaining for some onions with a country girl, she told me that if I would take off my turban and show her my head she would give me five more onions. I insisted upon having eight, which she gave me. When I removed my turban she started back at the sight of my shaven crown, and when I jocularly asked her whether she should like to have a husband with such a head she expressed the greatest surprise and disgust and declared that she would rather have the ugliest black slave for a husband."

An Unfamiliar Dialect.

An American woman who was lately in London for the first time is convinced that whatever the language may be which the cockneys speak it is not English. One of her experiences is related by the Washington Post.

The woman wished to see the city all by herself. Somebody told her that if she went to the terminus of some bus lines, it did not matter which, and waited a little she would hear the conductor call out the places on the route and then could choose that which she wished to visit.

She found a place where buses were arriving and departing and waited. She heard many curious names, but failed to understand much that the bus men said. Every now and then the man on the step of a bus would call out, "Moblotch, Moblotch!" and she wondered what part of London "Moblotch" might be. She had never heard of it before, and she had been studying London for six months. At last she ventured to address a conductor who looked approachable.

"Will you kindly tell me," she said, "where one takes the bus for the Marble arch?"

The man looked at her pityingly Her American accent was thick upon her, and he perceived also that she must be deaf. He leaned toward her and drew a long breath. Then he bellowed:

"This is your bus, ma'am!" and began to shout, "Moblotch, Moblotch!"

The visitor had let seven "Moblotch" buses go because she never once guessed that that is the way Marble arch is pronounced in London.

No Annoyance.

The wife of a well known landlord in Ireland once received a letter from a disaffected tenant warning her that her husband would certainly be shot, but that "nothing would be done to injure or annoy her."

A Feat.

Bixter—You have heard of a man biting off his nose to spite his face?

Yarley—Yes, but I never have seen it done. I have known a man to kick one of his hands out of doors, however.—Boston Transcript.

TRAMPS ARE WELL POSTED.

As a General Rule They Are Careful and Constant Readers.

Most tramps are omnivorous readers, and they are posted upon a wide range of topics. In speaking of tramp readers a man who has had a chance to study these peripatetic students said the other day:

"You hardly ever find a genuine hobo that is an ignoramus. You find lots of men who are tramping who are doing so because they haven't intelligence enough to earn a living, but I am speaking of the real hobo, who is a wanderer from choice and who would not work if he had the chance. These fellows are pretty wise, I can tell you. They can tell you more about what is going on in European politics than a college professor can, and they know almost everything that is coming off in our own country for the next six months.

"When you are traveling you will notice the hoboes sitting along the railroad track reading a frayed and soiled newspaper. Often you will see them picking up the loose pages lying in the streets, and I do not believe I ever saw traces of a tramp's camp fire around which there was not left one or more old newspapers, where they had been cast aside after reading. Then the tramps have a sort of traveling library, too, that few people have ever heard of. If one tramp finds an old magazine he will read it and then pass it to some other tramp. It keeps going the rounds in this way until it is worn out. If one picks up a book some place it does service in trampdom for months.

"I never saw a tramp with a fresh paper in his hand, but I have never run across one of the wanderers that did not show he was a careful and constant reader."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Honored Chinaman.

Queen Victoria, with the prince consort and her family, attended in state the opening of the great exhibition of 1851. While the choir was singing the "Hallelujah Chorus" a Chinaman superbly robed suddenly emerged from the crowd and prostrated himself before the throne. No one knew who he was. He might be the emperor of China himself come secretly to England to share in the great doings. The lord chamberlain, greatly perplexed, applied to the queen and the prince for advice and instructions. He was informed that there must be no mistake as to the stranger's rank and that it would be best to place him between the archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Wellington. In this position of honor the Chinaman, with magnificent dignity, walked through the buildings to the delight and amazement of all who watched. Next day it was discovered that he was the keeper of a Chinese junk which had just cast anchor in the Thames and which everybody was invited to visit on payment of a shilling a head.

A Japanese Custom.

In Japan the well to do have almost always in their houses one room called the "chamber of the inspiring view." Its essential is a beautiful view, but taste is catholic in Japan, and the delightful view may be a blossoming cherry tree, a glimpse of a river, a miniature garden or only the newly fallen snow. In this delightful country they get up parties to visit the maple trees in the glory of autumn color or the fresh, untrodden snow, as in this country one gives theater parties and dinners. Mushroom hunts are a fashionable diversion, and verse writing and harp playing are occupations which, in the estimation of these eternal children, befit the gentlewoman when she is within doors.

About Fishes.

Fish are nearly the same weight as the water in which they live, so that they can move in it with great ease. The majority of them also have an air bladder inside of the body, which enables them to go up or down in the water at will. When a fish desires to go down deep it can press the air out of this bladder by means of certain muscles and thus increase the weight of its body, and when it wishes to rise again it takes off the pressure, the bladder fills with air again and its body becomes light enough to rise.

Fine Scorn of the Cheap Hat.

"Yes, it is a pretty bonnet," said the prospective purchaser, "but the price shows that it is not a real artistic creation. It is only $11.66."

"Pardon me, madam," suavely said the milliner. "The price card has carelessly been inverted. It should be thus—$99.11."

"Send it home today," ordered the customer.—Millinery Trade Review.

A Settler.

Young Wife—What do you do when your husband gets cross and wants to scold?

Wife (with experience)—I read him one or two of the letters he used to write to me before we were married.—Baltimore American.

Suspicion.

"I am a little bit afraid of her," said Miss Cayenne.

"She has wonderful tact."

"Yes; she must know everything that could possibly annoy one; otherwise she couldn't be so skillful in avoiding all disagreeable subjects."—Exchange.

He Did.

Mrs. Gadby—Does your husband furnish you with plenty of pocket money?

Mrs. Glibly—Yes, indeed. He leaves his money in his pocket every night.—Baltimore American.

The human body being lighter than the water of the Dead sea, swimming in it is difficult, the head alone tending to sink in the water.

The Real Effort.

"It is very hard," said the girl with the new suit, "for a girl not to appear to be trying to attract attention."

"It is a great deal harder," asserts the girl with the red trimmed hat, "for her to attract attention and give the appearance of not trying to make an effort to have it appear that she is not trying to attract attention."—Judge.

Cute Boy.

Widow Eames—How would my little Johnny like a new papa?

Johnny (aged five)—Oh, you needn't shove the 'sponsibility on me, ma. It isn't a new papa for me, but a new husband for yourself, that you are thinking about.

Knew What Struck Him.

Daly—Ye were sunstruck, ye say? Why, man alive, the sun could never disfigure a man's face like that.

Riley—Ye don't know me son, Daly.—Brooklyn Life.

I would rather make my name than inherit it.—Thackeray.

Early Combines and Corners.

"Engrossing" was an offense punishable in England by fine and imprisonment, and the laws against it struck at those—called "engrossers"—who planned to gain control over necessities, such as grain or food stuffs in considerable quantities, either by purchase or otherwise, with the intention of raising prices.

The statute book holds quite a series of enactments designed to prevent anything in the nature of what we know as a "corner" or "combine." "Regrating" was a criminal offense, and so was "forestalling." The former consisted of buying and selling the same day in the same market or near it, and the latter implied the purchase of merchandise on the way to market or before the hour at which the market commenced, with the intention of selling at a profit, while it was also "forestalling" to circulate rumors calculated to raise the prices of commodities.

Though these laws have fallen into desuetude, they were in force in our grandfathers' time. At Preston, for instance, there were prosecutions almost up to the accession of Queen Victoria.

Poisonous Baby Snakes.

The young of the poisonous species of serpents, deserted from the very first by the parent snakes, are as dangerous as if full grown from the moment they enter the world. The proprietor of a Philadelphia museum learned this to his cost. In a big glass case partitioned through the middle by a wire screen there lived side by side an eleven foot anaconda (of the constrictor family) and a colony of cotton mouth moccasins. It was impossible for the moccasins to glide through the narrow meshes of the screen or even to venture an occasional "strike" at their large and peaceful neighbor. But during the night a brood of young cotton mouths unexpectedly appeared—babies, not five inches long. They squirmed through the meshes of the partition and before they had been two hours in this world were gliding joyfully over the lifeless body of the huge constrictor, which lay poisoned by the youngsters' fangs.

Wesley on Wedlock.

In an interesting little tract on "Marriage" by John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, all the duties of a wife are summed up in two rules—namely, that she must recognize herself as the inferior of her husband and that she must behave as such. These were John Wesley's theories, and that his practice may have been somewhat similar is shown by the following sentence from a letter to his wife: "Be content to be a private, insignificant person, known and loved by God and me." John Wesley's opinions on this subject were perhaps the fruit of his experience, but it is also possible that they were a cause rather than an effect, and that the thorniness of his marital relations may have been in a measure traceable thereto.

A Sarcastic Retort.

Some curious anecdotes are related of Hermann Zumpe, the Wagnerian conductor at Munich. He was well known to be a spiritualist and believed that the ghosts of dead composers inspired his conducting of their works. One day Zumpe told another conductor of note how Beethoven's spirit was present during the performance of one of the symphonies, and so pleased was the ghost that after the end of the first movement he exclaimed, "At last!"

"Ah, my dear fellow," exclaimed the other conductor, "surely Beethoven made a mistake. He thought it was the end of the last movement."

Queer Uses of English.

No man living perhaps can pronounce the English language aright at all times and in all places, for correctness depends largely on time and place, and sometimes to be right you must be wrong. As soon as you step on shipboard and sail, the horizon, being clear and definite, sheds the need for a long "i," and at sea it rhymes with "orizon." In the army a route is always called a "rowte." Moreover, the cavalry, by long standing tradition, calls a horse an "orse," and the order is "stand to 'orses."—London Globe.

Chattel Mortgages.

A man who gives a chattel mortgage should always examine it carefully to make sure it is not "on demand." Sharp money lenders who loan funds on chattel mortgages often try to have this clause inserted, and when it is the borrower may expect to part with his chattels at almost any moment. It is a trick by which advantage is often taken of the unwary.

A Life Saver.

"You seem to have a great liking for large words."

"Well, sur," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "I once knowed a man whose life were saved by a big word. He once told me dat I prevaricated, an' by de time I foun' out what dat word meant it were too late foh me to hit him."—New Yorker.

Just One Trip.

"What? Going out again tonight?" began Mrs. Nagg.

"Oh, no; just this once," replied her husband, with aggravating cheerfulness. "It will be too late when I get back to go out again."—Philadelphia Ledger.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. TRADE MARK

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE STATELY STORK.

His Immense Power on the Wing and His Lack of Voice.

In Holland the nests of storks are generally on the summit of a tall post, put up on purpose for them, on which is fixed an old cart wheel. Says an English writer: "A Dutch gentleman of my acquaintance has one such post in his grounds within sight of his library window, but he improves on the cart wheel by having an iron framework for the reception of the nest. The first year it was put up, toward the end of June, a solitary young stork used to come daily and inspect this framework. I saw him there myself one day, standing in the empty receptacle exactly like a would be Benedict inspecting an empty house, contemplating the view and wondering if the drains are all right. The verdict was apparently favorable, for next season saw the nest occupied by the newly wedded pair. Their power of wing is very fine, and on hot days I have watched them ascending spiral circles, hardly moving their broad, black wings, till they have looked no bigger than flies. After the young are hatched they appear to be suspicious of one another and unwilling to leave the nest unguarded."

Storks have no voice. The only noise they make is "klappering" (snapping their great red mandibles rapidly and loudly). Thus they greet one another, generally by throwing back the head until the upper mandible rests on the back, but occasionally "klappering" is performed with the head and bill in the former position.

A Practical Demonstration.

"See this valve," said the officer. "You will always have to open that before turning the faucets for the shower. Should you fail to open it you will get no water."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the sailor, standing at attention, with a solemn look.

The officer, fearing that his explanation might not be understood, stepped under the shower and turned on both faucets.

Some one had opened the lower valve, and when the young officer opened the faucets the water came down through the shower in a deluge, soaking his uniform.

Still standing at attention and with the most respectful look of interest in the proceedings of his superior officer, the sailor watched the practical demonstration of the working of the faucets, never allowing a smile to cross his face.

"I think I understand the workings of it now, sir," he said.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Shoes.

Considerable difference will be found in the wearing qualities of two pairs of shoes of the same quality and make worn by different persons. Shoes worn continuously in the house and outdoors will never give as much wear as if worn one day and left to rest a day. It saves money to wear cheap house shoes within doors and let the shoes worn outdoors rest and get into shape. Keep an old pair of shoes to wear under rubbers. The perspiration of the feet which india rubber excites ruins good leather. Select strong calfskin and keep it well oiled in winter for outdoor wear. Low shoes are better for house wear, because they permit of ventilation. The hand is free from many of the ills of the foot partly because of its continuous exposure to the air.—Boston Budget.

Peculiarities of Worms.

Many creatures supposed to have some of their "senses missing" are not so insensitive as people often think. Worms have neither eyes nor ears and yet are sensitive to light and music (vide Darwin's "Earthworms"). A bluebottle, in spite of not having a nose, finds out a piece of bad meat easily enough. In short, many of the lower animals contrive to see, hear, taste or smell sufficiently for their purpose, and often in a high degree, without being able to point to any special organs of these senses in their bodies, and to suppose they are devoid of a sense because we are unable to discover it is frequently to confess our ignorance.

Plant That Feigns Death.

In South America there is a plant, a species of mimosa, which resorts to death feigning, evidently for the purpose of preventing grass eating animals from eating it. In its natural state this plant has a vivid green hue, but directly it is touched by a human finger or by any living animal it collapses into a tangle of apparently dead and withered stems. Among British wild plants the most sensitive to touch is the insectivorous sundew of English bogs.—London Globe.

On the Duties of Parents.

"Tommy," asked his grandmother, "why would you rather be a little boy than a little girl?"

"Because, grandma," replied Tommy, "I'd rather be a papa than a mamma. The mamma has to take care of the children, but the papa just goes to the office."—Little Chronicle.

Delay Accounted For.

"Rome wasn't built in a day, you know."

"Ah! It was put up under a government contract, was it?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Wasted No Time.

"The manager says he engaged the forty chorus girls in twenty minutes."

"Gracious, but he's quick at figures."—Town Topics.

Not Her Weapon.

"Is your wife a club woman, Mike?"

"Narry the likes o' thot, sor. She uses a flatiron, sor." — Detroit Free Press.

Bird Migration.

After years of study devoted to the topic Professor Alfred Newton of Cambridge stated that without doubt bird migration is the greatest mystery in the entire animal kingdom, "a mystery," he added, "that can be no more explained by the modern man of science than by the simple minded savage of antiquity."

Not Just What She Meant.

A little community of colored people in Alabama had raised the money to build a new church, and the dedication was to take place the next day. "Where are you going tomorrow?" the schoolteacher asked one young girl. Smiling radiantly, she answered, "I'ze going to the degradation of our church!"

His Thought.

"I'm going to tell him what I think of him," said the angry man. "What do you think of it?"

"I think," was the reply, "that he must be a smaller man than you are or else you think pretty well of him."—Chicago Post.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 8

Text of the Lesson, II Sam. xviii, 21-33—Memory Verses, 31-33—Golden Text, Prov. xvii, 25—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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The prominent feature of this lesson is the grief of a loving father over an erring son, and it cannot but suggest the loving Father of Luke xv and the welcome given to the prodigal son, while both carry us back to the record in Gen. iii of the Lord seeking His wandering ones, who by listening to the serpent had turned away from Him who had created them and had given them all things richly to enjoy. David would gladly have died for his son, but it is written, "Hereby perceive we the love of God because He laid down His life for us," and "God commendeth His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us" (I John iii, 16; Rom. v, 8). David did what he could to prevent his soldiers from killing Absalom (verse 5), but his pride was his ruin (verse 9 with xiv, 26), and the Lord permitted him to be slain (xvii, 14). God our Father is not willing that any should perish and has made such provision by the sacrifice of His Son that none who hear of it need perish (II Pet. iii, 9; John iii, 16).

Absalom represents those who at all costs are determined to live unto themselves, even though they kill father or mother in so doing. The coming antichrist will be a more fully developed Absalom, for "he shall do according to his will, and he shall exalt himself and magnify himself above every god and shall speak marvelous things against the God of gods" (Dan. xi, 36). Yet he shall come to his end and none shall help him (Dan. xi, 45).

The words stand ever true: "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him. * * * Woe unto the wicked; it shall be ill with him." * * * (Isa. iii, 10, 11.) Yet the conflict between light and darkness, between Christ and Satan, will continue with increasing enmity and vigor on Satan's part until the coming of our Lord to overthrow the devil and his followers and to establish His kingdom (II Thess. ii, 8; Rev. xvii, 14; xix, 19, 20; xx, 1-3, 10).

While the thousands of David's followers, under the leadership of Joab and Abishai and Ittai, contended with the followers of Absalom (verses 1-8), David eagerly, and no doubt prayerfully, awaited the result (verse 24). The title "watchman," used here five times, and the word "tidings," used at least nine times in this chapter, suggest two very helpful lines of study. In this case it is the king's watchman looking for tidings from the field for the king, but the great contrast with the gospel story is that here the king is fearful lest his son shall be slain, whereas in the gospel the King, our Father in heaven, gave His only Son to be slain for His enemies. David's love centered upon Absalom, but God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that sinners who deserve to perish might not perish, but be saved and share the glory of His kingdom. He is seeking for those who are willing to be bearers of the good tidings of great joy which He desires all people to hear (Luke ii, 10), but there are few who, like Ahimaaz, say, "Let me now run and bear tidings" (verse 19), although the Lord's call still is, "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" (Isa. vi, 8.) The gospel of the blessed God (Acts xx, 24; I Tim. i, 11), is the greatest good news that mortals ever heard, yet few seem to believe it even among those who profess to, for good news makes people glad, and often so glad that they must tell it to some one, but in how many do we see the gospel act that way? Then, may the question not well be asked of the majority of professing Christians, "Have you really heard the gospel?" The watchman brings to mind Isa. lxii, 6, 7; xxi, 11, 12, and points us to the time when the true Son of David shall sit on David's throne and reign in righteousness. All kings shall fall down before Him, all nations shall serve Him (Isa. xxxii, 1, 17; Ps. lxxii, 11). David's grief over Absalom (verse 33) suggests the Lord Jesus weeping over Jerusalem, and recalls the words: "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes." "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" (Luke xix, 42; Matt. xxiii, 37).

He who uttered those words of lamentation also said, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thine help." "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity" (Hos. xiii, 9; xiv, 1). He is still saying, "Come unto Me!" and "Him that cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out" (Matt. xi, 28; John vi, 37). We must beware lest under any circumstances we seem to take sides against God, for whatever God permits we must stand with Him even though it be against ourselves and against those dearest to us, for it is possible to honor our loved ones more than God (I Sam. ii, 29; Luke xiv, 26). It is possible also to be more interested in what is called the Lord's work than in the Lord Himself, and the question of chapter xix, 11, might well be put to many, "Why are ye the last to bring the king back to his house?" If the whole church would honestly cry, "Come, Lord Jesus!" (chapter xix, 14; Rev. xxii, 20) who can tell how soon the kingdom might come? I mean by "honestly," acting as if they meant it by living to give the gospel as quickly as possible to every creature.

The Sham Sailor.

It happened at the Mansion House police court. A man who claimed to be a sailor and who said that he had been badly injured through an accident at sea was charged with begging in the city. The chief magistrate caught sight of a bluejacket in court and, addressing him, said, "You might please ask this man some questions to find out if he is a sailor or whether he is an impostor." The naval man stood up, and, looking at the prisoner, asked, "Can you tell me how many yards of canvas there are on the mainsheet?" After some consideration the sham nautical man replied, "I think about sixty yards." It only remained for the real tar to explain to the magistrate that the mainsheet was a rope and not a sail for the beggar to be convicted.—Golden Penny.

Close.

"Is he parsimonious?"

"Well," was the guarded reply, "you might say that he carries his money in a purse that shuts a good deal easier than it opens."—Chicago Post.

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have been made for over fifty years, steadily gaining in character of designs, finish and general popularity, but best of all, the good old "Rogers" quality has been maintained. It would be hard indeed to improve upon the wearing qualities first exhibited by this brand, and which have made "1847 Rogers Bros." the most famous of all silverware. Do not experiment by trying something that has not stood the test of time. Buy "1847" goods, which have a well-known and well-earned reputation, and you run no risk. There are other "Rogers." The original and genuine has the prefix—"1847."

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Vacuum.

The space above the mercury in a thermometer is not a perfect vacuum. There is not infrequently a small portion of air left in such space, and there is always an atmosphere of the vapor of mercury. Physically speaking, it is perhaps impossible to procure a vacuum. It is most likely that even if a real vacuum could be procured for an instant air or other vapor would at once begin to be disseminated from the sides of the vessel in which it was made, and it would thus instantly cease to exist.

It is true that Dexartes denied the very possibility of a vacuum and says, "If a vacuum could be effected in a vessel the sides would be pressed into contact," but it is hardly correct to say, "Scientists say that a vacuum cannot exist." What scientists do say is what Galilei said, "Nature abhors a vacuum." As the statement of a fact is true, Nature does, to the best of our knowledge, abhor a vacuum. She never suffers it to exist to the extent of allowing any space which is perceptible to our senses to be vacuous. Vacuum, in scientific speech, simply means a space from which air has been expelled.

A Dance Without a Smile.

They have a singular kind of dance conducted on the greens of country villages in Russia. The dancers stand apart, a knot of young men here, a knot of maidens there, each sex by itself, and silent as a crowd of mutes. A piper breaks into a tune, a youth pulls off his cap and challenges his girl with a wave and a bow. If the girl is willing, she waves her handkerchief in token of assent. The youth advances, takes a corner of the handkerchief in his hand and leads his lassie round and round.

No word is spoken, and no laugh is heard. Stiff with cords and rich with braids the girl moves heavily by herself, going round and round, and never allowing her partner to touch her hand. The pipe goes droning on for hours in the same sad key and measure and the prize of merit in this "circling," as the dance is called, is given by spectators to the lassie who in all that summer revelry has never spoken and never smiled.

Studios That Are Workrooms.

All of the artists' studios in New York have not the magnificent interiors that romance suggests. On the contrary, a great many of the most effective pictures are turned out from rooms that are absolutely destitute of furniture, except for the working tools of the artist himself. Costly draperies, beautiful objects of art, often take the attention of the painter from his work, and there are quite a number of the most successful artists in the city whose studios are bare and comfortless as far as decorations are concerned. They are regarded by the painter as workrooms pure and simple, and estheticism is confined to the imagination of the painter himself. — New York Press.

Under a New Title.

The Washington Post credits a white haired matron of that city with a clever musical joke. She was listening, in company with a young man from the state department, to the music of a pianist.

The selections were all new to the young man till the "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn began.

"That's familiar," said he. "I'm not strong on music, but I know I've heard that before. What is it?"

The matron's eyes twinkled with mischief. "That," said she, "is the 'Maiden's Prayer.'"

The Bluethroat.

There is conclusive evidence to show that in one unbroken nocturnal flight the European bird known as the northern bluethroat passes from central Africa to the German sea, a distance of 1,600 miles, making the journey in nine hours. From its winter home in Africa observations have determined that it starts after sunset, arriving at its far northern summer haunts before dawn on the next morning.

The All Powerful Hat.

"Now, my dear," said the indulgent husband, "I have managed to save up enough money to justify us in building a new home. But, first, I am going to give you a choice between that and the new fall hat you so much desire."

"Well," said the beautiful wife, "you know I can't wear the house on my head."—Millinery Trade Review.

Woman.

They put the interrogation to Thomas De Quincey, "Why are there more women than men in the world?" and he answered them: "It is in conformity with the arrangement of nature. We always see more of heaven than of earth."

Her Advice.

"Ah," he said as he led her back to her seat after the waltz, "I just love dancing."

"Well," she replied as she attempted to repair a torn flounce, "you're not too old to learn."—Exchange.

Made It Warm.

"I got a cold supper when I went home tonight, and you bet I kicked about it."

"Did that do any good?"

"Well, my wife made it warm for me."

Business Cards.

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so fruitful a source of vexation and annoyance, may count for more than you think toward the purchase of a new and beautiful piano which will delight instead of distress you. With your permission we will place a value on it and tell you how much we will allow for it in exchange for a new Ivers & Pond upright or grand, the balance to be paid if desired in easy monthly instalments. We will cheerfully examine your old piano without placing you under the slightest obligation to purchase a new one. We are offering some unusually attractive bargains in little used second-hand pianos, squares and uprights. May we describe and price these by mail if inconvenient to call?

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Kipling Wanted His Breakfast.

Rudyard Kipling once visited Cecil Rhodes at Lekkerwijn, one of his fruit farms at Paarl, South Africa. One morning Rhodes went round his farm before breakfast, leaving his guest, who was not so energetic, behind. Time went on, and Rhodes did not appear. Hunger soon roused Kipling to action, and in a short while he was very busy on his own account. As Rhodes returned he found his trees bearing a new kind of fruit in the shape of placards inscribed in huge black letters with "Famine!" "We are starving!" "Feed us!" etc. On reaching the front door he was confronted with the following, in still larger type: "For the human race—Breakfast tones the mind, invigorates the body. It has sustained thousands; it will sustain you. See that you get it." Then in the house, on every available wall, he came across other mysterious placards, in more and more pathetic appeal, "Why die when a little breakfast prolongs life?" Larger and larger grew the type, "It is late; it is still later," leading at last into the little breakfast room, where he found Kipling reading his paper in peaceful innocence, but very hungry. It did not need much ingenuity to guess the author of these broadsides.

A Heroic Physician.

A deadly plague was raging in the city of Marseilles. The doctors could do nothing, for very little was known of the disease, owing to the danger surrounding any inquiry into it. In a council among themselves they came to the conclusion that the corpse of a victim must be dissected, but it would be death to the operator. Upon this being decided a celebrated physician, one of their number, arose and declared that for the safety of his country he would give himself up to the task. He then immediately left the room, made his will and arranged his affairs. At daybreak on the following morning he entered the house where a man had just died of the plague. Here he made a complete examination of the body, performed the necessary operations and wrote down all he observed. When this was completed he left the house, threw the notes he had made into vinegar that they might not carry infection and retired to a lonely spot. There he died within twelve hours.

Well Matched.

Fred—Retribution has finally overtaken that talkative Miss Chattington.

Joe—Indeed! How, pray?

Fred—She married Windicus, the barber.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Platonic Love.

"Pa, what's platonic love?"

"It's generally a bunch of trouble in disguise."—Exchange.

When Other Eyes Meet Mine.

"Love is blind," he complained.

"That ought not to worry you," she said encouragingly, "because we have eyes only for each other."—Milwaukee Journal.

The man who is always talking about how much work he does should remember that some people work so hard that they don't have time to tell about it.—Atchison Globe.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12. 7.37, 8.14, 8.21. 9.00, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25. 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22. 7.23 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

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On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15-8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE
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Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
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Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

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341 Main St., Woburn

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P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
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Hay, Straw,
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Steaks
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Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
712	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

By Helene Wood

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"Elizabeth, the eternal feminine will assert itself."

Elizabeth put on her long blue painting apron without replying and began to stretch a canvas. She was adorable so, her gray eyes defiantly averted and a flush of anger on her cheeks.

"There you go again. If I don't know my own mind at twenty-six when will I?"

"At twenty-seven or eight perhaps. I hope sooner. Your ideas are all wrong. Believe me, the day will come when you will long for a home of your own and some one nearer than a girl friend or masculine admirer."

He had the last word, for the arrival of the model, a thin, shabby looking girl, put an end to the discussion.

"Tomorrow at 5, then?"

Elizabeth gave a brisk little nod. She was already sketching in the outlines of her study, and Phil was forgotten before he had closed the door.

The young man was quite accustomed to such treatment. Admitted as he was to her most intimate friendship on an understanding of strict camaraderie, he broke over the traces every year, was invariably refused and bore his defeat with easy aflount. Some day she was bound to change her mind, and he might be the lucky man.

Elizabeth's own opinion was very different. She had no time for thought until her work was laid aside for the day. Then she sank into a nest of cushions to think luxuriously.

No, Phil was wrong. She would never care to leave her studio—above all, to marry. Had not the art school girls who married ceased developing intellectually? Shut up in their own four walls, they became entirely absorbed in dear Tom or Dick and the children.

Children! Elizabeth shuddered. A child in a book or picture was very delightful, but the reality, a dirty little creature always crying or being ill! She would never leave her work, her studies, her pleasures, for a deadly stupid family life. Never!

• • • • • • • • •

A cry of warning. The trolley car stopped with a lurch. In an instant the conductor and motorman were down in the street, followed by most of the passengers. Elizabeth, impatient at the delay, resolved to walk the block or two remaining. Her model would be waiting for her at the studio.

When she left the car she found herself the only woman in a large group collected about a sickening black mass which had splashed car wheels and cobblestones with blood. The conductor, a good natured looking young Irishman, stood with tears rolling down his face. He was holding a golden haired baby, a toddler of a year or two. The motorman, white and frightened, was telling how the baby had suddenly run in front of the car and the mother had thrown the little one out of the way, only to be crushed herself.

The child began to cry, and the conductor turned to Elizabeth imploringly. "You take the baby, mum. The ambulance is comin'. The cops will be after findin' its relatives."

Before she could reply he had put the baby in her unresisting arms.

Some moments later, hardly knowing how it had all happened, she found herself walking into her studio building carrying a little child. In her purse was a bit of paper inscribed "19 Plumley alley." It was the poor woman's address, to which she had promised to take him. A man she knew, who was passing along the corridor, smiled and remarked, "Rather a small model, Miss Blair." Elizabeth flushed as if she had committed a crime and was relieved to close the studio door behind her.

Then she put down her burden and looked at her watch. Ten o'clock! The model had come and gone. No hope now. She herself would have to take the child home. A short conference at the phone told her the whereabouts of Plumley alley, eight squares south and just off the —th street car line.

When she left the phone she found the little one standing close by. Elizabeth studied him with half shut eyes.

"Not bad," she thought—"a Donatello, if the forehead were a little higher and the curls not so fine and tight. How I should like to paint him! Come here, little one. What's your name?"

"Alan Campbell naughty."

"Are you naughty?"

"'Es. I want my muvver."

His mother! Elizabeth felt a quick pang of horror. "Come here, and I will show you something pretty."

She held out her watch. The silver and gold ornaments on its long chain jingled attractively. Alan Campbell slowly drew near the shining object. He seized it just as a little stray dog would have done a bit of cake—seized it and walked away. Then Elizabeth brought out pictures. It was surprising how quickly they were friends, sitting on the floor side by side looking at "pussies" and "doggies."

It was after 11 when Alan Campbell's face began to look doleful.

"I want a cup of millik," he announced.

There were a pitcher of cream, some biscuits and a glass of jelly in her stock of tea table provisions. With this luncheon spread out before him, Alan Campbell was soon installed on the edge of the model stand.

When he had drunk all the cream except that which soaked into her pretty rug, when his face was gory with currant jelly, and biscuits had lost their attraction, Elizabeth took one sticky little hand in hers and led him firmly to the washstand. After he was clean and dry she sank into a chair, exhausted.

"I want up on 'ap," cried a little voice appealingly.

She drew him up. For awhile he was amused by her velvet blouse; then his eyes began to close. Alan Campbell's head was on Elizabeth's shoulder. His right hand clasped hers tightly. He was fast asleep.

Elizabeth had the true artistic nature which when it feels does so with abandon. The soft little body in her arms, the warm, sweet breath on her face, touched the very depths of her heart. Never in her life had she felt so strangely happy—happy and yet troubled. She was embarrassed before her own emotions and bent her head, clasping him more tightly. The world thought of her as a woman. She had a womanly poise and a strong character, but her heart, a girl's heart, could not understand this awakening of mysterious instincts, the motherhood beneath her culture and ambition and stronger than both. The flying moments, her beloved work, everything was forgotten as she held the sleeping child.

A half hour passed, an hour. Alan Campbell suddenly opened a pair of questioning blue eyes. Startled by the strange face, he cried: "Where's my muvver? I want my muvver!" His little body shook with sobs.

Rudely aroused from her dream, Elizabeth felt a quick pang of jealousy. Yes, she was jealous of the woman whose hold on the child even death was powerless to break. Silently she put on her wraps, gathered Alan Campbell, sobs and all, into her arms and hurried down to the —th street cars.

Plumley alley proved to be a neat flagged court and No. 19 a tiny white house with green shutters. A little old man, whose eyes were swollen with weeping, came to answer her ring. Alan Campbell called "Huddo Grampy." The poor old fellow tried in vain to control his grief. The girl shook the trembling old hand and turned away, unable to express her sympathy. Alan Campbell smiled after her like a sunbeam.

Elizabeth closed her studio door with a shiver. Never had it looked more beautiful, more orderly or more cold and still.

"I want my muvver," a little voice kept sounding in her ear. Ah, these mothers she had been pitying, how she envied them now! It was ridiculous to feel so, and yet, and yet she knew her arms would always be empty and her whole body hungry for the presence, the caresses of a little child, something of her own, her very own, to love.

There was hardly time to arrange her hair and light the spirit lamp before Phil knocked. Hoping that he would not notice her red eyelids, she concentrated her attention on the tea things. She thought she was succeeding until Phil said, "What's up, Elizabeth?"

"Oh," she replied, "I saw a frightful accident this morning. I can't seem to forget it." Tears rolled down her cheeks.

Phil longed to take the sensitive girl into his arms, but he only said cheeringly:

"There are many cruel things in this world. We can't help them. Try to forget all this. Put on your hat and come out to dinner with me. I'll tell you what—we'll go and see Wilson in 'The Matador;' make you laugh; do you good."

She only sobbed.

Phil knelt beside her chair and took her hand.

"Please don't cry. It hurts me to see it."

It was very un-Elizabeth-like, but somehow she let her head droop on his shoulder and closed her eyes, as Alan Campbell had done. It was so good to feel some one near, some one who was strong and who loved her. Phil could not understand, but was grateful for the miracle which had made the girl he loved seek his arms like a child. He spoke low and tenderly.

"Dear, won't you let me be your consoler always?"

He bent his head to her tear stained cheek and her little word of reply was not so loud as the glad beating of his heart.

"Only," said Elizabeth, when she had recovered something of her usual spirit, "don't flatter yourself it was your conquest. It was nothing at all but the eternal feminine."

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

The Independent Cat.

"There is nothing I admire in a cat so much as her absolute independence," said a man as he watched a big Angora sweep haughtily around the room. "You are bound to treat a cat kindly. If you abuse her or ill treat her she cares nothing more for you. Now, a dog will lick the hand that beats him, but a cat will have only the utmost contempt for you. This tendency of a dog to love its master even after it has been kicked may appeal to some, but I like the cat's high, proud spirit better. This independent spirit of the cat crops out in many ways. You may slap her for stealing milk, but the next time she gets a chance she will steal milk. She will appropriate the best chair in the room and endure with a supercilious air your polite hints or stern commands to her to get down. But she will never budge until the spirit moves her or you remove her by force. If she is crazy to get in the window and you open it for her, she takes her time, stops to sniff a bit and does not allow you to think for one instant that she was at all concerned over the opening of that window. They are beautiful animals, and they know it, and if you don't like them they don't care a bang."—New York Times.

Sources of Color.

An interesting enumeration has been given of the sources of color. From this it appears that the cochineal insects furnish the gorgeous carmine, crimson, scarlet carmine and purple lakes; the octopus gives sepia—that is, the inky fluid which the creature discharges in order to render the water opaque when attacked; the Indian yellow comes from the camel; ivory chips produce the ivory black and bone black; the exquisite Prussian blue comes from fusing horses' hoofs and pigs' blood; blue black comes from the charcoal of the vine stock; Turkey red is made from the madder plant, which grows in Hindoostan; the yellow sap of a Siamese tree produces gamboge; raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Siena, Italy; raw umber is an earth found near Umbria; Indian ink is made from burned camphor; mastic is made from the gum of the mastic tree, which grows in the Grecian archipelago; bistre is the soot of wood ashes; very little ultramarine, obtained from the precious lapis lazuli, is found in the market.

Getting Rid of the Acid.

An exploring expedition in a remote part of China had a queer experience, which one of the party thus relates: "A large bottle of carbolic acid had been broken inside its wooden case. We exhausted our ingenuity in hopeless effort to unscrew the cover. We feared to carry it farther, as the burning tears distilled by it destroyed everything they touched. We dared not throw it aside lest the unsophisticated heathen should drink it as a cheering or medicinal beverage. We had no time to wait and empty it, as the fatal fluid would only trickle drop by drop through a chink which had been cautiously and laboriously excavated with a blunt hunting knife. What were we to do? Degrading as the confession must appear, we had to deposit the torpedo in the middle of the yard and throw bricks at it until it was smashed."

Opals of Various Degrees.

There are several varieties of opals and therefore several degrees of merit. The precious or noble or oriental opal is the supreme. This has all the colors, and when these colors are broken into spangles it is then called the harlequin opal. Then comes the fire opal, or girasole, with hyacinth red and yellow reflection. The former comes from Hungary and the latter from Mexico. The common, or semi-opals, are nonopalescent. The hydrophane, or oculus mundi, is nontransparent, but becomes so by immersion in water or any transparent fluid. The cachalong is nearly opaque and of a bluish white color. The hyalite is colorless, pellucid and white. The opal jasper, or wood opal, is the petrifaction of wood, opalescent, but without the coloring which makes the "noble" gem so precious.

Japanese Pastimes.

In Japan to get up parties to behold the freshly fallen snow or the cherry blossoms or the maple trees in their autumnal glory or to go to the flower shows is as de rigueur as are our dinners, cotillons and theater parties. Mushroom hunting is a fashionable pastime, while in the house harp playing, verse writing, embroidering and tea drinking are the most absorbing occupations. The most pretentious entertainment is the tea ceremony. It is very formal, and there is much elaborate performance connected with it difficult for a foreigner to comprehend. —Good Housekeeping.

ALONG PICCADILLY.

There the Tide of Social London Flows to the Fullest.

Piccadilly seems cold and blatant by contrast as one charges down it. Yet even here, be the sunshine ever so bright, the visitor is crowned in the pearly haze that tones, attenuates, unifies, most if not all of London, that haze that has tantalized and defeated how many artists! Even over Piccadilly, even over this the most mundane of all London streets, it throws its saving glamour. Indeed the whole splendid avenue might serve for a studio, not for its values alone, but for the complexity of the types that throng it. It is the quintessence of London, the distillation of all London humanity, to be studied nowhere so narrowly as from a bus top. Perfect Du Mauriers in the original approach, pass by and are left behind or stand in groups looking from the club windows. Phil Mays in the life swarm beneath one, and characters from Thackeray and Dickens jostle unsuspectingly on the sidewalk. The clubs alone, which never look so thoroughly clubbable as when hastily glanced at from a passing bus, will store one's memory with a hundred recognizable types. All England, all the empire, indeed, sooner or later finds its way to Piccadilly. One cannot pass down it without a sight of some glittering, turbaned, alien figure, majestically isolated, majestically unheeded. Regent street may claim a grander sweep, and by virtue of its shops a more devoted femininity, but it is along Piccadilly that the tide of social London flows brim full.—Sydney Brooks in Harper's Magazine.

In Frozen Russia.

In Russia, where the cold in winter is very intense, the markets are very curious things. The meat is frozen, the carcasses of dead animals, as sheep and pigs, stand upright outside the stalls; everything, even game and poultry, requires to be thawed before it can be cooked, and the market people's dress is as picturesque as it is warm and comfortable.

Then the rivers are frozen over all the winter long, and so thick is the ice that every one can skate anywhere and any time. Stalls are put up on the ice and busy markets held there.

In the Asiatic part of Russia the people live chiefly by hunting and fishing, and the fur of the Russian animals is very beautiful—the ermine, fox, sable, sea otter and others.

At the end of the winter, when the snow melts, the huntsman pursues the elk, wearing long shoes, in which he can glide over the snow very quickly, while the poor elk sinks into the snow deeper and deeper every step and is at last overtaken and killed.

His Two Purchases.

A story is told of a Louisiana merchant who came to New York determined to secure a bargain. He wanted cheap cloaks, and after trying in vain to suit himself at the wholesale houses he bought a job lot at auction. He examined the goods hurriedly and had them shipped home. In due time he was confronted by an excited head salesman who said the garments were out of style.

"They didn't look that way," said the merchant.

"But they are," replied the clerk.

The merchant persisted that the cloaks would sell, but they didn't. In desperation he returned them to New York to be disposed of to best advantage. On his next trip to New York he again visited an auction house and bought a lot of cloaks. When he returned home and examined his purchase he saw that he had bought the same lot as before.—World's Work.

The Bird Monopolist.

As is generally known, the cuckoo lays its eggs in the nests of other birds, leaving them to be hatched and the young cuckoos reared by their foster parents. The young cuckoo throws the other birds out of the nest and gets all the care itself. After murdering its foster brothers and sisters in the most deliberate and callous way it is thenceforth tended with the greatest devotion. Long after it has left the nest the great bird, apparently big enough to get its own living and many times larger than its foster parents, is followed about and fed by them with the same care as when in the nest.

Oak Wood.

The oak is a historic wood. As early as the eleventh century it became the favorite wood of civilized Europe, and specimens of carving and interior finish have come down to us from that early day, their pristine beauty enhanced by the subduing finger of time. The early colonists brought with them to the shores of America their love for this wood, and here, too, the oak acquired historical interests.

Impudent Masculine Assumption.

Mr. Ferguson—Whose character were you and Mrs. Tarrup discussing when I came in?

Mrs. Ferguson—What made you think we were discussing anybody's character?

Mr. Ferguson—I noticed you were busily talking—that's all.—Exchange.

Taking and Giving.

"You can't," said the philosopher, "take from a thing without making it less."

"Oh, I don't know," the fool replied. "Have you ever tried taking a light from one candle with another?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Natural Desire.

Sm-th—I wonder what Br-wn intends to do with all the money he got for those historical novels he wrote.

J-n-s—He intends to travel. He feels that he ought to visit some of the places he wrote about just to see what they are like.—Life.

Rope and Graphite.

Graphite is stated to be an excellent preservative for manila rope. One rope manufacturer treats the inner yarns of each strand as well as the core in a bath of lubricant, the ingredients of which are graphite and oil. This lubricant thoroughly permeates all the fiber, thus overcoming internal wear, while sufficient comes to the surface, and the lubricant does not injure the rope.—London Engineer.

A ROYAL BOOK BUYER.

The Purchase of Diderot's Library by Catherine II. of Russia.

Empress Catherine II. of Russia was a great reader and a lover of books. One of her services to letters in Russia was the purchase of the libraries of Voltaire and Diderot. She was a warm friend and admirer of these French philosophers, and their work interested her because she was eager to learn new theories of politics and government. Voltaire's library of about 7,000 volumes is now a part of the Russian imperial library in the Hermitage palace, and in the hall devoted to it is Houdon's statue of Voltaire.

The story of Catherine's purchase of Diderot's library is interesting. It is creditable to her tact and her generosity. Diderot named £15,000 as the price of his library. Catherine II. offered him £16,000 and named as a condition of the bargain that her purchase should remain with Diderot until his death. Thus Diderot, without leaving Paris, became Catherine's librarian in his own library. As her librarian he was given a yearly salary of £1,000.

One year this salary was not paid. Then Catherine wrote to her librarian that she could not have him or her library suffer through the negligence of a treasurer's clerk and that she should send him the sum that she had set aside for the care and increase of her library for fifty years. At the end of that period she would make new arrangements. A check for £25,000 accompanied this letter.

The Literary Chap In Finance.

"I know a literary chap, good writer and all that, but with absolutely no business sense, who suddenly decided the thing for him to do was to start a bank account," said the secretary of a financial institution. "He came in to see me about it. I asked him how much he had, and he said he had saved $59. I told him we rarely started accounts on such small deposits, but would make an exception in his case to encourage thrift and school him in business.

"He went through the preliminaries nervously, signed the signature card, put his money in and got a nice new bank book. By that time he was all flustered. They gave him a check book, and he decided he would have to have some money for present use. The receiving teller introduced him to the paying teller, and he inquired the procedure of checking out money. The paying teller explained at length. Then my literary friend went over to the desk and wrote a check for his entire $59, got the money and went out."

Comparative Ages of Animals.

Q.—What is the age of a field mouse?

A.—A year. And the age of a hedgehog is three times that of a mouse, and the life of a dog is three times that of a hedgehog, and the life of a horse is three times that of a dog, and the life of a man is three times that of a horse, and the life of a goose is three times that of a man, and the life of a swan is three times that of a goose, and the life of a swallow is three times that of a swan, and the life of an eagle is three times that of a swallow, and the life of a serpent is three times that of an eagle, and the life of a raven is three times that of a serpent, and the life of a hart is three times that of a raven, and an oak groweth 500 years and fadeth 500 years.—Philadelphia North American, Sept. 13, 1803.

Dog and Cat.

The effect of a dog on a cat's tail is well worth study. When a cat encounters a strange dog the tail immediately assumes an upright position, the back becomes highly arched, and the fur stands out straight all over the body. This sudden change dismays the dog, who brings himself to a halt, and the two regard each other steadfastly.

But if the dog should turn his gaze away for a fraction of a second there is a swish and a bound, and the cat has disappeared over a fence or up a tree. Stimulated by the presence of a dog, cats have been known to climb to such heights that they were unable to descend the way they went up.

Transparent Salt.

Some remarkable salt formations are found extending for thirty miles along the Virginia river in Nevada. The salt forms mountains of crystal and is so pure and clear that fine print can be read through a foot of it. This region was evidently once occupied by a great salt lake, as close by are some wonderful wells, one of which, seventy-five feet in diameter, contains water so intensely saline that a person bathing there will float like a cork.

Bliggins' Blunder.

"Bliggins is very unfortunate in his love affairs."

"Yes," said the girl with yellow hair. "You see, Mr. Bliggins makes the great mistake of trying to converse intelligently when he ought to be simply holding hands and looking as if he were stupefied with joy."—Exchange.

Ayer's
Give nature three helps, and nearly every case of consumption will recover. Fresh air, most important of all.
Cherry Pectoral
Nourishing food comes next. Then, a medicine to control the cough and heal the lungs. Ask any good doctor.
"I first used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral 53 years ago. I have seen terrible cases of lung diseases cured by it. I am never without it."
ALBERT G. HAMILTON, Marietta, Ohio.
25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Consumption
Health demands daily action of the bowels. Aid nature with Ayer's Pills.

Considering how little you spend in a year for baking powder, why not have the best?
Cleveland's is a pure, cream of tartar powder that never fails, and the best that is made.

An Anecdote of Disraeli.

On one occasion Disraeli's habit of exaggerated adulation led to so bold an attempt by the fair recipient to turn it to her advantage that he was driven to save the situation in a way that was very far from being appreciated. The charmer, a young lady of "advanced views," finding the great man so exceedingly profuse in his attentions, thought it an excellent opportunity for making him a convert to her utopian ideals, which were of the most daringly democratic order. After a long recitation of her propaganda she wound up with a fervid appeal to the prime minister to immortalize himself by espousing her ingenious panacea for remedying the wrongs of humanity. As she finished her impassioned harangue, with flushed cheeks and flashing eye, Disraeli, who had been silently watching her with apparently the profoundest sympathy and admiration, suddenly dropped his eyeglass and softly murmured, "Oh, you darling!" "If it had been at dinner," she afterward declared, "and I had had a knife I would have stabbed him!"—Blackwood's.

Bridge Building Brotherhoods.

It was in France that brotherhoods for building bridges first took shape. In 1178 a bridge was begun over the Rhone at Avignon by Saint Benezet, the head of a body called Fratres Pontis, who undertook the building and repairing of bridges during the middle ages. A second soon followed at St. Esprit.

About the same time Peter of Colechurch, the head of a similar brotherhood in England, began the first stone bridge over the Thames at London.

In many cases when a bridge was built a chapel was founded, to which a priest was attached to pray for the soul of the founder, to receive money and to offer prayers with the passengers for a safe journey.

The strange Gothic triangular bridge at Crowland, over three streams, alluded to in a charter of 943, was built by the abbot of Crowland, and Abbot Bernard built the Burton bridge over the Trent, the longest in England, 1,534 feet long, which carries the roadway over thirty-six arches.—London Globe.

Eskimo Masks.

The Eskimo are the greatest of all mask makers. During their religious ceremonials they impersonate their own various gods, wearing masks for the purpose, but the most curious thing is that they wear little masks on their fingers as well as big ones to cover their faces. These finger masks, the like of which are unknown anywhere else in the world, usually represent the sun. They are of wood, carved with a laughing or weeping face, and the rays of the sun are represented by white hair from the belly of the wild reindeer set around as a fringe. The sun is the most important of the Eskimos' divinities, and the principal object of the winter ceremonial is to persuade the sun god to come back from the south.

Die and Save Money.

At the Metropolitan club of Washington one evening Justice Harlan of the supreme court had introduced to him a well known New York business man who was given to boasting of the large income he enjoyed.

With the apparent purpose of impressing those about him, the New Yorker remarked that as near as he could tell he supposed his income exceeded $100,000. "And I simply have to make that amount," he added. "Why, with my expenses it costs me $80,000 a year to live!"

"Dear me!" said Justice Harlan blandly. "Really, that's too much. I wouldn't pay it. It isn't worth it."—Saturday Evening Post.

Gum Chewing.

"To chew gum for five or ten minutes after a meal is absolutely beneficial," said a physician, "especially for hasty eaters, who do not half masticate their food, because the action of the jaws causes the gastric juices to flow, and that is good. But so few people can use and not abuse it. They get the gum in their mouths and keep at it till they fairly dry up the saliva supply, bring on a headache and get generally nervous. This will cause indigestion."

Wonderful Bird Flight.

The most wonderful bird flight noted is the migratory achievement of the Virginia plover, which leaves the northern haunts in North America and, taking a course down the Atlantic, usually from 400 to 500 miles east of the Bermudas, reaches the coast of Brazil in one unbroken flight of fifteen hours, covering a distance of 3,200 miles at the rate of four miles a minute.

Getting Back.

"Gee, no!" exclaimed the pretty cash girl. "I don't want nothin' to do with you. I wouldn't marry you if you was the last man on earth. Is that plain enough English for you?"

"It is certainly plain enough," said the mortified bookkeeper, "but it isn't English."—Chicago Tribune.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY NOV. 13, 1903.

CITY ELECTION.

This important event in the history of Woburn is to occur, Providence permitting, on the second Tuesday of December next, or the 8th day of said month. The campaign is now in full blast. A Mayor, License Commissioner, member of the Board of Public Works, 8 Aldermen-at-Large, 7 Ward Aldermen, and three members of the School Board, are to be elected on that day to serve from Jan 1, 1904, for terms varying in length from one to 3 years. The retiring member of the Board of Public Works is Elwyn G. Preston, Esq., Water Commissioner; from the School Board, Mrs. Frances W. Hill, Albert T. Converse and Edward F. Cassidy, Esquires.

For Mayor the Democrats have three candidates in view, namely, John P Feeney, John W. Johnson and Lawrence Reade, all of them good men and sound Mayoralty timber.

Up to Wednesday morning last the Republicans had hoped that Mr. Andrew R. Linscott would accept the nomination which they held in hand for him. His absolute declination leaves that Party widely at sea, and who they will finally pitch upon for a candidate is a question for future settlement.

Of more importance than anything else will be the selection of proper persons for the Board of Aldermen. Great care should be exercised in this respect.

PRESTON NOT A CANDIDATE

Elwyn G. Preston, Esq., who has done admirable work as Water Commissioner of the Woburn Board of Public Works for the last six years, and ably filled other responsible city offices, authorizes the JOURNAL to make public announcement of the fact that he is not, and cannot consent to be, a candidate for reelection to the Board this fall. His determination to retire is unalterable.

The decision of Mr. Preston in this matter will occasion sincere and widespread regret, for it is admitted on all sides that he has made an especially efficient and successful Water Commissioner, and accomplished for that important Department a great deal more than most men would have been capable of.

THE RECOUNT.

By an unwarranted decision of the Woburn Board the District recount early this week of votes for Herbert S. Riley, the Republican candidate for Representative, and Henry M. Aldrich the Democratic candidate, resulted in favor of Mr. Aldrich by one plurality. Details are unnecessary.

Disclosures at the recount proved, beyond controversy, Mr. Riley's right to the seat, and the House will not hesitate a moment in so deciding. Mr. Riley received the most votes in the District, and law, common sense, and justice will give him the benefit of them.

PROCLAMATION.

Last week President Roosevelt issued a proclamation for Thanksgiving Day, naming the last Thursday in November, being the 26th day of said month, for its observance.

The document contained a good, sound, religious sermon, which the readers of the JOURNAL, and all others, will do well to take seriously to heart.

THE CAUCUSES.

The Republican caucuses for the nomination of candidates for Mayor, Aldermen-at-Large, and members of the School Board, are to be held in the 7 Wards of the city on Saturday evening, Nov. 21. The Ward and City Committee cherish a lively hope that they will be fully attended by live Republicans.

☞ About the same crowd appeared and made speeches at the Council hearing on the petitions of the Lowell & Boston Street Railroad Company for franchises last Monday evening that have been seen and heard at the Council chamber for the last couple of years. Major H. C. Hall and Mr. John W. Shaw advocated granting the franchise over Arlington Road, and ex-Mayor Davis, Edward Q. Brackett, S. B. Goddard, Fred J. Brown, Frank Wetherell, and others opposed it. The question has become a dreadful bore. The funny thing about it is that every member of the Council has known just how he is going to vote on the question ever since the petitions were filed; and the public believe that the side having the longest purse will get the verdict. One thing is certain, and every sensible and disinterested person will so see it, to wit, the more street railways this city gets the better it will be for her and her business and growth.

☞ It is not at all likely that Hon. William F. Davis will be a candidate for the office of Mayor this year. A large number of people would be glad to have him determine otherwise, and he has been urged to take a nomination; but he does not see his way clear to granting their requests. He held the office three years in succession and honored it by giving the city a clean and able administration each term. Mr. Davis thinks he has done his part, for the present, at least, and, therefore, not wholly without regrets, feels compelled to negative the wishes of his friends, and the advocates of good local government.

☞ A correspondent suggests Mr. James Skinner as the Republican nominee for Mayor and gives strong reasons for doing so. Mr. Skinner would make a firstclass Mayor, as everybody knows and admits, and it may be that the Republicans will nominate him.

☞ Thanks to William Ware & Co. of Boston, its publishers, Robert B. Thomas's "Old Farmers Almanac" for 1904 has made its welcome appearance at this office in good season and trim condition. With the absence of this venerable publication the JOURNAL would feel very much out of kilter, hence it hails its receipt with pleasure.

☞ Mr. Daniel A. Lane, formerly of Woburn, Republican, was elected to a seat in the State Senate from a Democratic Back Bay District in Boston on Nov. 3, over which event his and his family's many friends here are more than pleased. He is a promising young man, as his promotion from the Boston Common Council to the Senate amply demonstrates, with higher honors awaiting him, if he should choose to make politics a part of his business. He comes of good stock, and his success proves that the blood is not thinning out any.

☞ In an Editorial which we reproduce from the columns of the Waltham *Evening News* Congressman McCall is sized up about right and given a dose that would be hard on almost any other stomach. But it won't faze McCall, for, in his own estimation, he is a "bigger man than Old Grant," that is to say, his motto is, "I am superior to the Republican Party and to the people." Perhaps he will change his mind after the next Congressional election.

☞ Following the excellent example of President Roosevelt, our worthy Chief Magistrate, His Excellency, Governor Bates, has issued a Proclamation for the observance of the last Thursday in November, the 26th day thereof, as Thanksgiving Day, a day to be devoted to giving thanks to the Almighty Ruler of the Universe for the blessings he has bestowed on Massachusetts during the past year. "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

☞ The authorized announcement (by the JOURNAL exclusively) of the candidacy of Mayor Feeney for another election this fall smashed a large lot of Mayoralty slates into smithereens. It upset many plans, and blasted many fond hopes and bright expectations. Several gentlemen with bees in their bonnets saw at a glance, after reading the JOURNAL, the hopelessness of their cases, the futility of bucking against Feeney, and withdrew from the canvas.

☞ Ald. Linscott carried too many guns for "Ex-Official" in the *Times*. He dealt in cold facts, while the newspaper man dealt in excuses. Ald. Linscott is on the right track. The simple fact is, the worst sort of conditions prevail in our city government, more particularly in the business of the Board of Public Works as it has been carried on this present municipal year.

☞ The Legislature of 1904 will contain three natives of Woburn. Senator Daniel W. Lane of Boston, grandson of the late Captain Timothy Winn; John M. Grosvenor, Jr., of Swampscott, son of Dr. J. M. Grosvenor, formerly of Woburn; and Herbert S. Riley of Woburn.

☞ Mr. Elisha F. Hayward will be a candidate for election to the Board of Public Works in place of Mr. Elwyn G. Preston whose term expires this year, and who declines another election. Mr. Hayward would fill the bill admirably, and the Republicans can do no better than to nominate him.

☞ The Republicans of Woburn and others who propose to act with them in the coming City Election are hereby invited to meet the Republican Ward and City Committee at Republican Headquarters on Monday evening next at 8 o'clock.—H. S. RILEY, Chairman.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

E. A. Dow—To Let.
Trinity Church—Fair.
Advertiser—For Sale.
C. A. Jones—Prob. Notice.
Pettengill & Co.—Pinkham.
J. W. Johnson—Mort. Sale.
J. P. Wyman—Prob. Notice.

— The Unitarian Parish Fair Thursday, Dec. 10, and Friday, Dec. 11.

— Don't fail to visit "Elizabeth's German Garden" at Unitarian Fair.

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— The sick people on Academy Hill, Dow, Preston et als., are improving in fine shape.

— Gage & Co. are making a special sale of overcoats, and offering great bargains.

— Hope Circle are to superintend a dance in Odd Fellow's Hall next Thursday evening.

— C. M. Strout & Co. have as fine an assortment of parlor stoves as can be found in Middlesex county. Cheap, too.

— Hope Rebekah Lodge, 39, visited and was royally entertained by Myrtle Lodge of Lynn last Wednesday evening.

— Let everybody get a good ready for the Trinity Parish Fair and Sale next Wednesday. It will be a good one.

— A period of forty hours devotion began at St. Charles church last Sunday. The meetings were well attended.

— The North Congregational church Ladies Benevolent Society are to give a Harvest Supper in the church this evening.

— By reference to our business columns it will be seen that Mr. Edw. A. Dow offers to rent some desirable property.

— "Indian Summer" has got in a lot of good work here this week. Some folks are wishing that it might continue until next May.

— The Fair of the Swedish Evangelical church, which closed last Saturday evening, was a grand success from every point of view.

— Next Tuesday evening, Nov. 17, the Woburn Workers of First church are to hold a sale and give an entertainment. All hands should be there.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— The M. E. Church has secured the services of the "Gospel Ten" of Boston University—school of Theology—to hold special services beginning with Sunday, Dec. 27. The team is composed of picked men from the nearly 200 young ministers of the school.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

FLOOR COVERINGS

Assortment — COMPLETE
Prices — — — RIGHT
Work — — — PROMPT

It is generally known that we are ***Distributors of Floor Coverings*** of every description, and we desire it to be equally well known that we have all grades of ***Upholstery Fabrics, Lace Curtains, Furniture Coverings, etc.***

The advice of an interior decorator is at your service, if desired. Goods displayed either in our show-room or at residences. Estimates furnished for covering single pieces of furniture or for completely decorating either a single room or an entire house.

For eighty-six years, under the same firm name, we have distributed to the public, to our neighbors, to our friends, Carpets and Rugs, and until we added Interior Decorations and Upholstery Fabrics our sole and entire business has been Floor Coverings.

Does not this record make for intelligent confidence on your part?

Pray Building, Washington St., opposite Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

New Line of FALL GOODS
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

Belladonæ Plasters or Belladonæ Capsicum Plasters

are the ones most frequently used. We have our plasters made especially for us, therefore we can recommend them for the quick relief of pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pleurisy, Coughs, Strains, and the many other ailments for which plasters are used.

15c. a piece. 2 for 25c.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

☞ The Leaders of Low Prices. Green Stamps,

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— Mr. Bryan McSweeney is local agent for sound, firstclass Fire and Life Insurance Companies. Apply at 7 Munroe street.—5

— Everybody go to the Unitarian Fair and pick flowers in full bloom from "Elizabeth's German Garden" Thursday, Dec. 10, and Friday, Dec 11.

— Principal Linscott of Rumford school has been taking a day off and Dr. J. P. Bixby's son Fred, a smart young man, has been substituting for him.

— The auction sale of horses, carriages, sleighs, etc., in the Central stables by Mrs. Jones, executrix of the estate, last Friday, was a satisfactory one.

— Manager G. P. Keating of the Woburn Telephone Exchange has been sent to the East Boston Exchange, and Leavitt of the Braintree Exchange has taken his place.

— The annual meeting of the Andover and Woburn Branch of the W. B. M. was held at Lawrence yesterday. The First church of Woburn sent a goodly delegation.

— A Smoke Talk at the Towanda Club will take place Wednesday evening next, Nov. 18. Dr. Robert Chalmers will speak, subject: "Medicine, Past and Present."

— The Gabalotte Club are to give their third annual ball in Lyceum Hall on Friday evening, Nov. 27, day after Thanksgiving. It promises to be all right in every particular.

— Several Woburn people visited the grand chrysanthemum show at Horticultural Hall, Boston, last Sunday. In size it was not quite up to some former exhibitions.

— Lynn beat Woburn 7 to 3 in a strong polo game at Lynn last Saturday night. Stoneham and Woburn are to play at the Woburn Auditorium tomorrow night, Nov. 14.

— The Ladies Auxiliary of the St. Charles C. T. A. S. are to give their annual Minstrel Show in Lyceum Hall next Wednesday evening, Nov. 18. They always give a bangup one.

— Mr. Francis A. Partridge and family are to occupy the residence on Charles street which the family of the late Mr. Gilman F. Jones exchange for the Richardson house on Salem street.

— Mrs. Bertha (George H.) Taylor of 23 Pleasant street, and her daughter Marion returned last Saturday from quite a long and pleasant visit with friends at Detroit, Mich., Buffalo, New York City, etc.

— W. R. Corps 161 are to hold a sale and serve a supper in their hall in Savings Bank Block on Wednesday afternoon and evening. Admission to Sale 10 cents; tickets for Harvest Supper 25 cents.

— A snowstorm of quite respectable dimensions visited this locality last Friday, Nov. 6, and on Saturday morning things looked decidedly winterish. This is unusually early for the first appearance of winter.

— The Lend-a-Hand Club are to give an entertainment at the Unitarian church on Friday evening, Nov. 20. It will consist chiefly of Mother Goose singings and dramatics, and promises to be an affair worth attending.

— Angelo Crovo has a tempting display of grapes and grape fruit, as well as new oranges and other firstrate fruit, and the people appreciate the pains he takes to please them, for he has as fine a trade as any dealer need ask for.

— Master Chester Carter, 64 Elm street, No. Woburn, has received from the Boston Herald Company a fine nose harness as a prize for correctly solving one of the series of Children's Prize Contests now running in the Boston *Sunday Herald*.

— Having reached the ripe age of 5 years Tom Feeney, Jr., gave a birthday party at the residence of his parents on Warren avenue last week, which was attended and greatly enjoyed by quite a large company of his youthful friends and associates.

— Mrs. Mary A. Sherwin, mother of Mrs. J. A. Haskell, formerly of this city, died at her home in New Haven, Conn, on Oct. 23, aged 75 years. She was the widow of the late Prof. Wm F. Sherwin of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston.

— Judge Charles D. Adams and family have returned from their summer home at Nahant to their winter residence 915 Main street, this city. It must not be assumed that their return means that they love Nahant less, but Woburn more—for cold weather quarters.

— On Tuesday, Nov. 17, the Woburn Workers are to give an entertainment consisting of flag drill, dialogues, etc. A sale will be held in connection with it at which useful and fancy goods, homemade candies, and other things will be offered for sale. Admission 15 cents.—X.

— There is danger of a considerable immediate rise in the price of vinegar. Mr. George W. Copp of the West Side informs a JOURNAL reporter that apples are scarce; that he is making a less quantity of cider than usual, and this means less vinegar at steeper figures per gallon.

— If the Democrats win in the next city election "Dennie" Sullivan, who is Secretary of the Democratic City Committee, is to have the chair on the Board of Overseers of the Poor made vacant by the death of Thomas D. Hevey. That would be a pretty kettle of fish, to say the least.

— Miss Grace W. Heartz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Heartz of Bennett street was a teacher in Brewster Academy at Wolfboro, N. H., at the time of its destruction by fire lately. Other buildings have been secured for instruction, in which Miss Heartz will continue as teacher.

— A fine piece of concreting was done last Wednesday on the sidewalk in front of the JOURNAL publishing building on the first alley west of it. Now if the city will remove the rotten old bricks from Crovo's fruit store to Park street and substitute concrete, the Street Commissioner will receive many thanks.

— Last Monday evening the Towanda Club opened the season of the Massachusetts Inter League with the Newtowne Club at Cambridge. The Towanda players were: billiards, Elliot, Caulfield; pool, Platts, Hovey; ping pong, Smith, Leathe; bowling, Dow, Sawyer, Knowlton, Buckman, Lowell.

— On Wednesday evening, Nov. 18, at 7.30, Rev. Samuel Freuder, a converted Jewish Rabbi, will deliver an address in the M. E. church. The Book of Esther, sing the 23d Psalm in Hebrew, and wear Phylectories. All are welcome.

— A pair of Woburn chaps were arrested, taken from the late train last Saturday night and locked up in the West Medford jail, where they remained until Monday, for assault and battery on an Italian passenger and disorderly conduct. They were loaded with Boston rum. It is strange that people will get drunk and act like brutes.

— At the opening of the 331 convention of the American Federation of Labor in Faneuil Hall, Boston, last Monday, to continue 16 days, Mr. Henry McMahon of this city, President of the Boston Typographical Union, was appointed Assistant Secretary. It is the largest meeting ever held by the Federation. President Gompers made a stirring speech at the opening. Henry is one of the most prominent members of the Order.

— Whitcher says he is selling stacks of his Woburn Souvenir postal cards, of which he has about 20 kinds. The other day an aged gentleman, a nonresident, went into Whitcher's store and bought several of the whole series for sweet remembrance sake. He said he lived in Woburn in the days and years when the old Middlesex canal was in full and successful operation, and had not forgotten or ceased to love the ancient town. Other former residents of Old Woburn do this almost every day, and Whitcher profits by the lingering of their love and memory of the pleasures of the past.

— Elmore A. Pierce hit the nail square on the head at the street railway hearing last Monday evening when he said that what Woburn needs is an electric line on every street in the city. We should gaffle on to neighboring towns, cities and settlements and secure their trade and business, and thus increase our own and promote the town's growth and importance. Boulevards, pretty things, sentimentality, and all that, are well enough; but let the city first do something for its own material prosperity and enable its inhabitants to procure bread for themselves and families.

— A P. C. from Fred Percyval Lewis dated Leipzig, Germany, Oct. 25, reads: "My mother and I and relatives are comfortably and pleasantly situated in a new apartment house which was barely completed when we came here, the first occupants, Oct. 5. I am very busy with music, not only studying, but hearing symphony orchestra, also, excellent church music by the chorus of the famous Thomaskirche (where Bache was); both twice a week; and lately 10 Wagner Operas, at the rate of 4 a week, at which good seats are 36 cents." The Woburn friends of the Lewises will be glad to hear from them.

— Mr. John W. Francis, after 25 years of faithful and acceptable service, has resigned the position of Janitor of the Woburn Public Library to take effect at the close of the current year, or Dec. 31, 1903. His engagement by the Trustees was anterior to the opening of the Library for public uses in 1879 and no one has ever been heard to criticise his work adversely during all those years. The only wonder has been that he could do so much and do it so well. Likewise, he was always pleasant, courteous and accommodating, and everybody liked him and his kind and gentlemanly attentions. He will take a house and make a home for himself and wife on Sherman Place. Mr. James McGovern, the present Assistant Janitor, will doubtless be elected to fill Mr. Francis's place at the January meeting of the Board of Trustees.

— In resetting the stone curbing around the Common the workmen have done a good job and the grounds look all the better for it. The next thing to be attended to there, and which is loudly called for by the public, is to concrete the walks on Pleasant and Main streets and that between Pleasant and Main, and also walks from the bandstand to the Common enclosure, leaving spaces for patches of greensward, and thus beautifying what is now a homely and even unseemly spot in the centre of the city. When Senator Francis Appleton was here a few days ago he told the writer of this item that he always enjoyed looking at Woburn's Common, with its grand old elms, fine Soldiers Monument, its green grass, neat iron rails and granite curbings, and if strangers admire the citizens should be proud of it. Another thing: every tree that blows, or is cut, down should be replaced by another—always an elm—or else, by and by, the Common will be stripped of its most attractive feature. A young, handsome elm should be planted in the place of one that was blown down last summer, and at once. It would cost less than $500 to do all this, and how could the public money be better expended?

James Skinner for Mayor.

EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL: It is now fully understood that ex-Mayor Davis will not accept a nomination for Mayor, so that the opponents of Mayor Feeney, who will be the Democratic nominee, must look elsewhere.

It is argued by those who have watched the progress of events at the Municipal Building the past year, that the city greatly needs a Mayor who can give his undivided attention to the city's business; that it is becoming more and more apparent that the affairs of the city are being allowed to drift, and that things that should be attended to are either not attended to at all, or are only done after the city, or some of its citizens, have suffered from the neglect. Our Board of Public Works needs some one at its head to see to it that the city's business is done as and when it should be. Mayor Feeney's professional duties, which take him out of the city most of the time, and of late his illness, have not admitted of his giving to the administration of the city's business the attention that the Mayor's position demands if the interests of the city are not to suffer. What is now needed is a man of firstclass business capacity who could give undivided attention to the Mayor's duties.

Believing that the general public recognize these facts, the friends of Mr. James Skinner are urging him for nomination at the hands of a Citizen's or Republican convention. They claim that Mr. Skinner would receive all but a fractional part of the Republican vote at the polls and that he would also get the support of a large Democratic contingent because of his connection with the Democratic party in the past and his present connection with the leather industries of the city. If elected, he could give all the time to the duties of the position that is required and would be here on the spot to give personal direction to the conduct of the various Departments of the city's business. With him in the Mayor's chair it is certain that the money appropriated by the tax payers would not be allowed to go to waste, but the city would receive its equivalent for what is paid into the treasury.

With taxes high, property values either dropping, or remaining stationary, population not increasing, but salaries of city officials and general expenses on the increase, it is time that a man of recognized first class business capacity was chosen Mayor. If Mr. Skinner will take a nomination, there can be no question about the wisdom of giving it to him.—TAXPAYER.

McCall's Indifference.

The Somerville *Journal* sends out a plaint against Congressman McCall's excessive quietude during the last campaign, when he is representing a District overwhelmingly Republican. The *Journal* is just in making a kick only it don't kick hard enough. A paper with the standing and influence that the *Journal* enjoys should be able to so mould public opinion that it would make it impossible for any such independent straddler as McCall to get re-elected.

It may not seem to be any of our business to make suggestions regarding a Representative in another District, and yet McCall's pertinacity and mulishness has brought upon the State a great deal of criticism, not to say contempt and one part of the State is affected by such procedure as much as any other part. In brief, Sam McCall does not represent Massachusetts and Massachusetts should protest against any more such misrepresentations. There ought to go up such a wail that when Mr. McCall comes around next summer, as he is sure to do, and begs to be sent to the National Republican convention to give himself respectability in the Party, he should be reminded that in the very first week of the new administration term, President McKinley received endorsement from all the Republicans except this man McCall, who was altogether too independent all of a sudden. He was not so when he wanted to be renominated.

We have watched Mr. Call's course in Congress, and are conversant with much of his career there, and we do not find that he is as diligent to the interests of his constituents as are the other Congressmen.

He may consider himself altogether too big a man to do such small things as those who elected him wish.

He may be up the tree getting the big fruit. He might, at least throw down some of the small kinds to those who made it possible for him to climb.

It is a pleasure to see how our brother Hobbs of the Woburn JOURNAL gets after this noted straddler. If the Woburn contemporary will keep it up, the State may be purged of this mistake in political Massachusetts.—*Waltham Evening News.*

The *News* accurately voices the Republican sentiment of the 8th District, and of the State at large. McCall is sorely troubled with a complaint known as "Big Head," and has been for years, and is utterly unfit to represent the Republicans of Massachusetts in Congress, and, in our humble opinion, he is serving his last term there.

Millinonaire's Poor Stomach.

The worn-out stomach of the over-fed millionaire is often paraded in the public prints as a horrible example of the evils attendant on the possession of great wealth. But millionaires are not the only ones who are afflicted with bad stomachs. The proportion is far greater among the toilers. Dyspepsia and indigestion are rampant among these people, and they suffer far worse tortures than the millionaire unless they avail themselves of a standard medicine like Green's August Flower, which has been a favorite household remedy for all stomach troubles for over thirty-five years. August Flower rouses the torpid liver, thus creating appetite and insuring perfect digestion. It tones and vitalizes the entire system and makes life worth living, no matter what your station. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At A. W. Whitcher's drug store.

Nasal Catarrh.

It is surprising what relief is afforded by Cabot's SULPHO-NAPTHOL to those troubled with nasal catarrh and kindred afflictions. So many people suffer from it at this time when fall is giving way to winter. A neglected cold in the head paves the way to endless trouble in future years. SULPHO-NAPTHOL should be used at once as a spray or by sniffing. It affords instant relief in cases of nasal catarrh and at once arrests and prevents the development of a cold in the head into this dread disease.

Whatever Your Wants

in Furnishing Goods, whether it be in Hosiery, Gloves, Shirts, Neckwear, Night Robes, Pajamas—no matter what—bear in mind that you can find at our store a stock equal in size to almost any exclusive haberdashery in Boston. Most people know this, but occasionally we have a new customer express surprise at the completeness of our stock.

☞ Large lot of Adler's Street Gloves just received.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers,
403 Main Street, Lyceum Hall Building,
WOBURN.

ARE YOU

One of the lucky hundreds who every Sunday afternoon has on the parlor table a quarter's worth of

Peanut Taffy from Whitcher's

$3.00 WORTH OF STAMPS
—WITH A—
ONE DOLLAR PURCHASE!

Cut out the coupon below and present it at the store of

E. P. Fitzwilliam & Co.
373 MAIN STREET,

and with a One Dollar purchase you will receive Three Dollars worth of Stamps.

GOOD FOR
$3 Worth of Stamps
With a $1.00 Purchase.
GOOD ONLY at the store of
E. P. FITZWILLIAM & CO.,
373 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

North Woburn.

It is currently reported that Principal Andrew R. Linscott of the Rumford School will soon resign and quit teaching, and the report seems to be well founded. Of course his determination is deeply regretted by all good friends of the proper education of our youth. Soon after his honorable discharge from a full term of active and efficient service in the Union Army, raised to put down the Southern Rebellion, he was temporarily engaged to take the Rumford school in place of the stated teacher, but instead of being a temporary engagement it has continued to the present time, a period of 38 years. Not a murmur of disapproval, discontent, or faultfinding with his administration of the affairs of the school from parents, pupils, Superintendent, or the School Board has been heard from that day to this. He has made a model teacher and Principal, as everybody knows he is a model citizen. He has served long, faithfully and well, and now thinks he is entitled to a permanent rest. It will seem queer to go there and not find Principal Linscott at the head of the Rumford seat of learning; but I'm afraid that such is to be the case. Besides being one of the best and most successful of Woburn's large corps of able teachers, honestly and earnestly devoted to his work, he is, and has been for years, one of the most reliable, honorable and highly respected members of society, and a loyal dweller in the old town.

Boston Theatres.

AUSTIN & STONE'S.

Krao, the famous old world curio, soon coming to this country is one of nature's strangest whims. There's no getting behind this fact, as visitors to Austin & Stone's museum in Boston, the week of Nov. 16-23 will speedily discover. Krao, often called "the missing link," is of the female sex and was found on the banks of the Koeti River in Batavia in 1879. The natural supposition then, and since partially substantiated, is that her father was an orang buntang (commonly miscalled orang-outang) and her mother a Dyak. Certainly this curious being is the most perfect living object lesson ever exhibited. Savants in all parts of the world award the palm for uniqueness to Krao. She will be on daily view at the Museum from 10 A. M. till 10 P. M., the forenoon receptions being held especially for the benefit of ladies and children.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

Beginning next Monday evening and continuing for two weeks the stage of the Hollis Street Theatre is to be occupied by the foremost of American Comedians, Mr. N. C. Goodwin, who under the direction of Klaw and Erlanger is to present a superb revival of that most interesting of Shakespearean comedies, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It is eight years since this delightful work of the immortal bard has been presented in Boston, the last production being that made by the late Augustin Daly. But neither in Boston nor in any other city in the world has this fairy dream been given anything like the superb production which these fearless and enterprising gentlemen have given it in this instance. The cast besides Mr. Goodwin, who plays Bottom, the Weaver, is a notable one containing many names that are famous in the history of the stage. The effects which Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger have utilized are said to be little short of marvelous. Electricity plays a large part, for whenever the faries displace the mortals on the stage the flowers, the fungi, the trees, and even the solid stones built into the columns of Theseus's Palace become luminous. The version is presented in four acts, sub-divided into six settings. As Bottom, The Weaver, Mr. Goodwin has a most congenial role and although it has been played by many celebrated actors it is doubtful if it was ever in better hands. Mr. Goodwin brings a ripe experience to the part, which added to his thorough knowledge of the technique of the stage, makes his performance delightful. The company is a very large one numbering in its entirety more than two hundred people. Matinees will be given the first week of the engagement, on Wednesday and on Saturday, and the second week on Thanksgiving Day and on Saturday. Seats are now selling for the entire engagement.

No Undue Elation.

A close observance of Representative Nowell failed to show the undue elation which perhaps a somewhat less well balanced man might have exhibited over his splendid victory of Tuesday. Nor was his poise less perfect a year ago when he fell short a few votes of being elected, to be chosen later at the special election. We believe we can risk speaking for Mr. Nowell in saying there is no one who can be more appreciative than he of the endorsement of his constituents.—*Reading Chronicle.*

People of sound common sense never become unduly elated over anything. Nowell's that kind of a gentleman.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Twenty-eight Franklin Street.

The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.

The National Graded Course Used.
P. O. Box 344.

MISS DORA A. WINN,
WILL RESUME
Pianoforte Instruction,
October 1, 1903.
6 Highland Street, Woburn.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN. - MASS.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

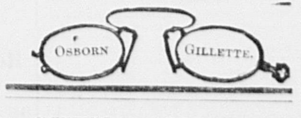
JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

For Sale.

A SABLE CAPE cost $135 will sell for $50. Inquire at this office.

House To Let.

Six Rooms. Rent reasonable.
Enquire of M. C. FELCH.



OSBORN GILLETTE.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "Man as the Temple of God."
Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Dr. W. E. Whitter.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching by Dr. W. E. Whitter.
7.45 P. M., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—23d Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D. Subject: "The Church for Today."
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service. Theme: "What Shall We Read?"
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening, at 7.30.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: "The Forgiveness of Sin."
12 M. Sunday School.
3.30 P. M., Junior Epworth League.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., Preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Can We Believe that Some are Debarred from Eternity the Kingdom of Heaven?"
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Rev. Samuel Freuder, a converted Jewish Rabbi will speak.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Soul and Body."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

Married.

In this city, Nov. 4, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Joseph Delong and Lena Muse, both of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 19, by Rev. James J. Keegan, John Coyne and Sarah Doherty, both of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 17, by Rev. E. J. Peterson, Swarte Pearson and Jennie Elisabeth Bergman, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 6, James Finn, aged 51 years.

In this city, Nov. 6, Maria A. Dalio, aged 47 years.

In South Boston, Nov. 4, 1903, Albert Agnew, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Agnew, aged 3 years and 5 months. The burial was in Calvery cemetery, Woburn.

Cut This Out and Use It.

Bargain Coupon.

By presenting this coupon at Copeland & Bowser's 399, 401 Main street, Woburn, you will receive **3 stamps instead of 1 on every 10c. purchase**.

This Coupon is good between Nov. 9 and Nov. 28.

Only one coupon received on each purchase.

[Woburn Journal.]

COPELAND & BOWSER.

—OUR—

Tea

—AND—

Coffee

Trade has always been an important part of our business. We take great care in selecting our goods, believing that quality in Tea and Coffee is always appreciated, and we are prepared to meet any competition in this particular line.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

Japol Tablets

a sure cure for hoarseness and tickling in the throat

Japol Powder

a remedy for cold in the head.

Japol Ice

unequalled in neuralgia and catarrh.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

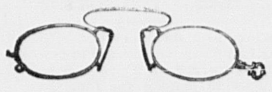
361 Main St.

Houghton & Dutton,

BOSTON.

Optical Parlors 9th Floor.

A FEW EYE HINTS.



Your eyes will tell when you need glasses Here are a few hints :- Headaches, Dizziness, sleepy feeling while reading, blurring of objects either at close range or distance, frowning or squinting, smarting or burning, requirement of stronger light while reading. Those are but a few of the symptoms.

When your eyes suggest trouble don't fail to consult our OPTICIAN and he will cheerfully advise you, as he has spent many years in study of this one subject.

OUR GUARANTEE IS Entire Satisfaction at Lowest Prices.

N. B.—This department is under the pessonal supervision of Mr. Albert A. Carter, the wellknown optician of this city.

Ice Cream

Vanilla, Strawberry,
Coffee, Chocolate,
Orange Sherbet,
Always on hand.

CRAWFORD'S

No. 412 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE: 48-3.

To Let.

House No. 18 Court street, seven rooms, bath-room and furnace.

Tenement No. 6 Church Avenue, eight rooms and bath room

Office—Dow's Building, steam heat.

Apply to A. J. FOSTER,
4 Church Ave.

Desk Room To Let

at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

To Let.

Tenement of six rooms at 37 Salem street, $11.00 per month.

E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount street.

--FREE--

Public Lectures

—IN THE—

City of Woburn

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

BURBEEN FREE LECTURE FUND

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

MEMBERS OF THE CORPORATION.—John W. Johnson, Maria E. Carter, William R. Cutter, E. Maria Bean, S. Franksford Trull, John G. Maguire, L. Waldo Thompson, William Beggs Frances W. Hill.

SEASON OF 1903-4.

The lectures given by this fund are free to the public, **but no one will be admitted to the hall except upon presentation of a ticket.**

Application for one or two season tickets entitling holders to reserved seats for the course may be made in writing on or before Nov. 14, 1903, to the BURBEEN FREE LECTURE FUND, P. O. Box 516, Woburn. Blanks for this purpose may be obtained at the Woburn Public Library, and to those successful applicants who send with their application a stamped addressed envelope, tickets will be mailed; and other successful applicants may obtain their tickets at the Woburn Public Library, on and after Nov. 20. Tickets not taken on or before Nov. 23, will be at the disposal of the Directors.

Tickets will not be issued to children; but parents, in applying for tickets, may request that one of them admit a minor child (naming such child) and a special ticket may, in such case be given to the parent which will admit to the hall such child if accompanied with the parent. Except upon presentation of such special ticket no children will be admitted to these lectures.

Tickets may be transferred but only to adults. A limited number of tickets for single lectures will be at the disposal of the directors and may be obtained at the Woburn Public Library the week preceding lectures. These evening tickets will entitle the holders to seats not taken at 7.55 o'clock by season ticket holders.

The Course of the Twelfth season will consist of seven Lectures as follows:—

Tuesday, Nov. 24, 1903 Rev. S. Parkes Cadman. Subject: "Life in London."
Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1903. Prof. Charles S. Fay. Subject: "The Canadian Rockies." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1903 Edmund H. Garrett. Subject: "The Home of Shakespeare." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1904. Minna E. Tenney. Subject: "The Land of the Shamrock." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Jan. 26, 1904. To be announced.
Tuesday, Feb. 9, 1904. Henry H. Clayton. Subject: "Exploration of the Air by Mountain, Balloon, and Kite." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Feb 23, 1904. Senor Ramon Reyes Lala. Subject: "The Philippines and their People." Illustrated.
Tuesday, March 8, 1904. Dr. Edwin C. Bolles. Subject: "Picturesque Holland." Illustrated.

The course will be held in

LYCEUM HALL.

Doors open at 7.30 P. M. Lectures begin at 8 P. M.

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund**, P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE,
E. MARIA BEAN,
L. WALDO THOMPSON,
Directors.

Woburn, October 30, 1903.

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE

Registrars of Voters

will be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common St., on

Saturday Afternoon, Nov. 14, from 2 to 5 o'clock,

Evenings of Saturday, Nov. 14, Monday, Nov. 16, and Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 7 o'clock, and Wednesday, Nov. 18, from 12 M. to 10 P. M.

for the PURPOSE OF REGISTERING all persons legally qualified to vote in City Election and for correcting the List of Voters.

Registration for the City Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of November 18th

Women desiring to register for the City Election are requested to attend the afternoon session, but may register at any sesion of the Board.

☞ All naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
FRED F. LOWELL,
CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters

Woburn, Nov. 4, 1903

Pure Water!

One of the principal essentials in preserving health.

Cadwell's Crystal Spring Water

One of the purest and best in New England. Address
C. H. CADWELL,
Woburn.

CORNELIUS L. BABCOCK.

INSURANCE.

LIFE, ACCIDENT, HEALTH.

Notary Public, Pensions, Real Estate.

79 Elm St., No. Woburn, Mass.

Good House To Let.

I offer to rent No. 9 Wyer's Court. It contains 8 good rooms; is neat, nice, warm, handy and convenient. It is right every way.

Apply to Mrs. A. J. PLUMER,
53 Bow St., Woburn.

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Sale

—OF—

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., November 2, 1903.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1902, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said parcels sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of each of said parcels if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, December 5th, 1903**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 1.

HANORA F. BRADY.—About 9,205 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Lawrence street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Lawrence street; easterly by land now or late of Whitford; southerly by land of Hudson; westerly by land now or late of Buck and Whitford.

Tax of 1902,	$84 13
Street Watering for 1902,	1 40

HANORA F. BRADY.—About 12,818 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn on Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Tidd; easterly by said Main street; southerly by land of the City of Woburn; westerly by land of Mahoney and land of Tidd.

Tax of 1902,	28 64
Street Watering for 1902,	1 52

MARY CLAFFY.—About 5,888 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Porter street, being lot No. 19 on Plan of Thomas Richardson lands, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 41, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by said Porter street; easterly by lot 20 on said Plan; southerly by land of Eustice Cummings; westerly by lot 18 on said Plan.
Tax of 1902, 38 49

BRIDGET DOHERTY.—About 10,785 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Buckman street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of James Burke about 66 feet; easterly by land of Dunberry about 160 feet; southerly by Buckman street 66 feet; westerly by Buckman Court about 166 feet.
Tax of 1902, 17 90

CELIA FITZPATRICK.—About 6,800 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Main street, bounded as follows, namely; —Northerly by land of Caulfield; easterly by Main street; southerly by land now or late of Buck; westerly by land late of Doyle.

Tax of 1902,	37 23
Street Watering for 1902,	1 13

JAMES FRASER.—About 5,200 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Court street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Reagan; easterly by Court street; southerly by land of Peter M. G. Fraser; westerly by land of Munroe and land of Grammer.
Balance of Tax of 1902, 34 59

FRED AND LIZZIE F. GOWING.—About 5,424 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Wyer's Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of St. John's Parochial School Corporation; easterly by land formerly of Colson; southerly by land formerly of L. G. Richardson; westerly by Wyer's Court.
Tax of 1902, 42 98

JAMES E. KELLEY.—About 6,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Hudson street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Hudson street; easterly by a private way; southerly by land of Farry; westerly by land now or late of Butman.
Tax of 1902 37 59

MARGARET T. KENNEY.—About 7,030 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Pleasant street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Pleasant street; easterly by land of George F. Bean, Trustee; southerly by land of Edward H. Richards; westerly by Court street.

Tax of 1902,	78 76
Street Watering for 1902,	1 44

PATRICK LYDON.—About 8,818 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on a private way, leading westerly out of Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by said private way 126 feet; easterly by land of Fournier 75.14 feet; westerly by land of Pickering 75.3 feet; southerly by land late of Holleran 109 9 feet. Same premises conveyed by deed of Mary Levigne et al, dated August 19, 1890, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1993, Page 464.
Tax of 1902, 30 43

ANNIE C. MCCORMICK.—About 3,713 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn in rear of No. 18 Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of McLaughlin; easterly by Main street; southerly by a private way leading westerly out of Main street; westerly by land late of Levigne.

Tax of 1902,	71 60
Street Watering for 1902,	1 38

MARY F. MELINDY.—About 12,770 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn No. 10, Sturgis street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Sturgis street; easterly by land of Durant 115 feet, 3 inches; southerly by land of Westcott; westerly by land of William P. Wyman.
Tax of 1902, 51 91

RUSSELL COUNTER COMPANY.—About 34,502 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Beacon street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Buckley, Porter and Hartwell; easterly by land now or late of Dow; southerly by land now or late of Ferrin; westerly by Beacon street.

Tax of 1902,	291 77
Street Watering for 1902,	4 12

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 6,120 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 11 Bennett street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Linnell; easterly by Bennett street; southerly by land of Connolly; westerly by land of Crosby and other land of Smith.

Tax of 1902,	48 33
Street Watering for 1902,	1 20

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 6,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 10 Court street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Crosby; easterly by other land of Smith and land of Connolly; southerly by land now or late of Thompson; westerly by Court street.
Tax of 1902, 31 33

JACOB WEBSTER HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 15,630 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 20 Warren avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Hunt and land now or late of Oliver Bacon; easterly by Court street; southerly by Court street; westerly by Warren avenue.

Tax of 1902,	87 71
Street Watering for 1902,	1 76

Non-Residents.

BOWAN BUCKMAN HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 7,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Buckman street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Buckman street; easterly by land now or late of Harkins; southerly by land formerly of Buck; westerly by land of Conway.
Tax of 1902, 6 27

ROSE MCELANEY.—About 25,536 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of St. John's Parochial School Corporation; easterly by Main street; southerly by land now or late of Hudson; westerly by land of Lydia W. Gage.

Tax of 1902,	102 93
Street Watering for 1902,	2 88

PATRICK WELSH.—About 7,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on a private way leading westerly from Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on the northerly side of said private way at land of Ronald S. McCormick; thence the line runs westerly by said private way to a stake at land formerly of Mary Levigne; thence northerly by land of said Levigne to land formerly of J. H. Warren; thence easterly by land of said Naven; thence a little north of east by land of Timothy Connors to land of McCormick; thence southerly by land last named to the point of beginning; being same premises described in deed of Mary Levigne to Patrick Welch, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1993, Page 467.
Tax of 1902, 8 95

MARY WELSH.—About 26,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Arlington Road, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Sheehan 123 feet; easterly by a private way about 197 feet; southerly by land now or late of Leathe about 132 feet; westerly by Arlington Road formerly Canal street, about 197 feet. Being the same premises described in deed of Timothy O'Brien et als., dated Feb. 26, 1895, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2380, Page 242.
Tax of 1902, 5 37

WARD 2.

GEORGE W. ALLEN HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 3,300 square feet of land situated in said Woburn off Green street, being westerly part of lot 49 on Jeduthan Fowle Plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 8, Plan 26, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by a private street; easterly by land of Lauretsen; southerly by land now or late of Holton; westerly by a private street.
Tax of 1902, 90

JAMES FRED BUEL.—About 8,240 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Fairmount street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Buckman; easterly by land of Smith; southerly by land of Richardson; westerly by Fairmount street.
Tax of 1902, 43 86

ROSE DUNN HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 3-16 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 39 Conn street bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Clapp; easterly by land now or late of McHugh; southerly by land now or late of McHugh; westerly by Conn street.
Tax of 1902, 18 80

TIMOTHY CREEDON.—About 7,140 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, Nos. 9 and 11 Conn street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Conn street; easterly by land of Maguire and land of Parker; southerly by land now or late of Lewis L. Whitney, Trustee; westerly by land now or formerly of Fifield.
Tax of 1902, 39 38

LAURITZ LAWSON.—About 5,759 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn No. 66 Eastern avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of L. H. Allen, 91.45 feet; easterly by land of Luke W. Fowle 65 feet; southerly by land of Luke W. Fowle 85.77 feet; westerly by a private way about 65.15 feet.
Tax of 1902, 49 23

HENRY A. MOTT HEIRS.—About 11,998 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Nashua street, being the northerly part of lot 26 on Plan of Emerson Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plans 23, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 27 on said plan 160 feet; easterly by Beacon street on said plan 40 feet; southerly by the other part of lot 26 about 160 feet; westerly by lot 36 on said plan 40 feet.
Tax of 1902, 4 48

JAMES A. ORDWAY.—About 72,376 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 61 Fowle street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Fowle street 147 feet; easterly by Eastern avenue 395½ feet; southerly by land now or formerly of Sparrow Horton 219 feet; westerly by Sonrel street 395½ feet.
Tax of 1902, 223 75

HENDRICK A. ROST.—About 3400 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being the westerly part of lot 51 on plan of Emerson Lots recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 23, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 52 on said plan 240 feet; easterly by the other part of said lot 51 on said plan 125 feet; southerly by lot 50 on said plan 270 feet; westerly by a private street called Woburn street on said plan 125 feet.
Tax of 1902, 19 69

GRACE A. TOBIN.—About 21,800 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 199 Montvale avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue 100 feet; easterly by land of Holden 218 feet; southerly by land of Holden 100 feet; westerly by Wood street 218 feet.
Tax of 1902, 14 32

JULIA A. WARD.—About 24,896 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Holden Place, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of William B. Ward; easterly by a private way known as Holden Place about 217 feet; southerly by land of Charles Bush about 116½ feet; westerly by land of John B. Smith, M. Cram and Joseph Hill, about 238 9 feet.
Tax of 1902, 9 85

JULIA A. WARD.—About ½ acre of land situated in said Woburn on Holden Place, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of William B. Ward; easterly by Holden Place about 815 feet; southerly by land now or late of Onion; westerly by land formerly of Keith.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

WILLIAM B. WARD.—About 7,774 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 145 Montvale avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue; easterly by a private way; southerly by land now or late of Ward; westerly by land of Foss.
Tax of 1902, 32 22

Non-Residents.

P. A. ANDERSON.—About 15,750 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of John P. Peterson 105 feet; easterly by Garfield avenue 50 feet; southerly by land now or late of Walton; westerly by land now or late of Walton.
Tax of 1902, 5 37

OLIVER E. BARBER.—About 3100 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 39 and 40, block 6, on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by 38 in said block; easterly by May street on said plan; southerly by lot 41 in said block; westerly by lots 49 and 50 in said block.
Tax of 1902, 72

OLIVER E. BARBER.—About 5674 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 60 and 61, block 7 on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 59 in said block, easterly by Willard street on said plan; southerly by lot 62 in said block; westerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1902, 90

OLIVER E. BARBER.—About 3100 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 47 and 48, block 6 on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 49 in said block; easterly by lots 41 and 42 in said block; southerly by lots 45 and 46 in said block; westerly by Willard street on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 72

OLIVER E. BARBER.—About 2903 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 42 and 46, block 6 on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 47 in said block; easterly by lot 44 in said block; southerly by Lowell street on said plan; westerly by Willard street on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 71

OLIVER E. BARBER.—3100 squarre feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 8 and 9, block 5, on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded of follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 7 in said block; easterly by Tremont street on said plan; southerly by lot 10 in said block; westerly by lots 24 and 25 in said block.
Tax of 1902, 71

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 5 acres of land situated in said Woburn on southerly side of Green street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Green street; easterly by land formerly of Reed and Tweed; southerly by land formerly of Dunklee and Holton; westerly by land formerly of Joseph B. Sawtelle.
Tax of 1902, 4 48

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 4¾ acres of land situated in said Woburn on northerly side of Green street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by land now or late of Foster; northeasterly by land now or late of Wade and by land of Cox; southerly by said Green street; westerly by land of Onion.
Tax of 1902, 5 37

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 2¾ acres of land situated in said Woburn on southerly side of Montvale avenue bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue and land of Tobin; easterly by land now or late of Jennison; easterly by Holton street; southerly by Green street; westerly by Wood street
Tax of 1902, 5 37

JOHN A. GRISWOLD.—About 5550 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Vernon street, being lot No. 19 on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 101, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by lot 18 on said plan; easterly by Foster street on said plan; southerly by lot 20 on said plan; westerly by Vernon street.
Tax of 1902, 50 12

G. W. M. HALL.—About 17,225 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 101 Montvale avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue; easterly by land of Maloney; southerly by land of Flagg and by land formerly of Bacon; westerly by land of Robertson.

Tax of 1902,	64 44
Street Watering for 1902,	1 48

WILLIAM H. HUNTER.—About 3,100 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots No. 49 and 50, Block 6, on Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 51 in said block; easterly by lots 39 and 40 in said block; southerly by lot 48 in said block; westerly by Willard street on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 72

WILLIAM S. MITCHELL.—About 6,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Vernon street, being lot No. 6 on Assessors Plan No. 7, Book 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 5 on said plan; easterly by said Vernon street; southerly by lot 7 on said plan; westerly by land now or late of Flagg.
Tax of 1902, 5 37

DAVID T. MONTAGUE.—About 17,682 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn on westerly side of Vernon street being lots 7 and 8 on Assessors Plan, No. 7, Book 1, bounded as follows, namely: —Northerly by lot 6 on said plan; easterly by said Vernon street; southerly by lot 9 on said plan; westerly by land now or late of Flagg.
Tax of 1902, 8 95

DAVID T. MONTAGUE.—About 14,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on westerly side of Vernon street, being lots 12 and 13 on Assessors Plan, No. 7, Book 1, bounded as follows, namely: —Northerly by lot 11 on said plan; easterly by said Vernon street; southerly by lot 14 on said plan; westerly by land now or late of Flagg.
Tax of 1902, 7 16

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 4,652 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Tremont street, being lots 5, 6 and 7, Block 5, on plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So Dist. Deeds, Book 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 4 in said block; easterly by Tremont street on said plan; southerly by lot 8 in said block; westerly by lots 26, 27 and 28 in said block.
Tax of 1902, 1 35

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 1981 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Willard street, being lot 63, Block 7 on plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 62 in said block; easterly by Willard street on said plan; southerly by lot 64 in said block; westerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1902, 45

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 1,552 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on May street, being lot 27, Block 5, on Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 28 in said block; easterly by lot 6 in said block; southerly by lot 26 in said block; westerly by May street on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 45

THOMAS H. MCMANUS.—About 10,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Hanover street, being lots 281 and 283, on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 28, Plan 44, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 280 and 282 on said plan; easterly by lot 285 on said plan; southerly by Hanover street on said plan; westerly by lot 279 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 36,640 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Stoneham street, being lots 40 and 41 on Plan of L. G. and W. H. Richardson land, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 26, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Medford street on said plan; easterly by lots 21, 22 and 23 on said plan; southerly by Stoneham street on said plan; westerly by lots 38 and 39 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 5 36

WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 9,280 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Stoneham street, being lot 42 on Plan of L. G. and W. H. Richardson land, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 26, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Stoneham street on said plan; easterly by land of owner unknown; southerly by Reading street on said plan; westerly by Concord street on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 1 35

WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 60,825 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Stoneham street, being lots 55, 67 and and 68, on Plan of land of L. G. and W. H. Richson, recorded with Middletex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 26, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Stoneham street on said plan; easterly by Concord street on said plan; southerly by Winchester town line; westerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1902, 8 06

C. J. SPENCELY.—About 7245 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Vernon street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Foster; easterly by land now or late of Foster; southerly by Hawley street; westerly by said Vernon street.
Tax of 1902, 7 16

FRANK A. STENGER.—About 6,488 square feet of land being lots 1, 2, 3, 4, Block 5 on Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by Tremont street on said plan; southerly by lot 5 in said block; westerly by lots 28, 29, 30 and 31 in said block.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

FRANK A. STENGER.—About 1,550 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on May street, being lot 28, Block 5, on Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 29 in said block; easterly by lot 5 in said block; southerly by lot 27 in said block; westerly by May street on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 72

FRANK A. STENGER.—About 3,318 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on May street, being lots 30, and 31, Block 5, on Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114 Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by lots 1, 2 and 3 in said block; southerly by lot 29 in said block; westerly by lot 31A in said block.
Tax of 1902, 1 07

GEORGE A. TIRRELL.—About 11,446 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn on Tremont street, being part of lot 36 shown on Plan of Emerson lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 23, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 35 on said plan 209½ feet; easterly by part of lot 36, 55 feet; southerly by part of lot 36, 218 feet; westerly by Tremont street on said plan 58 feet;
Tax of 1902, 25 06

WILLIAM H. WOODMAN.—About 11,050 square feet land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn on Highland street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Mary Meehan 127.6 feet; easterly by land now or late of Lyman 84 feet; southerly by land of Thomas Cullen 133 feet; westerly by Highland street 123 feet.
Tax of 1902, 63 55

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 5000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Nashua street, being part of lot 10 on plan of Emerson Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 23, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 9 on said plan about 100 feet; easterly by part of lot 10 on said plan 50 feet; southerly by rest of lot 10 on said plan 100 feet; westerly by Nashua street 50 feet.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 18,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Laurel street, being lots 25, 26 and 27 on plan of Mory P. Foster land shown on Assessors Plan No. 7A, Book 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 28 on said plan; easterly by said Laurel street on said plan; southerly by Hawley street on said plan; westerly by lots 21, 22, 23, 24 and 24A on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

WILLARD WELSH.—About 11 32-00 acres of land situated in said Woburn on Green street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly land late of Pollard; easterly by land of Hastings and Flagg; southerly by Green street; westerly by Eastern avenue. Excepting from the above description lots 37 and 39 shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 116, Plan 15.
Tax of 1902, 89 50

WILLARD WELSH.—About 7,838 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 47 Highland street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by a private way leading westerly out of Highland street; easterly by said Highland street and land now or late of Collins; southerly by land of McHugh; westerly by land now or late of McHugh.
Tax of 1902, 18 80

WILLARD WELSH.—About 9375 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Vernon and Hawley streets, being lot 25, Foster land, shown on Assessors Plan No. 7A, Book 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Hawley street 50 feet; easterly by lot 26 on said plan; southerly by land now or late of Sawtelle; westerly by Vernon street.
Tax of 1902, 4 48

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by James F. Buel of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to Sarah E. Bancroft, dated September 28, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2768, Page 262, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises on

Monday, December 7, 1903,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on Fairmount street, near High street, so-called, in said Woburn, containing five thousand six hundred and fifty (5,650) square feet and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the nortowesterly corner of the premises on said Fairmount street at land of Alvah Buckman; thence the line runs easterly by said land of Buckman sevents-three and five-tenths (73.5) feet to a stake at land formerly of Charles A. Smith; thence southerly by said land formerly of Smith seventy-seven and five-tenths (77.5) feet to a stake at land of heirs of G. J. Munroe; thence westerly by said land of Munroe heirs, and by land of Samuel Cummings seventy-five and sixty-five one hundredths (75.65) feet to said Fairmount street; thence northerly on and by said street seventy-five and four-tenths (75.4) feet to the point of beginning.

The sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes; and two hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at the time and pleco of sale.

JOHN W. JOHNSON, Executor of the will of Sarah E. Bancroft, deceased, and present holder of said mortgage.

Woburn, November 13, 1903.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of John F. Barrett, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Albert P. Barrett, of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of November, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notive thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirtieth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Stilman H. Church late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William E. Church and Bowers H. Church who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of November, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourth day of November in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Trinity Parish

Sale and Supper

MUSIC HALL,

Wednesday, Nov. 18, 1903.

Sale opens at 4 o'clock.

Special attractions for children.
SUPPER at 6.30.
Entertainment at 8.
Dancing 9 to 11.

Supper Tickets,	25 Cents
Sale Tickets,	10 Cents

WANTED—A TRUSTWORTHY GENTLEMAN or lady in each county to manage business for an old established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly salary of $18.00 paid by check each Monday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Enclose addressed envelope. Manager, 360 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

Public Library Notes.

Since the reopening of the Library in September a number of useful and interesting books have been added. The Juvenile department has been increased by many pleasant and interesting volumes, among which are Mrs. Pierson's popular works, "Among the forest people," "Among the meadow people," Dooryard stories, etc., descriptive sketches of the different varieties of insects and animals that populate these places. These are set forth in a most attractive manner for the children, while in the advanced department, together with the latest and most popular novels, will be found "Letters of a Diplomat's wife from 1883-1900." The author of these is Mme. Waddington, a daughter of the late Charles King, President of Columbia College. Mme. Waddington accompanied her husband in his mission to Russia to represent France at the Coronation of Alexander III, and to England as Ambassador at the Court of St. James. These letters were written during the period of her husbands diplomatic service, and describe very vividly the personages and incidents of her official life.

"Reminiscences of an Astronomer" is the autobiography of Simon Newcomb' the story of his early manhood, life and work, and as a student of Nature and her wonderful laws make this a grand and beautiful life to consider. The chapters on the great telescopes of the world, and his visits to the Observatories of Europe are full of interest.

Lord Roseberry, in his record of Napoleon's life at St. Helena, which he called "Napoleon: the Last Phase" says the one capital and superior record of the General's life at St. Helena is the private journal of General Gourgaud who was with Napoleon on the journey from Waterloo to St. Helena and subsequently. This journal has just been published by his son. It was written mainly for General Gourgaud's own gratification and is without flattery or even prejudice.

The two volumes entitled "William Wetmore Story and his friends" by Henry James, is the career of this American sculptor, and receives masterly treatment at the hands of Mr. James. He was born in Salem but gave up a most promising legal career to become a sculptor. Residing in Rome most of his life he was acquainted with many of the world's famous people, and his correspondence with them make a most interesting feature of this biography. It is said by a critic, "if it contained no matter more important than its selections from Browning's letters to Story, it would be accepted as a work of rare value."

"The London Dickens's time," the middle Victorian period, will be found interesting to all lovers of Dickens, as it presents such facts of historical, topographical and literary moment as surrounded the localities identified in the life and works of Charles Dickens. Reference to scenes and incidents connected with his novels will be vividly recalled.

"Witnesses of the Light" by Washington Gladden, Lectures delivered in Harvard University known as the William Belden Noble lectures. They are six in number on the life and work of men who have stood forth in generations widely separated, as representations of the truth as it was revealed to them. They uttered their testimony in four different languages, and as poets, painters, and men of letters, Mr. Gladden helps the reader to get a better idea of the place they filled and the work they did.

New furniture has been ordered by the building committee and will in a few days be placed in the Juvenile Department which will be found much more convenient for the young people, and though this department has been well patronized it is hoped that these improvements will tend to make it even more popular.

The resources of the Library are made available by a card catalogue, under subject and title, by special lists, and titles of new books displayed on the bulletin board. Teachers, students, members of reading clubs, and any others wishing for a number of books can be accommodated by application to the Librarian. The desire is, to make more and more the Public Library a bureau of information and a center of culture, granting to all patrons the advantages that come from a free use of books. The open shelf system which has been adopted gives to the reader the best opportunity of consulting the books of all classes. Not only are the regular readingrooms opened to the public, but chairs and tables have been provided in the alcove hall, for the more especial use of students and scholars connected with the schools. Reference books are near at hand and every advantage provided for research.—POLLARD.

WINCHESTER.

Rev. Mr. Newton of the Orthodox church is laid up with a serious affection of his eyes.

The Luce Caucus Law failed of adoption by a small margin, and a few of our political purists are disgruntled over its defeat. Winchester ought to be the last place in the State to want it.

On Friday afternoon, Nov. 20, Miss Alison Pierce of Brookline, a fine story teller, will entertain Calumet Club with stories for young and old. On Friday evening, Nov. 27, the Club are to give a Thanksgiving whist party.

A good many of us would have been glad to see Father Twombly reenter the Legislature of 1904 as a member; but, on the whole, the election was quite satisfactory to our people except in the case of Brother John H. Carter, who was most everlastingly shelved for the Legislature. He is one of our very best citizens, and should have been elected to the House instead of to stay at home next winter.

The good people of Winchester are to be supplied with a new class of amusements this winter that will rival, if it does not totally eclipse, all others now on the carpet. The sport will consist of ice yachting on Mystic Lake, to be conducted by the local Boat Club, and for which boats are being built. It is a new departure, and our people are in the highest pitch of excitement over the plans of the Club, and in anticipation of this new feature in winter pleasures. We are a fun loving community; a good deal of our time is spent in planning and indulging in sports; and this new fangled idea comes to us in the nature of a boon and a blessing.

Wilmington.

The people of this town, without regard to Party, are greatly elated over the election of Chester W. Clark, Esq., to a seat in the Massachusetts Senate, and naturally, for he is one of our best and most popular citizens. His election was an honor worthily bestowed. Mr. Clark is an able Lawyer, holding an honorable and influential position at the Bar, and a reliable and upright gentleman. By force of character and ability his influence will be felt in the Senate, and it can be predicted with perfect safety that it will be cast on the right side of all questions affecting the interests of the people. I, in common with his fellow townsmen, heartily congratulate Mr. Clark on his election.

An Explanation.

Schoolmistress—Johnnie, who was it that prompted you then? I heard some one whisper that date to you.

Johnnie—Please, ma'am, I expect it was history repeatin' itself again.

A Back Number.

Deferential Barber—Where do you part your hair, sir?

Bald Headed and Irritable Customer —I parted with it twenty-seven years ago.—Chicago Tribune.

We claim to be a Fair Dealing, Wide-awake Jewelry House.

Always giving you full, honest value for your money, and ever ready to make any wrong right. Surely no one will, or can, give you more for your money than we will give you, and you can do no better than to make our store Your Jewelry Store. It will please us to have you do so, and we believe you would never regret it.

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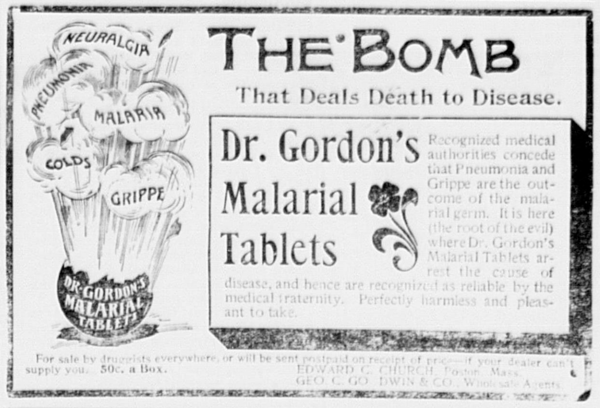

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In a pint of tepid water, used as a nasal spray or by snuffing, will furnish instant relief to those troubled with this affliction.

If you wish the best results accept only the genuine bearing above Trade-Mark.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of William H. Hinds, late of River John, in the County of Pictou, Nova Scotia, deceased, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, and appointing Sidney Whidden of No. 46 Irving street, Winchester, Massachusetts, his agent, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to the subscriber.

JAMES HINDS, Adm.
River John, Pictou County.

N. S., November 6th, 1903.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed executrix of the will of George W. Pierce, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands bpon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ANNIE H. TUCKER, Executrix.
241 Elm St., Somerville, Mass.

November 7, 1903.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed executrix of the will of Salem T. Brigham late of Woburn in the County of Middlesed, testate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ANN MARIA BRIGHAM, Executrix.
No. 6 Court Street, Woburn.

Woburn, Nov. 5, 1903.

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RUGS

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I WILL PAY CASH
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AUCTIONEER.

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IN THE WAKE OF A SIDE COMB

By SYLVIA LEE

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When the girl one loves as one has never loved before throws her arms about one's neck and says, "And I think it would be so lovely to have diamond side combs instead of a solitaire, if you don't mind, dear," and blushes—

Well, one buys the side combs without a question, and later perhaps one reflects. But then it's too late.

It thus befell with Harkness, and Leda wore the two starry bands so deftly posed amid the knotted tangles of her sunny curls that they suggested a diadem and in nowise led any man to the conclusion which time honored custom has drawn from the solitaire. In fact, before the betrothal was a week old Harkness himself began to wonder.

And when, at a dance at the Lake side club, young Wrycroft, the very famous half back, invited Leda to go out for a moonlight row around the pier with him and Leda accepted and went Harkness not only wondered, but grit his teeth as well. No man who has spent ten years dancing attendance on other men's fiancees and other men's wives is going to enjoy life while his own personal fiancee and future wife is off with a fellow whose name has headed newspaper columns and whose chest can hardly find space for all his medals. The couple were gone an hour and seven minutes by a watch which had come down through three generations of the Harkness family, and when they did reappear the owner of the watch stood at the head of the wide stair and claimed the young lady for the next waltz. Wrycroft, happily oblivious to his crime, strolled off, and Harkness led the girl around the wide promenade to a place which was quiet and retired enough for private conversation. He was boiling within, but nothing could have been more sweetly calm than the way in which he put his arm about her and asked with careless placidity:

"Did you row far, dear?"

"I didn't row at all," said Leda. "He rowed."

Harkness kissed her with exceeding gentleness. "Did you land anywhere, darling—on the Point, for instance?"

"N-u-o-o," said Leda.

Harkness passed his finger over her pretty hair in silence for a few minutes, and then he suddenly gave a sharp exclamation:

"Good God, Leda, you've lost one of your combs!"

Leda put both hands to her head and almost shrieked as she realized the truth.

"Perhaps you forgot to put one in?" said her lover.

"No; I had them both, I'm sure." She began to cry. Harkness scratched matches, and they both looked all over the floor, but not a diamond glittered in the general gloom of the hour.

Very much later in the evening while Harkness was twostepping with Mrs. Lancaster a sudden turn showed him Leda speaking earnestly to Wrycroft. Wrycroft looked terribly used up, and Harkness smiled grimly.

"Oh, what a smile!" said Mrs. Lancaster. "It's both impressive and frightening. You make me afraid of you, and yet I admire the smile."

Harkness wondered if he wasn't a fool to be contemplating the addition of another wife to the assemblage.

"You look like a cross between Mephistopheles and Machiavelli," went on Mrs. Lancaster, who was slender and never lost her breath. "Which do you favor?"

"I can't spell either," replied Harkness shortly. He felt inclined to join the next expedition to the north pole.

The dance endured exceedingly late. It was quite 3 when the last woman retired, and a half dozen men were still lounging on the piazzas when the first gray streaks of dawn appeared above the Point. Harkness sprang up when he perceived them and yawned vigorously.

"I'm going to bed," he declared, "and I shall not tarry long upon the order of my sleeping, either."

Young Wrycroft stood up, too, and passed his hand over his forehead.

"I don't feel very fit," he said slowly. "I believe I'll go for a little row and maybe take a dip from the Point."

He went down the steps as Harkness entered the house. Later curiosity led the latter to wander to the window and look to see if Wrycroft was really carrying out his purpose.

A rowboat lay on the sandy stretch opposite, and the rosy light of the rising sun illumined a figure which paced restlessly up and down the rustic paths skirting the shore.

"I shouldn't call that exactly swimming?" said Harkness to himself a little grimly. He pulled down the shade with a violent jerk and got into bed.

* * * * * * *

It was quite noon when he awoke. The day was glorious, and the bosom of the lake was dotted with sailing parties. He gave the bell two punches for hot water and twisted the dressing case toward the window as a preliminary to shaving. The mirror reflected the Point, and as Harkness started to tip it he saw a girl disembarking alone. He unhung his field glasses.

Yes, it was Leda!

He threw the glasses on the bed and went on with his toilet.

Every one was at luncheon when he went down, and as he stopped by Leda's chair to remind her that she was to drive out with him at 3 he could not help seeing how wretched she looked. Her hair bore no sign of side comb.

When they went out later there seemed to be a species of shadow mixed with the preliminary silence.

The man spoke first (and he waited a good while).

"You haven't found it, have you?"

"Oh, dear, no."

"Don't you think perhaps it fell out in the boat?"

"Why, there was nothing in the boat to loosen it."

Harkness felt the corners of his mouth suddenly give way even while his temper rose. He looked off to the right for a long minute and then asked severely:

"Was there anything at the Point to loosen it?"

Leda's mouth flew open in undisguised fright.

"Who told you we were to the Point?"

"I knew it all the time."

She began to cry.

"I never will again, truly."

"How could you behave so?" said the lover launching himself suddenly into the full tide of his righteous wrath. "You put me beyond all patience; going off like that with Wrycroft, when you know perfectly well that you belong to some one else, and then actually letting him"—

Leda seized his arm.

"Only once," she protested earnestly, "only once."

"Once is once too often," said Harkness, a great and exceeding bitterness welling up in his tone. "Once is a great, great many times too often, considering the situation. Now, Leda, listen to me," he continued sternly. "Either promise me that you will never, never again do anything in the slightest degree questionable or we'll call it all off, and you can give me back the comb that you still have."

"Oh, I'll promise!" said Leda, with a submissive choke. "I'll never, never do so again. Truly, truly. Upon my word and honor."

Harkness looked to the right and left and behind. Then he leaned down and kissed her.

Leda smiled happily, almost forgetting the side comb.

"She's a dear little girl," said her lover, and, taking all the driving apparatus into his right hand, he thrust the left into his breast pocket and drew forth the missing comb.

Leda screamed.

"Oh, where did you find it?"

"I didn't find it anywhere," he said coolly, as he adjusted the reins again. "I took it out of your hair myself last night."

The letter of Miss Merkley, whose picture is printed above, proves beyond question that thousands of cases of inflammation of the ovaries and womb are annually cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Gradual loss of strength and nerve force told me something was radically wrong with me. I had severe shooting pains through the pelvic organs, cramps and extreme irritation compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor said that I had ovarian trouble and ulceration, and advised an operation. I strongly objected to this and decided to try **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** I soon found that my judgment was correct, and that all the good things said about this medicine were true, and day by day I felt less pain and increased appetite. The ulceration soon healed, and the other complications disappeared, and in eleven weeks I was once more strong and vigorous and perfectly well.

"My heartiest thanks are sent to you for the great good you have done me."—Sincerely yours, MISS MARGARET MERKLEY, 275 Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.—*$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

A Dog's Fidelity.

In the upper part of the famous Sequatchie valley, in east Tennessee, a man and his wife settled when the country was new and wild. One of the first crops that they raised was a considerable field of cotton. When it was ready to be picked, they went out together, prepared to make a holiday out of this pleasant labor. Their one baby was left in a cradle at the edge of the field, and the faithful old dog was instructed to watch the tiny sleeper.

After a considerable time they looked toward the cradle to see if all was well there. They were startled by the discovery that the little couch had been turned completely over. The dog was making queer dives underneath and yelping as if in anger. As they hastened to the place they were horrified to find the animal's jaws covered with blood and instantly came to the conclusion that he had been rending the child with his teeth.

The angry father hit the animal a deathblow with a cudgel and then hastily turned the cradle right side up. There was the baby all unharmed, and there in the bedding was an enormous rattlesnake, killed by the faithful dog after a fierce fight, in which both combatants had received many wounds.—Springfield Republican.

Guns That Saved Lives.

Guns have plenty of uses apart from killing. For instance, the signal gun of a ship is intended solely for announcing her arrival on a coast. Again, in desert countries, where water is often difficult to collect out of a mere dampness of sand, a gun barrel sunk into the ground will collect moisture in the bore, and many a life has been saved by a timely suck at the muzzle.

Minute guns are fired for public mourning, and national rejoicings take the form of a royal salute.

A slaver captured with a cargo of slaves in the tropics was put in charge of a prize crew. On her voyage the water ran short, and the slaves, slavers and prize crew were dying of thirst. This set one of the marines, a sergeant, thinking, and he hit upon a brilliant idea.

After regaining reluctant consent from the captain he took all the available gun barrels, plugged up the breech ends of a few of them, filled their bores with sea water and set them end up among the coals of the galley fire. As the steam rose he ran it through other gun barrels until it got cool. The cooling steam collected in the shape of excellent fresh water, of which he procured a steady though small supply.—London Telegraph.

Those Dear Girl Friends.

Miss Unplace—I had my pictures taken last week, and today I got some of them. They are just as natural as life.

Miss Parcavenue—My, but you bear up cheerfully under misfortune! Aren't you going to even bring suit or anything?—Baltimore American.

Puzzled.

Miss Sarah reads: "'Rev. Mr. Marigold taken to the hospital, a victim of locomotor ataxia.' How dreadful! I wonder whether the poor man was run over or whether the thing blew up with him?"—Harper's Monthly.

DRESDEN POLICE.

They Are Permitted to Impose Small Fines on Offenders.

One advantage accrues to the respectable member of the community from the minuteness with which the Dresden police look into the affairs of every inhabitant of the city. If he is a careful man and always carries papers which may serve to establish his identity he is practically immune from the indignity of being arrested and marched off to the police station unless, indeed, he commits some especially heinous crime. Does he drive faster than the law permits, does he cross a bridge on the left hand side, he is stopped by the guardian of law and order and requested to give his name. If he has his papers with him the policeman may then and there impose a fine of from 1 to 3 marks. If then he admits that he is in the wrong and pays the fine the incident is closed. If, however, he wishes to appeal from the policeman's decision he may do so. Even in that case he is not arrested, but a day or two later he is notified to appear in court and answer to the charge against him. But then if he is found guilty the lowest fine that can be imposed is 3 marks. That this custom of permitting the policeman personally to impose small fines is little understood by foreigners is shown by a remark made to me by a gentleman who had lived in Germany the greater part of his life and in Dresden for a number of years. In reply to my inquiry as to whether there was ever any question of corruption in the police department he replied:

"No; none whatever as far as the higher officers are concerned. The individual men, however, may be bribed occasionally. For instance, if I were to walk on the grass in the Grosser garten and a policeman caught me at it I would give him a mark or two, and that would end the matter."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Tailor Bird.

The brilliantly plumed birds of the tropical forests are exposed to many dangers, and if they were not gifted with peculiar yet useful instincts they would fall ready victims to their enemies. Chattering monkeys and big snakes steal and eat their eggs, while their offspring are preyed upon by foes on every side. But it takes a sly monkey or snake to get ahead of the tailor bird, a small East Indian singing bird. She hides her nest so skillfully that her enemies cannot find it, no matter how hard they try. This she does by using her long, slender bill as a needle. With the tough fiber of a parasite plant abundant in the tropics as a thread she sews a dead leaf taken from the ground to a living one near the end of a slender and hanging branch, and between these leaves she builds her nest, where neither monkey nor snake can approach, because the branch will not bear their weight.

The First Lexicographer.

Dr. Johnson, even if we except his predecessor, Bailey, was not the father of lexicographers. In a volume issued by the historical manuscripts commission on manuscripts in the Welsh language it is stated that the idea of illustrating the meaning and correct use of words by actual quotations from the literature of a living language seems to have been first put in practice by Griffith Hiraethog, the herald bard of Wales, who died in 1564. It was not till the days of Dr. Johnson, 200 years later, that a similar idea took root in English soil. An abbreviated copy of Griffith Hiraethog's Welsh Dictionary was made by his pupil, William Llyn, between 1567 and 1573 and is now in the free library at Cardiff.—London Globe.

Growth of the Human Heart.

A scientific analysis of the growth of the human heart demonstrates the fact that the increase is greatest and most rapid during the first and second years of life, its bulk at the end of the second year being exactly double what it originally was. Between the second and seventh years it is again doubled in size. A slower rate of growth then sets in and continues during the period of maturity of other portions of the body. After the fifteenth year up to the fiftieth the annual growth of the heart is about .061 of a cubic inch, the increase ceasing about the fiftieth year.

The Deluge.

In answer to a correspondent a newspaper says: "The deluge mentioned in the Bible was threatened in the year 1756 B. C. and began on Dec. 7, 1656 B. C., and continued 377 days. The ark rested on Mount Ararat on May 6, 1655, but Noah did not leave it until Dec. 18 following." Any reader who imagines that it would be an easy task to figure these details from a Biblical account can find a basis for his calculations in the seventh and eighth chapters of Genesis.

An Even Break.

"She's a girl after his own heart, he says."

"Yes, and he's a man after her money."

"But you know it's whispered on the quiet that she hasn't any money."

"Well, it's a notorious fact that he hasn't any heart."—Houston Post.

Nothing Done.

"You know, they say money talks," suggested the woman with the subscription paper, cheerfully.

"Well, I never was any hand for extravagant speeches," replied the close fisted millionaire.—Syracuse Herald.

"Quick as thought" is not very quick. While a light wave would travel around the equator in a second a nerve wave makes but about 100 feet a second.

Long Enough.

A rather pompous orator rose once to make an extended speech at an English electioneering meeting. He began in this fashion, "Mr. Chairman, I have lived long enough"—

"Hear, hear!" yelled a member of the audience, and such a storm of laughter broke out that the aspirant for honors was forced to resume his seat.

A Battered Legend.

A hotel in Switzerland bore on one of its walls the time honored inscription, "Hospes, salve!" ("Welcome, stranger!") After rebuilding the legend had to be restored, but the painter, who must have had some experience as a traveler, made a very slight alteration in one of the words and caused it to read, "Hospes, solve!" (Pay, stranger!")

The Days.

The days are ever divine. They come and go like muffled and veiled figures sent from a distant friendly party, but they say nothing, and if we do not use the gifts they bring they carry them as silently away.—Emerson.

Just Laugh.

As the pen is sometimes mightier than the sword, so the laugh is on occasion as powerful as in eloquence the spoken word.

"There are many different kinds of conversational accomplishments," remarked a man well up in the ways of the world, "and I have paid due attention to the cultivation of such as lie within my range. Great is language—great, indeed—and beautiful withal. Next to my limited ability with words, however, I rank my faculty of using the smile or the laugh, as the case may be.

"I don't mean pleasantry and mirth, as domestic social graces, but as defensive business artillery. Of course a man's first impulse when another misguided man makes a palpable move to 'do him up' or asks some unreasonable and preposterous business favor is to enter on wordy opposition, strenuous naturally and perhaps violent. This, I have learned, is waste of nervous force and allows argument on the part of the unfriendly man who is trying to make the touch. The stronger weapon is to laugh—just laugh. Utter not a word, no matter how much the other may say, but just keep on laughing. I've routed many deep laid, dishonest schemes with a good, hearty laugh. Try it."—Detroit Free Press.

Smelling Out Bank Bills.

If a bill must be sent in a letter the safest plan is to roll it tightly into the shape of a lamp lighter and lay it in the fold of the sheet inclosed. Arranged in that fashion, the fact that it is money cannot well be distinguished by the "feel." A thread with a knot at the end will not be so likely to fetch a telltale fragment of the fiber paper when drawn by means of a needle through the envelope, and the smell of it will be less perceptible. So peculiar is the effluvium belonging to bank or treasury notes that experts at the bureau of engraving say that they can distinguish them when sealed in envelopes by the nose every time. A thief once showed to government detectives who had caught him that he could pick out while blindfolded from a pile of 400 letters every one of seven which contained paper cash merely by scent.

An English Election Experience.

An Englishman relates the following election experience: "I was taking part in canvassing a constituency without a representative. I was announced as a speaker at a mass meeting held in a large field within shadow distance of a famous cathedral. One of the other orators delivered the most impressive speech I have ever heard. He spoke of the struggle of the poor, how they had to bear their burden. He made me almost cry by his eloquence. He talked about his own little home, which he only just managed to keep together by 'the sweat of his brow.' 'Who is he?' I asked. 'Well,' replied my friend, the candidate, 'he is known in his own town as "Popshop Dick" because he is a prosperous pawnbroker.'"

Sweetheart Abbey.

There is in Galloway, Scotland, an ancient ruin known as Sweetheart abbey. Within its ivy covered, storm battered walls lies buried the affectionate and devoted Dervorgill, with the heart of her husband, John Baliol, embalmed upon her breast. Lovely in their lives, in death they are not divided. The crumbling masonry is still and must ever be a romance in its symbols of death and decay, telling every day, as it has for 600 years, the thrilling story of a woman's tender love and devotion.

The Sudanese Baby.

A Sudanese baby when dressed up in its best clothes is probably the most uncomfortable infant in the world. The coat or outer garment which fashion dictates should be worn reaches to its very heels. It is of heavy velvet, hanging in many folds. This in turn is adorned with countless buttons and bangles of brass, considerably adding to its weight. Its cap in turn is of the same material, similarly decorated and doubtless equally uncomfortable.

The Cradle.

Peter Cooper had fifty-five years of domestic happiness and morning fire building. Mr. Cooper was an ingenious man. When a cradle became necessary in his home, as was sometimes the case years ago, Peter rigged a self rocking cradle, with a fan attachment. Afterward he patented the device and sold the patent. There were many opportunities "in those days."

The Loser.

"He's what I call a 'good loser.'"

"He didn't seem that way to me."

"Why, I saw him lose $150 at poker last night, and he didn't kick at all."

"Funny! You should have heard him today when he dropped a half dollar and it rolled down the culvert."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Quickly Solved.

"Yes, for a year and a half she was in doubt as to whether she loved him enough to marry him or not."

"And how did she succeed in finding out?"

"There was another girl who got to acting as if she wanted him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Must Bear Signature of

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FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
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FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

WALL STREET BROKERS

What the Public Pays to Keep Them in Business.

Wall street brokers hold themselves a million miles higher in caste than bookmakers. And they are right. They are the creme de la creme of finance. Bookies are the scum. Yet there are many bookmakers in the street, and not a few of them are backers of brokers. Some are big operators, supporting brokers by their commissions. There are 1,100 members of the Stock Exchange, and these represent brokerage and commission firms whose partnerships aggregate no less than 1,452 ablebodied men. It is safe to venture the assertion that each member of the exchange and his partners would turn up the nose at an income of less than $20,000 a year. Hence!

At $20,000 each year these brokers clean up net about $29,000,000. There are some 500 Stock Exchange firms which pay $3,000,000 annually for the rent of their offices. These firms employ 7,000 clerks and assistants, bookkeepers, runners, etc., at an average wage of $1,500, which makes $10,500,000. Thus we have in three items alone $42,500,000 that must come out of the pockets of customers to keep the great machine well oiled. That is to say, the public pays the sum of $42,500,000 annually for the privilege of supporting in splendid style 8,452 people in order that they may try their hands at telling which way a stock will go.—New York Press.

Origin of the Letter V.

The letter V may be regarded as the mutilated remains of one of the symbols used by the ancient Egyptians in their hieroglyphics or picture writing. A common animal in their country was the two horned sand viper, a representation of which stood for V. The priests ultimately found that for the practical purposes of everyday life it was a waste of time to use elaborate hieroglyphics and invented a kind of shorthand to meet the occasion. In this the snake was reduced to a V with a dash (V—) to represent horns and body.

The Phœnicians adopted this letter, and from them we get our V by loss of the dash, leaving only the two little horns of the original picture. This snake is still common in Egypt and is probably the one mentioned in Genesis xlix, 17, "Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse heels, so that his rider shall fall backward." Travelers tell us that it is still addicted to this unpleasant habit.

Beauties of Ireland.

Dublin can and does boast of many superlatives. It has the widest street and the largest public park in Europe, the first horse show in the world and the largest brewery, but certainly the chiefest of all its claims is that advanced in behalf of its women. It is really no exaggeration to say that in no city in the world will one see so many beautiful women as one does in the Irish capital.

There is something, too, about the Irish type of beauty that cannot be actually described. There is an expression, an air of something akin to sadness almost, in every real Irish face, something interesting, that holds the attention more than mere skin deep beauty. "I have been in most capitals of Europe," says a traveler in Ireland, "but never did I see so many really beautiful women as I saw in Dublin. And they were not visitors. There was no mistaking the wonderful gray eyes of 'Dark Rosaline.'"

Precocious Mozart.

At three years of age Mozart would amuse himself for hours together in picking out thirds on the piano with his wonderful ear; at four years he learned minuets and before six played some of his own compositions, actually starting on a concert tour with his sister at that age.

Before three years had elapsed he had taken by storm four of the most important capitals in Europe—Vienna, The Hague, Paris and London. His reputation as a composer was established by the time that he was only ten years old. Mozart fulfilled in maturity the promise of his early years, but at the age of thirty-five passed away, engaged on a requiem which he gradually learned was to be for himself.

The Boston Waiter.

A Philadelphia professor dining at a Boston hotel ordered a bottle of hock, saying as he did so:

"Here, waiter, bring me a bottle of hock—hic, haec, hoc."

The waiter, who had been to college, smiled, but never stirred.

"What are you standing there for?" exclaimed the professor. "Didn't I order some hock?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, "you ordered it, but you afterward declined it."—Chicago Journal.

Very Eccentric.

"He's the most eccentric genius I ever met."

"He certainly is a genius, but I never considered him eccentric."

"That's just it. The average genius is eccentric, and his lack of eccentricity makes him all the more eccentric."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Family History.

"Both of my grandparents on my mother's side were nonagenarians," said Mrs. Oldcastle.

"Is that so?" replied her hostess. "My folks was all Baptists, but Josiah comes from a Methodist family."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Foolish jealousy will break down the sweetest home. It is a microbe that eats out the merriest heart.—Schoolmaster.

An Old Hunter's Advice.

Here is the advice an old hunter gives to those who may come in unexpected contact with bad animals:

"If you are cornered by a snake stand motionless and he will never bite.

"If a vicious dog attacks you show him a knife or some similar instrument, and he will keep out of reach. A dog can never learn the deadliness of a revolver or a gun, but unless he has the rabies he knows how to respect a knife.

"If a swarm of wild bees attacks you stand motionless and let out all your breath. Then only a few of the swarm will sting."

This advice should be reversed at sea. A man who is swimming in shark infested waters is safe as long as he kicks about and makes a great deal of noise. The shark is too timid to approach anything that looks as if it meant to fight.

"What would you do in case you were cornered by a cinnamon bear?" some one asked the old hunter.

"Say my prayers," he answered laconically.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 15.

Text of the Lesson, Ps. xxiii. Memory Verses, 1-6—Golden Text, Ps. xxiii, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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The title of this lesson, "David's trust in God," tells only in part the subject matter of this most familiar portion of Scripture. It certainly does tell of David's trust, but it tells first of Him of whom the Twenty-second and Twenty-fourth Psalms tell so fully, Him who was forsaken because of our sins, who was made sin for us, whom all the kindreds of the nations shall yet worship, the King of Glory, the Lord of Hosts (xxii, 1, 27; xxiv, 7-10), for it is true that in these psalms, and perhaps in every psalm, the spirit by David spake of Christ (II Sam. xxiii, 2; Acts ii, 30, 31). Christianus in his "Christ of the Psalms" says: "The spirit through David spake of the mystery of the incarnation of the Son of God, of His sufferings, His death, His resurrection, His ascension into heaven, His intermediate work from the time of His resurrection until His return in power and great glory to set up the kingdom which shall never be destroyed (Dan. ii, 44). He foresaw and foretold the redemption of the world from the bondage of corruption at the glorious manifestation of the sons of God" (Rom. viii, 19, 21).

On this psalm which is our lesson today he says, "We here recognize Jesus as the Lamb in relation to His Father as His Shepherd, to whose care and protection He ever committed Himself." He delighted in every word of God, living upon it as the sheep on the pasture of the tender herb, refusing the traditions of men as sheep turn away from coarse, rank grass. As sheep approach not a cataract, but love the quiet stream, so He delighted in the peaceable inflowings of God's spirit. He fulfilled all righteousness and glorified His Father's name. The Father was ever His support and comfort in life and death, and in the hour of His temptation, both in the wilderness and in Gethsemane, the angels ministered unto Him as unto Elijah. A table is for supply and communion. The Holy Spirit ever filled Him, and that without measure. He was anointed with the Holy Ghost and with power. All the days of His sojourn upon earth He lived in the consciousness of His Father's goodness and mercy, saying, "The Father sent Me, and I live by the Father; I do always those things that please Him" (John vi, 57; viii, 29). Even when on earth He dwelt in heaven and spoke of Himself as "the Son of Man who is in heaven" (John iii, 13).

Having seen something of the reference of the psalm to Christ, the believer can the better apply it to himself, for by faith in Him we become identified with Him in His sufferings and His glory. "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd," and He says, "Ye, my flock, the flock of my pasture, are men, and I am your God" (Isa. xl, 11; Ezek. xxxiv, 14, 31). He is the Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep; the Great Shepherd, risen from the dead and in everlasting covenant with the Father concerning the sheep, and the chief Shepherd who will reward the faithful at His appearing (John x, 11; Heb. xiii, 20, 21; I Pet. v, 4). On the authority of Rom. viii, 32, and Phil. iv, 19, the redeemed of the Lord can never lack anything that they really need, but He is too wise to give us all we want or ask for because we often ask unwisely (Jas. iv, 3).

Rest and peace He gives to all who are His if they will let Him. "I will give you rest," "My peace I give unto you," are His own words (Matt. xi, 28-30; John xiv, 27), and even though outwardly tribulation may be our portion, yet in Him we can always have peace (John xvi, 33). When sheep lie down in green pastures they have evidently eaten enough; they are satisfied, for He filleth and satisfieth as when He fed the 5,000 and the 4,000 (Ps. cvii, 9; xxxvi, 8).

While His sheep can never perish (John x, 28, 29), they may wander away from His kind care and need to be sought out and restored (Ezek. xxxiv, 12), so David prayed "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation" (Ps. li, 12). There can be no fellowship with Him except in the way of righteousness, that which is right in His sight, but in such ways He delights to lead His willing ones.

He is ever with us all the days, night and day, caring for us every moment, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, comforting us that we may comfort others, and while our whole sojourn on earth in the mortal body may truly be said to be in the valley of the shadow of death, all the journey is made light by His presence, and if death itself should touch us and take us out of the mortal body He would not fail us, and we should find it but a step into His immediate presence, absent from the body, present with the Lord (Gen. xxviii, 15; Matt. xxviii, 20; Isa. xxvii, 3; II Cor. i, 3; v, 8).

While the psalm refers primarily to Christ, its secondary reference is probably to Israel in millennial days, and yet each believer may find a portion. All the enemies of Christ shall yet see how His Father will honor Him. He shall startle the nations, and kings shall be dumb before Him, and all nations shall see and be glad to share the glory of Israel which He will give unto her (Isa. lii, 15; lx, 1-3, 12). Even now the believer has only to commit his cause to God, and in due time his enemies shall see that a supernatural power has cared for him and delivered him. The Spirit will fill him and reveal Christ in him, and the overflow of blessing will reach and bless others (Gen. xii, 2; Jer. xxxiii, 3).

Strictly Regular.

The darky's fondness for chicken is only equaled by his dexterity in getting possession of the birds. Weak considerations of mine and thine do not trouble him in the least. In any event his logic is equal to the strain of a good excuse. Witness the following conversation:

"I see you have chicken for dinner."

"Yessuh," says Mr. Erastus Pinkley.

"I hope you bought the chicken."

"Well, no, but the transaction were strictly regular. Dat chicken has been restin' on my fence wifout payin' nuffin', an' I reckoned it were 'bout time to fohclose!"—Kansas City Independent.

The Means.

Old Lawyer—Why do you feel that your client will lose his case? Have you exhausted every means at your disposal to—

Young Lawyer—No, but I have exhausted all the means at his disposal.

Keep in the sunshine and go where men and women are hopeful. If it rains keep enough sunlight in your heart to last till the sun beams again.—Schoolmaster.

A WHISTLER STORY.

The Climax of a Dinner In Honor of the Eccentric Artist.

At the close of the case of Whistler against Ruskin, the former, finding himself very much in need of rest and recreation, decided to make a southern trip. When he arrived in Venice his American friend thought to cheer him by giving a little dinner in his honor to which were bidden several friends of the artist, principally Americans and some few Italians. During the meal there arose a discussion which left an opening for Mr. Whistler to use upon his host one of those keen, incisive, verbal thrusts peculiar to him, which left wounds extremely difficult to heal. The whole company was startled, but the host merely smiled, seeming to notice only the brilliancy of the attack. Presently, however, the dinner came to an end and the foreign guests took their leave. Then the host turned upon Mr. Whistler and, in a voice trembling with suppressed anger, said:

"Jimmie, do you know that you brutally insulted me tonight?"

"Yes," replied the artist thoughtfully.

"Well," continued the host, "I held my temper while there were others than our own countrymen present, but do you know what I shall do if ever you speak to me like that again?"

"What?"

"I'll grab the nearest water bottle and smash it over your head."

The rest of the company sat quite still, horror and dismay in their hearts, while their angry host glared across the table at his antagonist. After a few seconds Mr. Whistler said in a tone of childlike innocence:

"Then I know what I'll do. I'll never say anything like that to you again."—London Academy.

Courtship In Caracas.

After the evening meal is finished the "padre" may go to his club or cafe, while the ladies betake themselves to the large, open bay window. Lamps are placed near them, and as you wander through the streets you plainly see everywhere at the height of your own eyes and quite near enough for a handshake long rows of these groups of women, now gayly and often brilliantly dressed, thickly powdered and bedecked with the quaint old jewelry of the country.

Then by and by a young man appears in front of almost every window and converses with those inside. In most cases he is the suitor for the hand of one of the daughters of the house. Evening after evening he thus pays his respects to her family, standing for hours on the sidewalk, till the day arrives when the mother of his adored one believes the fact of his courting her daughter sufficiently advertised to the neighbors as well as to the community at large. Then only the doors of the house are thrown open to him.—Otto von Gottberg in Harper's Magazine.

Ruskin as a Gardener.

Fond as Ruskin was of flowers, especially wild ones, he had his own ideas as to what a garden ought to be, and in his practical gardening was quite a landscapist. He liked making paths and contriving pretty nooks. When he first came to Brantwood he would have his coppice cut no more. It spindled up to great tall steps, slender and sinuous, promising no timber, and past the age for all commercial use or time honored wont. Neighbors shook their heads, but they did not know the pictures of Botticelli, and Ruskin had made his coppice into an early Italian altar piece. Then he had his espalier of apples and a little gooseberry patch and a few standard fruit trees and some strawberries mixed with flowers. In one corner there were beehives in the old fashioned pent house trailed over with creepers. Here and there were little hummocks, each with its special interest of fern or flower.—Good Words.

Looking Under the Hat.

You seldom will find a brainy man with a round head. The head that contains lots of brains either is very long from front to back or else irregular. You can learn something of a man's mental ability by the hat he wears. If his head is so bumpy that it seems as if he never could get a hat to fit him he probably is a genius or a crack-a-jack in some particular line. If his head is long from front to back he is a clear thinker and smart as a whip. So if your hat costs more money than your friend's hat does and you are harder to fit be consoled by considering that your brain is worth more.—New York Press.

A Race of Masked Men.

The Touaregs of the Sahara are one of the most curious races of mankind. The men never expose their faces to public view. They always wear a cloth mask, even when they are eating and sleeping. It is said that only one white traveler has ever seen a Touareg unmasked. They think they are dishonored if their faces are uncovered.

Impressive.

"Why did we arrive late and leave before the opera was over?" asked the youngest daughter. "It was very enjoyable."

"Of course it was," answered Mrs. Newrich, "but, my dear, we had to show people that we didn't care whether we got our money's worth or not."

The Proof of the Pudding.

"You can hardly persuade Miss Oldgirl that marriage is not a failure."

"Why? She never did marry."

"But she tried to and failed."—Smart Set.

Every bird, sooner or later, comes down from its perch.—Schoolmaster.

Washington and the Twins.

The Hartford Courant demolishes one of the numerous Washington traditions. George Washington, Father of His Country, stopped overnight once at the home of Oliver Ellsworth. Tradition has it that on that auspicious occasion he took the twin Ellsworth boys in his lap and was found in the nursery dandling them on his knees and singing to them the well known hymn called "The Darby Ram." But the visit of General Washington was in 1789, and the twins were born in 1791.

Fish Flour For Food.

The fisheries represent one of Norway's chief industries, and quantities of fish are sold at very low rates, particularly during summer. One way in which these are utilized is by means of an invention which quickly dries and pulverizes the flesh of fresh fish. The resulting product, called fish flour, is easy to transport from one place to another and has great nutritive value.

When a person is down in the world an ounce of help is better than a pound of preaching.—Bulwer.

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

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the product of this long experience are best. They are sold by leading dealers. For catalogue No. 6, explaining points of interest to buyers, address the makers

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Ivers & Pond Piano Co.,
114 Boylston Street, Boston.

Stilt Walking Is Ancient.

Strange stilts are those used by Japanese and Chinese boys. Instead of having side blocks, like the American boys, they have foot rests mortised on the stilt stick and projecting backward. These stilts can only be used where the Japanese boys' feet are bare, for the stilt stick must be grasped between the first and second toe of each foot.

Spanish boys are great stilt walkers, and they invariably use sticks that reach to the hips and are strongly bound there as well as at the ankles.

In some of the islands of the south Pacific ocean very rough sport is engaged in by boys on stilts. Perched high on their thin support and with their faces and skins grotesquely painted, these semisavage lads, sometimes as many as twenty at a time, meet and try to trip each other up or knock each other down.

Like most sports and games stilt walking is of very ancient origin. Cut in the stone which forms one of the oldest Pharaoh's tomb there is a crude picture of a man leading a procession and walking on stilts. This ancient stilt walker must have been very skillful, for he is holding no side sticks, but is using both hands in holding a great horn to his mouth, which he is apparently blowing.—Washington Star.

Kings and Handicrafts.

George III., when not engaged in performing the operations which had so much to do in gaining for him the popular nickname of "Farmer George," amused himself at one period of his long life with the making of buttons and attained a very respectable degree of skill in the manufacture of the different varieties then most in fashion.

George IV., his son and successor, affected another sort of unkingly distraction for idle hours and particularly prided himself on the perfection with which he could "cut out" a pair of breeches. Outside the glorified ranks of the fashionable outfitters of the day, the Stultzes, the Meyers, the Schweitzers and Dandrons, only Beau Brummel was thought to be his rival at the shears, but for elegance and accuracy and style the king considered himself the Beau's undoubted superior. The unfortunate Louis XI. was an expert locksmith, with a general turn for mechanics, and spent whole days in his forge, as did one of his predecessors on the throne of France, Louis XIII.

The Story of a Vision.

A Scottish newspaper prints the following "remarkable and dreadful experience," which a correspondent says he heard from the lips of a fellow passenger, a member of parliament. This man had left home early in the morning, traveled about a hundred miles by rail and put up at a village hotel. Feeling fatigued, he retired to his bedroom at an early hour. He was in the act of undressing when there appeared to him what was evidently the ghost of his four-year-old son arrayed in the vestments of the tomb. A conviction that his son, whom he had left in the morning in perfect health, was dead urged him to drive to the nearest station in time to catch a train that passed at midnight. On reaching home early next morning he found that his boy had died about the time the vision had appeared to him.

Our First Railway.

The first American railway—not built for steam cars, however—was made to haul Quincy granite for the Bunker Hill monument. That was in 1826. It was three miles long. The first railway built for steam cars was the Charleston and New Hamburg line, in South Carolina. This was for some time the longest line in the world, 137 miles.

The first locomotives weighed three to five tons. An imported English locomotive weighing ten tons was too heavy. Twenty-five engines of that day would make one of today. Fifty years ago a train load of 200 tons was heavy. Now loads of 2,000 to 2,500 tons are handled.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M.
RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M.
SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m.. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10 37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6 52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8 07 A. M.; every half hour to 2 37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour to 12 07; then 12 30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

The Man Who Loosed His Hold

By WM. H. OSBORNE

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One of the distinguished features of the little village of Far Hills was the deep gully that lay upon one side of it. This gully was a never ending source of fear to the inhabitants. Mothers of bad children threatened them with it Mothers of good children warned them against it. Its sides were deep and almost perpendicular. The bottom was so covered with a dense growth of underbrush that it looked as though there were no end to its depth.

Young Perry Haskins, known as Piggy by his friends, was a very youthful specimen of humanity in the village of Far Hills. At times he was a bad boy; at other times, few and far between, he was exceptionally good. He was a pusher at any rate, and in enterprise of all kinds he generally was the leader of the gang. His daring knew no bounds, and when the C. L. and P. decided to take in Far Hills on its main branch young Haskins was the first lad of his crowd to cross the trestle that had been [illegible] to span the gully. And this he [illegible] before it had been completed [illegible] that the boys called it Piggy'[illegible]ge. Piggy would crawl out to [illegible] middle and with the eyes of all Far Hills upon him would lie upon his stomach and gaze with interest into the black depths of the gully down below.

After it was finished young Haskins' day was never a complete one unless he had walked across the trestle and then back again. Even this was a ticklish proceeding, for there was nothing but the ties upon which to step, and a misstep might prove fatal. And then, besides, there were the trains.

One night in spring young Haskins started upon his constitutional across the trestle. He whistled as he went. But he was not the only thing that whistled on that warm night. He had barely reached the middle of the bridge when before his startled eyes he beheld the glaring headlight of a locomotive. It was coming his way and with infernal speed. He stopped and stood as though turned to a pillar of salt. The bridge held but one track. There was no place to seek for safety, for the trestle was no wider than an ordinary train. And the train came whirling down. It was not a hundred yards away when Piggy Haskins did the only thing there was left to do. With the deftness of an agile monkey he let himself carefully down between the ties. Underneath him there was naught but space and the bottom of the gully. Over him there was nothing but the rushing, roaring train. The train did not take much time in getting over; but, according to Piggy Haskins' calculation, it was a couple of months at least. When at last he drew himself up upon a place of safety he felt that he had been through the experience of his life. His limbs quivered, and he felt obliged to crawl the length of the trestle upon his hands and knees. He ran home, entered the window of his room by way of the grape arbor and, lighting a candle, hastily regarded his appearance in a mirror. He was sure that his hair had turned white during the occurrence. But it had not. It still was a delightful shade of red.

Years passed. Haskins grew to be almost a man. One eventful morning he shook hands with all his family and friends and stepped forth from the village of Far Hills to make his living. He went into a far country and made it. He became prosperous. It was just ten years after he had left that he determined to return. In the meantime he had not been back. His parents one spring morning received a letter from him which in its contents was somewhat out of the usual run of his epistles. It ended with this pleasing statement:

> I am coming home for a short vacation. And what do you good people think? I shall not come alone. It is my purpose to bring with me one of the most charming girls in this wide world, a young person who tomorrow will become my bride. My trip to Far Hills will be a wedding trip. Expect us in the evening of the 3d.

Haskins and his bride started from the far country where they belonged and purchased tickets for his native place. All along the way young Haskins regaled his bride with stories of his youth. She listened with delight, for at that early stage in the game anything that Haskins said went.

Haskins and his bride were due at the old home somewhat early in the evening. They would arrive at just about dusk. Haskins, suddenly aroused by some of his old recollections, suggested a romantic scheme. He proposed that they should alight from the train at the little station shed at East Far Hills on this side of the gully and should walk across the trestle. There was but one thing that made Haskins' young bride consent, and that was that a lonely walk at that hour of the night with Haskins would not be amiss. She suggested the question of danger, as in duty bound to do, but the suggestion only made Haskins all the more determined. And, above all, he wanted to show his bride just where he hung on that eventful night so very long ago.

It happened therefore that at East Far Hills they alighted. And then, stepping out upon the track in the wake of the receding train, they walked along the trestle. In the near distance the lights of Far Hills gleamed. To the right the moon, a large red ball of fire, was just beginning to rise. Finally they reached the middle of the bridge. Haskins halted.

"This," he exclaimed, "is the very spot where I hung for dear life. I was traveling in the opposite direction, and when I reached this very spot I heard a terrific whistling of an engine and saw the headlight there, down toward East Far Hills"—

He stopped suddenly, for suddenly upon the still night air he heard the terrific whistling of an engine, and he saw a headlight down toward East Far Hills. Another train was running them down. Haskins looked wildly around them for a place of shelter. There was none. He knew then that there was but one thing to do. Grasping his bride in his arms he half slid, half lowered himself and her down between the ties. It was hard work, for he had grown into a man, while the space between the ties had held its own. One thing was lucky—Haskins' bride was small and slight. He directed her briefly to cling to him with both hands round his neck. She did so. With his two hands he clung to the ties above. They had barely adjusted themselves when the train was upon them. Haskins whispered to his bride that it would soon be over, and they would again be safe. But Haskins had reckoned without his host, for the train was a freighter and was moving with the rapidity of a snail. Besides, it had to wait till the passenger train ahead had moved along. Car after car bumped slowly over the ties, and Haskins held on till his arms, with double weight upon them, seemed starting from the sockets. Suddenly he breathed a sigh of relief, for his trained ear acquainted him with the fact that the last car was approaching. It did approach, but it did not reach them, for suddenly the train began to back toward East Far Hills more slowly than it had proceeded. Haskins groaned. The strain was becoming unbearable. "I can't stand it much longer," he muttered, gritting his teeth. He shut his eyes and held on tight.

And then the train stopped. Haskins yelled for aid. The whistle drowned his voice. Then the freight began to move again, and this time it moved forward.

"Kitty," exclaimed Haskins wildly, "kiss me for the last time! I—we've got to drop. I can't hold on—I can't do anything. Goodby until"—

And then they dropped. They didn't drop very far. They dropped about a foot or so, not more. For in the long ten years that Haskins was away the road had filled up the old gully, and they had been hanging in the dark for nothing. Later they reached the house of Haskins' parents. As they stepped into the light his bride gave a strange start. Then she smiled. "Your gray hair," she whispered to Haskins, "is an improvement on the red."

The Valor of Private Howell.

During the Indian mutiny, says a London journal, it was sometimes in battle almost impossible to tell our loyal native allies from the revolted enemy. At the relief of Lucknow Private Howell was near a loyal native regiment that had, through too great impetuosity and misconception of orders, got to a position where it was mistaken for the enemy, and the whole advance of the British army, amid the smoke, poured into it an awful fire, killing great numbers of men. At this moment Howell, who saw that the men exposed were paralyzed with astonishment and fear, rushed forward some thirty yards in advance of their line and, throwing up his left hand warningly, waved his helmet at the point of his musket with his right. Hundreds of bullets from his own comrades whizzed past him, two of them cutting his right arm, but the daring deed served his purpose, for the British officers saw what was intended. No sooner had the "Cease fire!" sounded than the men, to be the moment after again in the throes of battle, sent up a magnificent cheer for Howell.

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INSIST UPON HAVING
THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

A DANCE IN THE KLONDIKE

Joaquin Miller's Story and the Way He Clinched It.

At one of his lectures just after his return from the Klondike Joaquin Miller told the following story: "One night I was invited to a dance in a miner's cabin, and while Bill Dalton scraped away on his fiddle we just hoed it down. But the miners tramped in and out so much between dances that before midnight the ladies declared the floor was so slippery they couldn't dance another step unless something was done. Then something was done that never was possible in mining days in California. Each miner gallantly opened his buckskin powder pouch and sprinkled gold dust on the floor! And this was repeated throughout the night. And in the morning, ladies and gentlemen, those miners never troubled themselves about sweeping up that gold dust. They just hitched up their dog sleds and rode away."

At this point of Miller's narrative there was a slight agitation in the audience, an ominous sign of incredulity, but Miller was equal to it. With a wave of his hand toward one of the boxes, he said, "And my old friend up there in the box, Captain John Healy, will substantiate what I say."

It was a master stroke of the poet, for the house burst into applause and greatly embarrassed the modest millionaire mining and railroad promoter of Alaska, who unsuspectingly had accepted Miller's invitation to attend the lecture in the afternoon.

Parnell's Superstitions.

Charles Stewart Parnell was one of the strongest men that ever lived, but he had numberless superstitions. Once a colleague of his brought him the draft of a bill to the cell he was then occupying in Kilmainham. It was in thirteen clauses. Parnell was horrified. He insisted that somehow or other a fourteenth clause should be added. Once Parnell saw a colleague with three lights in his bedroom. He was quite uneasy until he saw one of the lights put out. I traveled with him once when he had a scarf that had been presented to him by a lady admirer. There was some green in the scarf. One of his superstitions was that green was an unlucky color. He used to say, half joke, whole earnest, that all the misfortunes of Ireland came from the fact that her color was green. He was very much put out by this scarf. It was in the days when the habeas corpus was suspended in Ireland and we were sleeping on the mail boat at Kingstown and were not to start for Holyhead till next morning. He was quite sure the green scarf would have us arrested before we left in the morning.—M. A. P.

Beauties of Red Tape.

A typical instance of the war office methods is furnished by a correspondent on one of our stations. An officer having occasion for the use of a screwdriver made application for the supply of that humble but handy implement from the government stores. His application was bandied about in the usual manner from officer to officer and finally reached the upper authority, from whom a reply filtered back by the same devious ways to the effect that screwdrivers were only supplied in tool boxes and not singly. Nothing daunted, the officer at once applied for a box of tools and after the usual circumlocutory tactics was informed that boxes of tools were only supplied to carpenters' shops. By this time the officer, who had quite forgotten what he had wanted the screwdriver for, had thoroughly entered into the spirit of the campaign, and his next application was for a carpenter's shop. He got it.—London Tit-Bits.

MacMahon and Grevy.

In Paris in the revolution of 1830 a law student was soundly kicked by one of the king's officers for tearing down a copy of the ordinances placarded on the wall. The officer was armed, the student was not; so the latter ran away. Nearly a half century later, in 1879, the officer called upon the student to bid him goodby, having just resigned the presidency of the French republic on account of a radical difference with the majority of the national assembly on questions of state policy. He combined with his adieus also a graceful word of congratulation on the student's election to succeed him in the presidential chair. The student was Jules Grevy; the officer was Patrice de MacMahon, who died ripe in years and honors.

Where They Eat Tobacco.

Perhaps there is nothing more peculiar about the Eskimos of Point Barrow than their methods of using tobacco, which, of course, they procure from the whites. They know good from bad tobacco. When they get hold of a few plugs, they show a marked appreciation of it. The habit of chewing the weed seems to be universal. Men, women and even unweaned children keep a quid, often of enormous size, constantly in the mouth. The juice is not spit out, but swallowed with the saliva without producing any symptoms of nausea.

Self Control.

"There's one thing I will say," remarked Mrs. Cumrox, "and that is that my daughter Arabella has a fine disposition."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir. The way she can sit for hours listening to herself play on the piano shows remarkable self control."—Exchange.

TABITHA'S FALL FROM THE HEIGHTS

By ELLIOT WALKER

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"It seems to me, Tabitha, that sometimes you think I don't know anything," observed Peter in a tone of rueful impatience as he stood just inside the kitchen door. His hand held it sufficiently ajar to admit a draft of icy air which circulated freezingly about Miss Groot's well developed shoulders as she kneaded her dough in the bread pan with sounding thumps.

"Observin' man!" responded the lady. "At certain periods, Pete, I have discerned faint glimmerin's of intelligence under that shock of tow coverin' what in most folks is considered a brain cavity, but not often—not often. Boo! What's open?"

She wheeled her plump figure with an emphatic movement and transfixed the thoughtless Peter with a glare of disapproval.

Tabitha was a student, not in the ordinary sense, but of the rare variety which assiduously seeks for an enlargement of knowledge, her special ambition being the acquisition of language. Unhappily, or perhaps otherwise, her opportunities were limited. The Bunfield Gazette was her principal source of material and, coming regularly once a week, supplied an effective course of general information.

In this sheet of wisdom Tabitha delved for words of ambitious length. These nuggets after proper mental assimilation were applied to Peter as a test. If he endured them without wincing and with some degree of comprehension Miss Groot felt secure in broader paths. Peter had served time at the district school in the heyday of early youth and was therefore a fit subject. Being consumed with admiration for Tabitha's qualities, physical as well as mental, he was also a willing one.

Now he stood with a ready finger on the door latch, for Miss Groot could propel dough balls unerringly when aroused, and eyed her with an expression of sheepish pacification.

"Come in or go out!" cried Tabitha in high wrath, forgetting her scholarship. "Here'm I, all het up workin', an' you tryin' to fix consumption on to me. Shet that door one way or t'other."

"It's worth while gettin' you mad to have you talk like a human bein'," grinned the culprit, with a horrible absence of tact. "My head aches yet from the dose you gin me last night. Folks will be laffin' at you first, you know. Fact is, pa an' ma does now behind your back, an', while I believes in eddication, havin' had some myself, you're slingin' too many long words for a hired gal, if you are the purtiest woman in Pa'tridge Corners. L'arn all you want, Tabitha, but don't shoot 'em around free. You'll hear from it, an' "—

This speech of mingled common sense and unintentional insult and compliment was cut off by a lump of dough striking him squarely in the mouth. He darted out, sputtering.

Tabitha raged across the room and shot the bolt, her round countenance flaming. Then she bit hard on her rosy under lip and sat down to recover, a precept of learning being an attempt at philosophic calm under trying circumstances.

"Let's see," she ruminated. "Go slow, now, Tab. Think. Pete's edgin' up to—to matrimonial overtoors—that's right—correct, I mean. You're assistin' his ma in household duties an' just as good as he is—hired gal!—that was mean. The flesh is willin', but the spirit is weakenin'. I swan—that is, I utterly swear—that I won't give such a fool another thought. 'Twill be a mistake. My ideas is more elevated, an' I'll rise with 'em. Oh, ginger, my bread!"

Miss Groot sighed as culinary operations were resumed. "The farm will come to Peter in the ordinary course of events," she reflected sorrowfully. "It's a good one, an' his pa's failin'; but no; an edified mind has higher aspirations than cows an' pigs, an' I'll be at the head of a woman's college if I keep on. I ain't only nineteen an' impressive of bearin', if I do say it. Wonder how I'll look in one of them gowns with a four cornered hat atop of my auburn locks. Imposin' as any of 'em, I guess."

This modest view of the future exalted Tabitha's spirit as she shoved her loaves into the oven.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, striking an attitude. "Laugh at me, will they? I'll start the laugh t'other way an' do it today. 'Hitch your wagon to a star,' as Emerson says. He oughter have said 'unite' or 'attach,' but the idea ain't discouragin,' an' I'll pitch right in an' get attention attracted. Then Mis' Shields can look round for other help. Maybe they'll want me in their office right away."

Poor Peter! During the ensuing ten days he was frozen with a succession of refrigerating snubs and acid repulses which cast him into the depths of despondency. Tabitha appeared absorbed in rapt contemplation of affairs beyond the mundane. She was silent, yet expectant, as one waiting for a message of unbounded import. Still he lingered mournfully about the region of Miss Groot's performances, with an eye to lending an assisting hand. It was not desired. Neither was conversation. Peter visibly drooped.

Then came Thursday evening and the Bunfield Gazette. Peter welcomed it and at once repaired to the kitchen and held it out as a peace offering.

Perhaps this beloved messenger would produce a beneficent thaw.

The girl's eyes shone, and her cheeks were like peonies. "Look it over," she remarked in a lofty voice. "If you find anything about me read it aloud."

Peter glanced through the pages and started. "Lordy!" he exclaimed. "You have got in the paper!"

"Read it," commanded Miss Groot, sitting up excitedly, "then laugh if you want to."

The young man commenced:

A GENEROUS OFFER.

> We are greatly indebted to Miss Tabitha Groot of Partridge Corners [a satisfied smile from that lady] for the extremely kind communication herewith printed at her request. Our readers, we are positive, will appreciate it as a contribution to be valued:
>
> "To the Editor of The Gazette:
>
> "Admired Sir—Eighteen months of perusal of your esteemed publication has endowed me with undoubted qualifications for achievements along educational lines, and I hereby proffer to you the advantages of my services for $10 a week—being now attained to the age of nineteen years, strong, healthy and of commendable appearances—for the furtherance of the interests of your interesting periodical and to enable myself to be elevated to be an inmate of some desirable institution in future where my talents will receive due appreciation.
>
> "Address me in care of Mrs. Timothy Shields, Partridge Corners. I am working for her. Print this, please. With my best respects,
>
> "TABITHA KITTREDGE GROOT."
>
> We deeply deplore our inability to avail ourselves of Miss Groot's courteous proposition and trust our correspondent will pardon us for trifling changes in her letter, made necessary for the enlightenment of our readers. Our sincere advice to this young lady is a decided opinion that she keep right on working for Mrs. Shields of Partridge Corners until time shall bring her a modicum of common sense and some knowledge of English composition, else her "desirable institution" will surely be the poorhouse—

A cry of anguish from Tabitha stopped Peter's labored enunciation. He did not laugh, but sprang from his chair and held the bowed head in his great hands, with his face against her bright hair.

"Never mind, dear," he whispered. "If they don't want you, I do. Look up, Tabitha. Say you will."

The girl, still sobbing, lifted a tear stained face and nodded. Her lover kissed her in rapturous relief. Then Tabitha spoke, and her speech was emphatic. "I'll never look inside that old paper again," she said.

Whistler Was Particular.

I saw that marvelous set of etchings printed. In fact, the bulk of them were printed in my own printing room, a room which I had especially arranged for the master, and it was in this little printing room of mine that Whistler taught me the art of printing from the copper plate. This was my first insight into Whistler as a great master, and one of his characteristics as a great master was that he would have perfection. No matter how small the detail it must be perfect. To begin with, he always insisted upon having old paper upon which to print his etchings and preferably Dutch because of a certain golden tone, unobtainable with new paper, which this particular kind gave to a proof. Many a time Whistler and I have spent weeks in Holland poking about dirty little shops in search of old paper, and sometimes, after having discovered a fine collection of 3,000 or 4,000 sheets, I have seen Whistler literally tremble with excitement and scarcely know how to ask the price for joy. Then again he was very particular as to the choice of oil for mixing with the ink; also with regard to the temperature of the plate, the pressure of the press, the condition of the blankets, and, in fact, everything had to be absolutely right.—Mortimer Menpes in Studio.

The Top Hat.

Tall hats, "pearking up like the spire of a steeple a quarter of a yard above the crowne," as a sixteenth century writer describes them, were known in the time of Elizabeth, and the Puritans affected them until they merged into the old fashioned beaver of our great-grandfathers' days. Top hats of silk appeared first in Florence about 1800, and twenty years later silk hats with felt bodies were introduced into England.

About 1840 the French silk hat was placed on the market and at once adopted in the familiar "chimney pot" shape. There were several varieties of it, such as the Wellington hat, with the yeoman crown; the Anglesea hat, bell shaped at the top, and the D'Orsay hat, with ribbed silk binding and a big bow.

The color also varied. Thus the Earl of Harrington started a craze for green top hats by wearing one in his garden with the idea of not frightening the birds. He also tested his silk hats by standing upon them. The top hat, however, was never so favored by any great personage as to account for its general adoption.—London Answers.

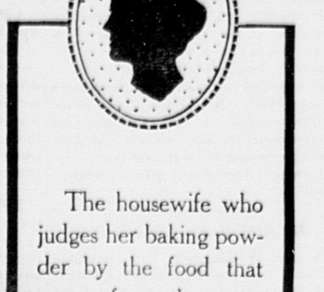
Two Standards.

One of the strangest illustrations of the ups and downs of fortune comes from Paris.

A rich Parisian banker became reduced through unlucky investments to the sum of 10,000 francs. That amount was poverty to him, and, overwhelmed by his loss and the hopelessness of the situation, he committed suicide.

The 10,000 francs then fell to his brother, who had been for years a pauper, estranged from his family. But to him such a sum represented incredible riches, and his reason was overthrown. In a moment of delirium he jumped into the Seine and was drowned.

Ayer's
You can depend on Ayer's Hair Vigor to restore color to your gray hair, every time. Follow directions and it never fails to do this work. It stops
Hair Vigor
falling of the hair, also. There's great satisfaction in knowing you are not going to be disappointed. Isn't that so?
"My hair faded until it was about white. It took just one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor to restore it to its former dark, rich color. Your Hair Vigor certainly does what you claim for it."—A. M. BOGGAS, Rockingham, N. C.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Fading Hair



The housewife who judges her baking powder by the food that comes from the oven, will always use Cleveland's.
It never fails.

A DOG OF UTILITY.

The Pointer's Evolution From the Bloodhound Type.

The evolution of the pointer from what may be described as the bloodhound type to the modern English foxhound kind has taken, perhaps, close on 150 years. He is essentially, above all others, a dog of utility, and as the pointer has always been looked upon as one of the chief helpmates of the man who loves to take his pleasure behind a well broken brace of dogs, a pair of barrels and straight powder, it stands to reason that that man has called in all his ingenuity and all his knowledge of breeding to provide himself with a sporting dog that is best adapted for the sport that is provided for him. Therefore in some places in America, where the plains are so vast, a very fast and wide ranging pointer is required—one, too, with "bird sense." Where true ranging, a good nose and stanchness on game are to be found embodied in one single dog, there[illegible]erhaps, have we found the perfect [illegible]nimal, and a retrieving pointer at that.

As in other breeds of dogs, there are all sizes and sorts of pointers. The short headed, cloddy shouldered and often weak thighed and cow hocked pointer has gone by the board. It stands to reason that, although the cart horse can gallop, he cannot gallop with the thoroughbred, the clean necked, oblique shouldered, deep hammed, live racing machine. Half a day of real going will knock up the heavy headed, loose throated pointer. He has had to give way to the more elegant quantity; but even such as he should not be too small.—Illustrated Sporting News.

Evergreens.

The leaves of a green plant are chiefly useful as feeding organs, which utilize sunlight in building up plant substance from water, carbonic acid gas and simple salts. Deciduous forms and evergreens have been evolved on different lines as regards foliage.

On the approach of autumn the former withdraw all nutritious substances into their trunks and branches. A layer of cork is then developed across the base of each leaf, which afterward falls off, leaving a neatly covered scar, which excludes air and germs.

These changes do not take place in evergreens, for these possess tough, leathery leaves capable of resisting frost, which are shed gradually all the year round as they become old and effete. Such plants use sunlight year out, year in, while deciduous trees and shrubs do during the warm season only, though they work very vigorously in summer, getting ready the buds which open the next spring and storing up starch and the like to serve as food till the new leaves are unfolded and ready for work.

On the Wrong Tack.

A young man in New York was deeply impressed with the beauties of Freemasonry and after considerable effort, mental and otherwise, had fitted himself for the ceremony of initiation into the order. He had heard of the "goat" and the "gridiron" and many other things connected with the first degree and was prepared to be surprised at nothing. In the course of his first evening at the lodge he stepped on a tack, which stuck into his foot and gave him considerable pain. He said nothing and made no effort to remove it, painful though it was. Two hours later, when it seemed to him that there was nothing more to come in the way of initiation, he asked if he might take the tack out of his foot. His sufferings were not ameliorated when he was told that the tack had nothing to do with the ceremonies.—New York Post.

He Was Not Laconic.

John Morley in his life of Gladstone tells the story of the statesman's examination for admission to Oxford university when he was a youth. The examiner, having utterly failed to floor the candidate on some point of theology, said, "We will now leave that part of the subject." "No, sir," replied the candidate; "if you please, we will not leave it yet," and proceeded to pour forth a fresh stream. The dean in Mr. Gladstone's day was Gaisford, famous among other things for his trenchant brevity. "This laconic gift," observes Mr. Morley slyly, "the dean evidently had not time to transmit to all of his flock."

Oldest Fire Engine.

The original fire engine, the first machine of its kind ever made, is preserved in the old parish church at Dartmouth, England. It is only 4 feet long and 4 feet 6 inches in height. The car rests on four small wheels, and the hose is attached to the top. A clumsy lever placed at the back of the car sets the machine in motion. The stream thus forced through the pipe was very small and doubtless had very little efficiency.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, NOV. 20, 1903.

NOT MUCH OF A FIGHT.

It is not reasonable to suppose that there will be much of a contest over the Riley-Aldrich seat in the House, for there is really nothing to get up a fight over. Nearly 25 years ago the Supreme Court of Maine, on the basis of a decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and guided by common sense and equity, in a case almost exactly like the Riley-Aldrich one, said: When the intention of the voter can be ascertained with reasonable certainty his intention must govern in counting the ballot.

In the Riley Aldrich controversy the intention of the voters who made a mark instead of a cross opposite the names of the candidates is self-evident; they intended to vote for the candidates thus marked. No arguments or other testimony than the ballots themselves are necessary to demonstrate the fact beyond question or controversy.

Law and justice will give the seat to Riley.

MENDUM FOR MAYOR.

Samuel W. Mendum, Esq., has consented to take the Republican, Citizens and Municipal League nomination for Mayor, if tendered to him tomorrow evening by the caucuses, as is certain to be the case. He will make just the right kind of a standardbearer, and the JOURNAL will give the reasons why next week.

From this time on until the close of the polls on election day the JOURNAL'S slogan is to be

"MENDUM and NO LICENSE"

REPUBLICAN CAUCUSES.

The Republicans of Woburn will hold caucuses tomorrow evening, Nov. 21, to nominate a candidate for Mayor, 3 members of the School Board, 8 Aldermen-at Large, 7 Ward Aldermen, and one member of the Board of Public Works.

To make everything satisfactory and their work count for something there ought to be a full attendance in each Ward.

ALDERMANIC BOARD.

It ought not to be necessary to remind the voters of this city that the election of a good Board of Aldermen for 1904 is of more importance than that of Mayor. The good or bad administration of the city's business affairs depends more on the character of the Council than on the head of the government, therefore great care should be exercised in selecting candidates for it.

MUNICIPAL LEAGUE.

A meeting of the League at 8 o'clock Saturday evening, Nov. 21, in Men's Room over clothing store of Hammond & Son. Full attendance requested.

☞ The Republican conference last Monday evening was not a remarkable success so far as the presentation of candidates for the various city offices was concerned. The name of no person for Mayor was brought forward, and a committee was chosen to wait on Mr James Skinner and endeavor to obtain his consent to accept a nomination There seems to be a reprehensible reluctance on the part of prominent Republicans to enter the race for Mayor, whether from fear of Feeney, or indifference to the interests of the city, it is hard to tell. There are a plenty of men in the party who would command a large vote and make good Mayors, but it seems to be impossible to prevail on them to run. Mr. Hayward will probably be the Republican candidate for the Board of Public Works, and that is about the only safe prediction that can be made at the present time

☞ So far as we are able to learn no action is being taken or plans laid by the avowed temperance people of this city for carrying it for no license at the approaching election. Hitherto it has been the practice of these good men to lie supinely on their backs until some Sunday on the eve of election, then hold what they call a Rally, issue a circular to the voters, and let it go at that. All of which has been about as fruitful in results as whistling against the wind. Many business men talk temperance and "No" and vote "Yes" with the mistaken idea that they thus get more trade. They are after the "Almighty Dollar," and nothing else. If the voters would do their duty and vote as they talk the city would go "No License" next month by a large majority. Will it? Self-preservation answers, it should.

☞ John W. Johnson, Esq., President of the First National Bank of this city, and of the City Council, intends to leave here about Jan. 1, 1904, for a five or six months visit in the South. He several weeks ago informed some of his personal and political friends that he would not be a candidate for reelection to the Board of Aldermen, or for Mayor, this year, and it was in view of his expected Southern tour that the announcement was made.

☞ Mr. Phil M. Brown, son of ex-Ald. D. Wilbur Brown of this city, has recently been appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate Secretary of Legation at Gautemala and Honduras, a promotion which his ability and integrity richly entitled him to. He is a capable and upright young man, of whom, and his political advancement, Woburn has a right to feel proud.

☞ Business must be good at Haggerty's *Times* office, for the handle of Haggerty's glazed-top cap is tilted several degrees higher than formerly. There are more hands at the bellows, too. Since last Wednesday the establishment has been run by Haggerty, Mayor Feeney, the Superior Court, the Sheriff, and a keeper, all on account of Mayor Feeney having sued Haggerty to recover $5,000 for libel.

☞ The recent enlistment of certain men on the side of No License who have heretofore been indifferent as to the subject augurs splendidly for the defeat of license at the polls on Dec. 8.

☞ The Democratic Party of Woburn are to hold caucuses this evening for the nomination of candidates for Mayor, Aldermen, and other offices For Mayor no division of sentiment or action is anticipated, only one man being in mind for the place, and he Mayor Feeney. His nomination will come to him by a unanimous vote, if leading Democrats are to be believed. For member of the Board of Public Works and Aldermen-at-Large there are likely to be sharp contests, and some friction may arise over the selection of the three members of the School Board. It is thought by some that Mr. Cassidy's path to victory may not be a smooth one. There are numberless candidates for Ward Aldermen.

☞ A great fight is on for the Speakership of the next Mass. House of Rep. Four candidates are in the race for it, three of whom have joined drives against the fourth, and what the outcome will be is not easy to correctly predict, although it looks just now as though Rep. Frothingham is more likely than any of the others to win the coveted prize.

☞ **It was with genuine regret that the refusal of Mr. Andrew R. Linscott to accept a nomination for Mayor was received by the Republicans. His ability and sterling integrity just fitted him for the office, and without a dissenting voice he was the man settled on by the Party for it. But Mr. Linscott would have none of it.**

☞ The announcement of Ald. M C. Felch in the JOURNAL of Oct. 30, for Alderman-at-Large made his calling and election sure, for he has, to all intents and purposes, been nominated by both parties for the position. The JOURNAL is a power in local politics.

☞ Ald. Maguire will have to contend with no opposition for the Democratic nomination for Alderman. He is one of the best men on the present Board, clean, a worker, and interested in the welfare of the city.

☞ Mr. Henry L Andrews, printer, a resident of Ward 2, is booked for Alderman-at-Large on the Republican ticket. He is a native of Woburn, a good fellow, and would make a first-class Alderman.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

W. R. C. 161—Sale.
Mrs. Phinney—To Let.
W. A. Andrews—Found.
Mrs. G. F. Jones—Notice.
J. G. Maguire—Mort. Sale.
J. G. Maguire—Mort. Sale.

— Mrs. Phinney wants to let a good tenement. See ad.

— Nov. 25 is the date of the Celtic Association's annual ball.

— Linnell's Market advertises Thanksgiving Turkeys. Good ones.

— Read carefully the new timetable of the Boston & Northern electric line.

— Mr. Angelo Crovo attended the funeral of his aunt in Boston last Tuesday.

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— George Durward has a fine stock of Thanksgiving turkeys, ducks and chickens.

— At 6 30 o'clock a grand supper is to be provided at the Unitarian Fair, Dec. 10, 11.

— There is to be a Sample Table at the Unitarian Fair, Dec. 10, 11, a unique thing.

— Mr. W. A. Andrews of Burlington advertises a pocketbook, with money, found.

— A son of J. C. Finnegan, the baker, 7 years old, was badly burned last Saturday.

— This evening comes off the dancing party of the Gabalotte Club, a fact that should not be forgotten.

— Lodge Nordstjernan, 49, V. O., gave a delightful necktie party in Mechanics Hall last evening.

— The Elites, one of the fashionable clubs of the city, are to have a dance in G. A. R. Hall this evening.

— W. R. C. 161 are to hold a sale on Wednesday, Dec. 2. It is important that the date be kept in mind

— Buy the "Glendale Grand Range" if you want one of the best ranges made. Sold by C. M. Strout & Co.

— A coupon party is to be held in Mechanics Hall next Monday evening, Nov. 23. A great turnout is expected

— Mrs. Alvah Buckman and Mrs. E. G. Clough and daughter Agnes have gone to Cambridge to spend the winter.

— Don't forget the Gabalottes dance on Friday evening, Nov. 27. Floor tickets 50 cents; gallery tickets 25 cents

— Rev. Henry B. Williams of Fayetteville, New York, will preach at the First Baptist Church Sunday, Nov. 22.

— Walter Russell and family, who have lived in Fred A. Hartwell's house for the past 20 years, have moved to Melrose.

— Mr. Frank E. Cotton, bookkeeper for the Russell Counter Co., is now occupying the Boston office of that concern.

— Dr. Robert Chalmers gave an address before the Towanda Club last Wednesday evening on "Medicine, Past and Present."

— A delightful "At Home" was given by Mrs. Mary A. Seeley at her pleasant residence on Lawrence street last evening, Nov. 19.

— The Lowell State Normal School team are coming down here tomorrow to play a game of basket ball with the X L O. team of this city.

— Miss Helen Cook is one of the best teachers of elecution in this part of the State. She is a fine reader, and stands high in the profession.

— Mr. Albert B. Dimick and family have moved from this city and settled at Melrose. They are the kind of people Woburn can't afford to lose.

— Dr. Daniel S. Jones V. S., has a large practice in neighboring towns as well as in this city, and is successful in the treatment of equine diseases.

— On Monday evening, Nov. 23, the 999th A. C. and the Towandas, members of the Bowling League, will meet for a fight on the Towanda alleys.

— Quincy A. Brackett and Kenneth S. Johnson have both won positions on the Harvard Class Team and play in the match against Yale this (Friday) evening.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
FLOOR COVERINGS

Assortment—COMPLETE
Prices — — —RIGHT
Work — — —PROMPT

It is generally known that we are ***Distributors of Floor Coverings*** of every description, and we desire it to be equally well known that we have all grades of ***Upholstery Fabrics, Lace Curtains, Furniture Coverings, etc.***

The advice of an interior decorator is at your service, if desired. Goods displayed either in our show-room or at residences. Estimates furnished for covering single pieces of furniture or for completely decorating either a single room or an entire house.

For eighty-six years, under the same firm name, we have distributed to the public, to our neighbors, to our friends, Carpets and Rugs, and until we added Interior Decorations and Upholstery Fabrics our sole and entire business has been Floor Coverings.

Does not this record make for intelligent confidence on your part?

Pray Building, Washington St., opposite Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

New Line of FALL GOODS
—AT—
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

CONFECTIONERY
Suggestive of Thanksgiving.

Turkey Box Candy, entirely new, ½ pound 30c., 1 pound 50c. Also the many other kinds of dainty boxes we always keep on hand. Priscilla Kisses, an old fashioned molasses candy flavored with walnuts, 25c. pound. We invite your criticism of our candy department.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
☞ The Leaders of Low Prices. Green Stamps,

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— George N. Parker of the Alpine Quartet, one of the finest of Woburn's singers, is studying music in Boston this season, and fitting himself for still higher honors in the art.

— "Elizabeth's German Garden" will be a drawing card at the Unitarian Fair Dec. 10, 11. The seeds were sown sometime since and the flowers will be in bloom on those date.

— The Celtic Association are to give their 33d annual ball in Lyceum Hall on Wednesday evening, Nov. 25, the evening before Thanksgiving. It can't help being a triumphant success.

— Especial attention is asked for the change in the professional card of Mr. Edwin Chaloner Barnes, the popular pianoforte instructor, in this paper. It tells the whole story, a good one.

— With eggs from 50 to 55 cents a dozen housekeepers might as well throw up the sponge one time as another. Nobody but a multi-millionaire can stand such prices and make both ends meet.

— It is probable that arbitration will have to be resored to to determine which has the finest railroad station hack outfit, Frank Fitzgerald or Barney McLaughlin. Leeds is said to be out of the coutest.

— Especial attention is directed to the change of the Lowell & Boston timetable in this paper. Div. Supt. Sheran is doing the handsome thing by the traveling public and the road is feeling the beneficial effects of his wise management.

— The Gabalotte Club, the toniest of them all, are to give their third annual dance in Lyceum Hall on Friday evening, Nov. 27. The best of music has been engaged for it, and every arrangement for a gay and festive affair will be perfection itself.

— Rev. J. B. Gabourel of Cambridge is to preach a sermon to the A. T. & A. M. and Scottish Rites Lodges at the St. Johns Baptist church on Everett street, this city, next Sunday, Nov. 22, at 7 o'clock in the evening. It will doubtless attract a large congregation.

— Mr. Elisha F. Hayward, the coming candidate for a seat on the Board of Public Works, went down to Augusta, Maine, his native town, to visit, for a couple or three days, relatives and friends, last Saturday. He will be on hand to conduct his campaign here.

— Mr. Jacob A. Ham says it's no use talking, Aldrich will get the seat, and don't you forget it. He absolutely refuses to listen to reason on the subject, but with an impatient wave of the hand brushes away all arguments for Riley, as one would brush away a pestiferous fly.

— A paper on the topic "Literature for Children," will be given by Mrs Clara H. Parker at the next meeting of the Maternal Association of the First Congregational church, to be held in the church parlor, Friday, Nov. 27, at 3 p. m. Mothers and teachers are cordially invited.

— A Union Temperance Meeting will be held at the First Cong'l, Church on Sunday evening, Nov. 22, at seven o'clock. All the people are invited The presence of the men of the city is especially desired. Addressess will be made by pastors and by Dean Theodore F. Wright of Cambridge.

— Mr. Bryan McSweeney is local agent for sound, firstclass Fire and Life Insurance Companies. Apply at 7 Munroe street.—5

— For the first time in several weeks Mr. Elwyn G. Preston, Water Commissioner of the Woburn Board of Public Works, was on the street last Saturday morning. He has recovered from the illness that confined him at home, but is still a little short on muscular power and nervous force.

— Copeland & Bowser, dry goods merchants, have gained their large patronage and high degree of prosperity by chiefly and simply dealing fairly and squarely by the public. They have always done business on the basis of "honest goods at honest prices" and found it a winning hand every time.

— Well, the city has been paying a nice fat price for shoeing the city horses, hasn't it? Shoers have brought in bills of $3 50 a round sett, but they are hung up in the B. of P. W., and now comes an outsider and offers to do the shoeing for $1.75 a round sett. Wonder how long the city has been paying $3 50 for the work?

— Mrs. George H. Taylor is busily engaged in manufacturing all kinds of fancy and choice candies at her home, 23 Pleasant street, for Thankgiving. In compounding and turning out holiday sweets she has no successful competitor, and they are always in great demand. Call at her home for neat boxes of them.

— Polo, an ancient Greek game, several years ago a popular pastime in this part of Massachusetts subsequently the victim of a severe relapse, or back-set, has recently experienced a revival and is now a leader in the athletic sports of the day. It is a gay one and attracts immense crowds to the Auditorium several evenings in the week.

— Mr. and Mrs. C. Bertrand Strout returned from their wedding trip to the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs Alfred H. Holland, on Middlesex street, last Monday evening, where their young friends gathered, and gave them a warm reception. A large company met and heartily welcomed their homecoming, for they are great favorites in society.

— Mr. Fred Whitford, General Secretary of the Buffalo, N. Y, Y. M. C. A., and, by the way, one of the most successful Secretaries in this country, spent last Sabbath with his mother, Mrs H. Whitford He attended the Congregational church in the morning, spoke at the afternoon service at Cummingsville, and at the Methodist church in the evening.

— It will be learned from his notice in this paper that Dr. Daniel S. Jones has succeeded his father, the late Mr. Gilman F. Jones, in the proprietorship of the hack and horse boarding business of the Central stable and will hereafter conduct it in person. It is a good business which the Doctor fully understands and will be carried on to the satisfaction of the public.

— One of the best women in this city, Mrs. Lydia D. Choate of Warren avenue, reached, and happily passed, her 87th birthday last Tuesday, Nov 17, 1903 She is kind hearted and benevolent; a true friend and helper of the poor; and may she live long to enjoy life and generously dispense aid and comfort to the needy from her abundance of this world's goods.

— E Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— The grand Fair of the Unitarian church is to be held on Dec. 10 and 11. Great preparations are being made for it, including "Elizabeth's German Garden."

— The Art Table will be a great attraction at the Unitarian Fair, Dec. 10, 11. So will "Elizabeth's German Garden" with its splendid flowers for bouquets.

— Crawford, the confectioner, has the largest supply and finest variety of "Christmas candy" ever offered for sale in this city. It does ones soul good to look at it.

— The Methodist church have commenced on the addition to the edifice which is to be used as a gymnasium and in connection with the men's work of that society.

— A benefit whist and dance was given in Music Hall last Friday evening under the auspices of Miss Helen M. Ramsdell and Miss Dora A. Winn assisted by Miss Ethel M Bryant, Miss Maude H. Littlefield, Mrs. Laura E Hicks, Mr Fred E Leathe and Mr John C. Andrews. It proved a success socially as well as financially, and the young people wish to extend thanks to all who so kindly aided them in their efforts toward a worthy cause.

— Capt. E F. Wyer, Postmaster, with the aid of Congresman McCall, has succeeded at last in securing a postal station for North Woburn, where one was greatly needed. He has been trying for months to bring this about, and now it is to be opened for business on Dec. 1. The duties of the postal agent will be to sell postoffice supplies, issue and pay money orders, do registered letter business, etc. The people of No. Woburn are highly pleased with the establishment of the station.

— Please bear in mind, ladies and gentlemen, that Woman's Relief Corps, 161, are to hold a sale and provide a sumptuous supper at their Hall on Wednesday afternoon and evening, Dec. 2. The proceeds are to be devoted to patriotic purposes, to aid the Post of Veterans, and everybody should attend. The Corps is composed of workers. Perhaps it is not generally known that they made a donation of $500 to the Soldies Memorial soon to be erected in Woodbrook Cemetery. Help the good women and their cause along.

— The following officers of the St Charles Catholic Total Abstinence Society, one of the oldest and best organizations in this city, a Society devoted to the promotion of temperance and good morals, were duly installed on Thursday evening, Nov. 12: Rev. J. J. Keegan, Spiritual Director; Thomas J. Jones, President; William F. Rooney, Vice-President; William Goode, Recording Secretary; James McGovern, Jr., Financial Secretary; D. F. Murphy, Treasurer, and Thomas J. Jones, Matthew Walsh, and Wm. E. Rooney, Trustees.

— The Ladies Auxiliary of the St. Charles C. T. A. S. had fairly good weather last Wednesday evening for the best Minstrel Show they have ever delighted the public with. They were patronized and honored by one of their largest audiences too. The performing talent was all that could have been desired; each part was perfectly filled; and the entertainment gave unbounded satisfaction. The Auxiliary are the C. T. A Society's right bower and it is gratifying to be able to record their brilliant success in efforts to aid a good cause. Their Show deserved the fine financial success it achieved for it was a sp'endid one from beginning to end.

— The supper given by the North Congregational church last Friday night was highly enjoyed by a large number of people, not a few of whom were there from the Centre. A veteran banqueter and an expert judge of good eatables, a man of truth too, said it was one of the very best suppres he ever sat down to, and his statement was heartily endorsed by everyone present. North Congregational is a very live and wideawake church, and Rev. Mr. Tilton, a sound preacher, faithful pastor, and genial acquaintance, and a prime favorite of his people and the village, is doing a noble work in building it up and increasing its usefulness.

— Below are given the names of the "Gospel Ten" of the Theological Department of the Boston University whose services have been secured for a series of meetings to be held in the M. E church here beginning on Sunday, Dec. 27. They have been carefully selected from 200 bright men for the meetings, and everyone is a devout Christian, with no nonsense about him. Personal interviews at both day and evening services will be a prominent feature of their work. They are: Richard Pengilly, Ph. B., Fennimore, Wis.; Arthur H. Smith, B. L., Cleveland, O.; Fk. P. Flegal, A. B., Punxsutawney, Pa.; Oliver D. Witherbee, A. B., Bloomington, Wis.; Chas. B Croxall, A B., Titusville, Pa.; Chas H. Moore, A. B, Highland, O.; John E Beard, A. B, Wrightsville, Pa; Thorkel A. Olsen, A. B, Euderlin, N. Dak; Ernest A. Legg, A. B., Woburn, Mass; Geo F. Barber, A. B., Edgerton, Wis.

Woman's Club Lecture.

The first lecture for the season before the Milford Woman's Club was given by Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward, of Woburn, Mass. Mrs. Hayward is well known to her Milford friends and a large audience enjoyed the fine lecture which she presented. Her greeting to the Club from the standpoint of a club woman was most graceful and appreciative. Her ideal of the benefit which a club woman should derive from the work was high and inspiring.

Her lecture, "Women of the Renaissance," was full of research and original thought as well. Much of her material on the subject has been obtained from works in the original language not accessible to many. The characters portrayed were vivid in their individuality and life, even though they did live four or five centuries ago. The foibles and vanities of those times seem to have repeated themselves to some extent in modern times, and the nobility of character drawn out by the need of true women then, is found also in the women of today; but their example, shining in the darkness of immorality and ignorance, has been a light through the ages since then, to others searching for truth and high aims. The romance and pathos of the lives of these brave and earnest women was strikingly portrayed, and the calendar quotation for the day was well fulfilled.

"They who lived in history only seemed
to walk the earth again."

Seldom does the Club enjoy a finer lecture than was given by Mrs. Hayward and the fact that she is one of our former Milford girls, rendered it doubly pleasing.—*Milford, (N. H.) Cabinet.*

A Protest

EDITOR OF WOBURN JOURNAL: The action of the Republican convention, last Monday evening, in refusing to accept the name of John W. Johnson for Alderman-at-Large, has caused most unfavorable comment from those who wish to see a competent and strong set of men nominated by the Republicans. This adverse action was taken at the request of ex-Mayor Davis, who, without assigning any specific causes for objection, stated that Mr. Johnson had not improved his opportunities to accomplish things which the ex-Mayor thought he could have accomplished. If I am correctly informed, Mr. Davis did not state what Mr. Johnson could have done that he did not do. No doubt, he could have defeated the new High School Building, which would have pleased Mr. Davis very much. As a matter of fact, without the work done by Mr. Johnson, the new High School would be as much a thing of the future as it was a year ago. Without Mr. Johnson, too, there would have been numerous changes at the Municipal Building and numerous measures put through which would not have been in the interest of the city. Simply because Mr. Johnson has not assumed powers which he did not possess, and has not attempted foolishly to antagonize people to no good purpose, his critic thinks he is not fit any longer to represent this city on the Board of Aldermen.

Mr. Johnson, without making a spread, and assuming the air of a Dictator, has accomplished all that could be done by a person occupying the position he did. He was not a member of the Board of Public Works, to which criticism might properly be directed, nor was he Mayor. If he had been the latter he would not have been satisfactory to Mr. Davis unless, like him, he had sent in veto messages which the City Council repeatedly and usually unanimously disregarded.

When it is considered what Mr. Johnson represents in Woburn; that he is one of the largest tax payers here; that he has added thousands of dollars to the taxable property of this city; that his intelligence, capacity and integrity are unquestioned; the action of the Republican convention was not only puerile but ridiculous. In the vernacular of the day, it was simply "peanut politics."

The Republicans last year nominated a Board of Aldermen-at-Large, every one of whom was defeated at the polls, and they now proceed to turn down men like John W. Johnson, John P. Crane and Jacob M. Ellis and put up a set of men most of whom represent nothing and have little, if any, qualification for the office. The result will be, that the Democrats will make a clean sweep; that there will be more radical changes in the city government than have taken place heretofore; and it will be seen, when too late, that the group of men who assembled at the Republican Headquarters last Monday night and allowed themselves to be whipped into a line with the political animosities of one man, have played directly into the hands of the enemy.

Is there any wonder that there is a good deal of righteous indignation on the part of citizens who wish the best men nominated for office and whose opinions are controlled neither by ignorance nor prejudice?

REPUBLICAN.

Boston Theatres.

THE PARK.

"The Younger Mrs. Parling" was given its first production on any stage, at the Park Theatre, Boston, on Tuesday evening, it made an immediate and complete success. The play is by C. Haddon Chambers the well known English author, who has given us such successful pieces as Captain Swift, The Tyranny of Tears, The Idler, The Fatal Card, etc. In addition to the splendid company that has been supporting Miss Russell in "Mice and Men" during her Boston engagement, a number of new people were seen in this production. "The Younger Mrs. Parling" has made a decided hit and it is to be regretted that Miss Russell's many admirers will have but one week more in which to see her in a part, which is in every way entirely different from any she has shown us. In the new piece she is given a part of the strong forceful order, and her work has come as a great surprise to her friends. The play teems with realism and belongs to the new era of drama that have permanently arrived and which are after the style of those undertaken at the Theatre Antoine in Paris, where nothing but the intensely realistic is admitted. On Monday, November 23rd, the last week of Miss Russell's Boston engagement begins. "The Younger Mrs. Parling" will be continued and in addition to the regular Saturday matinee, a special matinee will be given on Thursday, November 26th (Thanksgiving Day).

Climatic Cures.

The influence of climatic conditions in the cure of consumption is very much overdrawn. The poor patient, and the rich patient, too, can do much better at home by proper attention to food digestion, and a regular use of German Syrup. Free expectoration in the morning is made certain by German Syrup, so is a good night's rest and the absence of that weakening cough and the debilitating night sweat. Restless nights and the exhaustion due to coughing, the greatest danger and dread of the consumptive, can be prevented or stopped by taking German Syrup liberally and regularly. Should you be able to go to a warmer clime, you will find that of the thousands of consumptives there, the few who are benefited and regain strength are those who use German Syrup. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At A. W. Whitcher's drug store.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Hand Tailored
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Whatever the Point of View

taken of our new Winter Overcoats, they have a distinctive cut-to-your-measure look.

The fact that they are designed and cut by the highest paid talent in the U S *ought* to give them a tone and character. You, however, have to pay no more for them than if a cheap designer had cut them.

Prices to fit all pocket books.

$8.00 to $30.00

Extra values at

$10.00, $15.00, $20.00.

☞ Drop in and let us show you.

Hammond & Son,
Leading Clothiers,
Lyceum Hall Building,
403 Main St., WOBURN.

A KODAK
Thanksgiving Day
will help digest the "turk and fixins" while the family group is having its picture taken.

Buy One and Film at Whitcher's

$3.00 WORTH OF STAMPS
—WITH A—
ONE DOLLAR PURCHASE!

Cut out the coupon below and present it at the store of

E. P. Fitzwilliam & Co.
373 MAIN STREET,
and with a One Dollar purchase you will receive Three Dollars worth of Stamps.

GOOD FOR
$3 Worth of Stamps
With a $1.00 Purchase.
GOOD ONLY at the store of
E. P. FITZWILLIAM & CO.,
373 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

An Old Document.

The 39th M. V. Regiment was at Appomattox when Lee surrendered to Grant on April 9, 1865, and witnessed the exciting scenes that then and there took place. Company K of that gallant Regiment was composed of Woburn men and known as the Woburn Rangers. There were 115 of them at the time of their enlistment, many of whom still survive.

There had been a tremendous race between Lee and Grant, the former on the north bank of the Appomattox, and the latter on the south, for the first possession of Burkes Station at the junction of the Danville and Lynchburg railroads, and Grant had Lee virtually in his grasp. It was a race for life on the part of Lee, for the fate of his army, and perhaps the Confederacy, depended on his reaching and joining General Johnson at Raleigh which could only be accomplished by his outrunning Grant in the race, reaching Burkes first, and escaping to Johnson by one of the roads that branched from that station. But Phil Sheridan, with his cavelry and artillery, stopped that game, and the jig was up for Lee.

Grant's Army had halted for rest and the 39th, with other Regiments, occupied an eminence that overlooked the plain on which stood Appomattox Court House and a few scattering buildings, and could easily see all that was going on there. There was great commotion and rapid riding to and fro by Union officers, from which the Woburn Rangers and other "boys" on the hill concluded that good news was in store for them, for it was known by the whole Army that Lee was making his last dying kick.

Pretty soon a Staff officer came dashing full speed along the line and waving his hat yelled at the top of his voice: "Good news, Boys: Lee has surrendered!" Although looking for it, this was too good to be believed at the moment. But soon another officer came riding by and turning to the soldiers sang out to them: "Lee has surrendered," and passed on. The glorious news was speedily confirmed, and the Great Rebellion was at an end!

On the next day, April 10, Lee issued a Farewell Address to the Army of Northern Virginia, now no longer an Army, of which the following copy was made the same day by one of the Woburn Rangers, and sent to his wife in Woburn not many hours after it appeared.

A copy of the farewell address of Gen'l Lee to his Army of Northern Va.
Hd Quarters Army N. V.
April 10, 1865.

Gen. Orders, No. 9: After four years of arduous service marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell its brave survivors of so many hard fought battles who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them, but feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that would compensate for the loss that must have attended the continuance of the contest, I determined to avoid the needless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. By the terms of the agreement officers and men can return to their homes and remain until exchanged, you will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the conciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection. With unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country and faithful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration for myself

I bid you all an affectionate farewell.

Signed, R. E. LEE, General.
(Signed) Walter Weir, A. A. G.

Woman's Club.

The affairs of the Club were never in a more flourishing condition than at the present time. The officers and committees are not a bit afraid of hard work and, under the inspiring council and intelligent leadership of President Hayward, much good is being accomplished.

At the meeting held on Nov. 6, when Mr. Leon H. Vincent greatly pleased and edified the Club with a lecture of rare merit entitled "Jane Austen," it was voted to continue the Scholarship, and delinquents were requested to pay up at the next regular meeting. It was also voted to call a mass meeting of the citizens of Woburn at an early day with a view of organizing a District Nurse Association.

The regular meeting, to be held this evening, Nov. 20, in Towanda Hall, will be in charge of the History, Biography and Travel Committee, of which Mrs. Nellie T. Gilbert is Chairman. It is to be a "Greek Afternoon" when a paper on Modern Athens" will be given, and Miss Cook will read some Greek lyrics.

A large turnout of members is earnestly desired.

M. E Church Notes.

There are fifty voices in Prof. W. W. Adams' mixed chorus. As soon as a sufficiently large variety of selections shall have been mastered the chorus will give a public concert.

The pastor of the M. E. Church begins next Sunday evening, a new course of addresses entitled, "Avenues to Christ, Suggested by His Self-assertions."

— A flurry of snow Monday forenoon turned into rain in the afternoon which by night Tuesday had given old Mother Earth a complete drenching.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,
instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio: First National Bank Building.

The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.

The National Graded Course Used.
The Virgil Practice Clavier System.

MISS DORA A. WINN,
WILL RESUME
Pianoforte Instruction,
October 1, 1903.
6 Highland Street, Woburn.

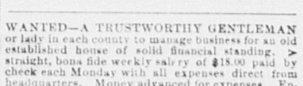
MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

WANTED—A TRUSTWORTHY GENTLEMAN or lady in each county to manage business for an old established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly salary of $18.00 paid by check each Monday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Enclose addressed envelope. Manager, 360 Caxton Bldg, Chicago.



A Card.

To all who ministered to our dear one during her illness, and who have, by word or act, helped us to bear our loss, we return our heartfelt thanks.

FRANK C. MARION, and family

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—24th Sunday after Trinity: Morning Prayer at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "In Him was life and the life was the light of men." Sunday School at 12 M. At 7 P. M., Union Service in the interest of Civic Righteousness at Congregational church.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. G. H Gutterson. 12 M., Sunday School. At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting. At 7 P. M. Union Temperance Meeting. Addresses by pastor and by Dean Theodore F. Wright of Cambridge. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening, at 7.30.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. "Christ's Value to Society." (Prof. Adams' full chorus will sing.) 12 M. Sunday School. 3.30 P. M., Junior Epworth League. 5.45 P. M., Epworth League. 7 P. M., Christ's self-assertions—"I am the light." (Prof. Adams' male chorus.) Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Henry B. Williams of Fayetteville, N. Y. Subject: "The Ideal Church." 12 M., Sunday School. At 5.45 P. M. General Service led by Rev. Mr. Williams. At 7 P. M. Union Service at First Congregational Church. 7.45 P. M., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting led by Dr. Crane.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Ancient and Modern Necromancy; or, Mesmerism and Hypnotism." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 17, Margaret Regan, aged 88 years.

In this city, Nov. 17, Dr. Joseph F. Larkin, aged 55 years, 3 months, 7 days.

In this city, Nov. 12, John Coleman aged 38 years 7 months.

In this city, Nov. 12, Catherine H. Robinson, aged 59 years, 10 months, 12 days.

In Burlington Nov. 16, Samuel Sewell aged 83 years 11 months, 18 days.

In this city, Nov. 17, Harriet A. Ames aged 83 years

In this city, Nov. 18, John Chadbourne aged 55 years, 5 months, 27 days.

Cut This Out and Use It.

Bargain Coupon.

By presenting this coupon at Copeland & Bowser's 399, 401 Main street, Woburn, you will receive **3 stamps instead of 1 on every 10c. purchase.**

This Coupon is good between Nov. 9 and Nov. 28.

Only one coupon received on each purchase.

[Woburn Journal.]

COPELAND & BOWSER.

—OUR—

Tea

—AND—

Coffee

Trade has always been an important part of our business. We take great care in selecting our goods, believing that quality in Tea and Coffee is always appreciated, and we are prepared to meet any competition in this particular line.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

AS USUAL

we have an extra fine lot of . . . .

Thanksging

SAGE

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

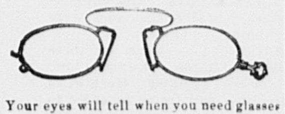
361 Main St.

Houghton & Dutton,

BOSTON.

Optical Parlors 9th Floor.

A FEW EYE HINTS.



Your eyes will tell when you need glasses Here are a few hints:—Headaches, Dizziness, sleepy feeling while reading, blurring of objects either at close range or distance, frowning or squinting, smarting or burning, requirement of stronger light while reading. Those are but a few of the symptoms.

When your eyes suggest trouble don't fail to consult our OPTICIAN and he will cheerfully advise you, as he has spent many years in study of this one subject.

OUR GUARANTEE IS

Entire Satisfaction at Lowest Prices.

N. B.—This department is under the pessonal supervision of Mr. Albert A. Carter, the wellknown optician of this city.

Ice Cream

— FOR —

Thanksgiving.

Harlequin, Vanilla,
Strawberry,
Chocolate, Coffee,
Frozen Pudding,
Sherbets,

NOTE:—Orders for Thanksing Dinner should be given before 9 A. M.

CRAWFORD'S

No. 412 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE: 48-3.

To Let.

House No. 18 Court street, seven rooms, bath-room and furnace.

Tenement No. 6 Church Avenue, eight rooms and bath room.

Office—Dow's Building, steam heat.

Apply to A. J. FOSTER,
4 Church Ave.

Desk Room To Let

at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alfred F. Motschman and Sarah A. Motschman, his wife, in her own right, to John B. Lewis, Jr., dated March 31st, A. D., 1897, recorded with Middlesex North District Deeds, Book 283, Page 485, said mortgage being duly assigned by said John B. Lewis, Jr., to Martha Motschman by assignment dated October 19, 1903, recorded with said Middlesex North District Deeds, Book 359, Page 253, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the first lot hereinafter described situated in Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

MONDAY, the fourteenth day of December, A. D., 1903,

at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain tract of land with all the buildings thereon, situated in the easterly part of said Wilmington on the County road leading from the Col. William Blanchard place to Henry Sheldon's and known as the Neck road, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at a stake and stones at land of Jonathan H. Buck; thence westerly by said Buck's land to a stake and stones at land formerly of Horace Sheldon; thence easterly by said Sheldon's land to a stake and stones at said County road; and thence southerly by said County road to the point of beginning, containing two acres and thirty-five poles.

ALSO, another lot of land adjoining that above described and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner at land of Gertrude Rand and the land above described; thence the line runs southwesterly by an open tract and land of said Rand to land of Henry Shelden; thence in a southeasterly direction by a ditch and land of Shelden to land of Henry Buck; thence in a northeasterly direction by an open tract and land of said Buck to a stake and stones at land first above described; and thence northwesterly by said land first above described to the point of beginning, being the same premises conveyed to said Sarah A. Motschman by Hattie L. Blaisdell by deed dated March 31st, 1897, recorded with said Middlesex North District Deeds, subject to any existing rights of way.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes. $200.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of said sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No, 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

MARTHA MOTSCHMAN, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
J. G. MAGUIRE, Attorney.
Woburn, Masss., November 19, 1903.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Mary L. Allen, Administratrix of the estate of George W. Allen, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, deceased, intestate, under a license dated March 24th, A. D. 1891, granted by the Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, to said administratrix to mortgage the premises hereinafter described, to L. Waldo Thompson, said mortgage being dated April 3, A. D. 1891, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2032, Page 334, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction at the office of John G. Maguire, number 420 Main street in said Woburn,

On SATURDAY, the twelfth day of December, A. D. 1903,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows, viz: a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows:- Beginning at the corner of Green and Vernon Streets as now laid out; thence running east of south by and with said Vernon Street one hundred and thirty nine feet more or less, to a stake: thence south of west by land of persons unknown one hundred and fifteen and two tenths feet, more or less, to a stake; thence west of north by land now or late of Ellis and of others one hundred and fifty feet, more or less, to said Green street; thence north of east by and with said Green street one hundred and fifteen feet, more or less, to the point of beginning, containing 15,680 square feet of land, more or less; being the same premises described in deed from Charles H. Williams to George W. Allen dated October 23d 1886, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 1773, Folio 405, and another piece acquired by the above mentioned George W. Allen by the changing of the location of said Green street.

Said premises will be so'd subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles, and municipal liens, if any.

A deposit of $100.00 will be required of the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at office of said John G. Maguire, 420 Main street, Woburn.

L. WALDO THOMPSON, Nortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., November 19, 1903.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by James F. Buel of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to Sarah E. Bancroft, dated September 28, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2768, Page 262, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises on

Monday, December 7, 1903,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on Fairmount street, near High street, so-called, in said Woburn, containing five thousand six hundred and fifty (5,650) square feet and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the nortowesterly corner of the premises on said Fairmount street at land of Alvah Buckman; thence the line runs easterly by said land of Buckman sevents-three and five-tenths (73.5) feet to a stake at land formerly of Charles A. Smith; thence southerly by said land formerly of Smith seventy-seven and five-tenths (77.5) feet to a stake at land of heirs of G. J. Munroe; thence westerly by said land of Munroe heirs, and by land of Samuel Cummings seventy-five and sixty-five one hundredths (75.65) feet to said Fairmount street; thence northerly on and by said street seventy-five and four-tenths (75.4) feet to the point of beginning.

The sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes; and two hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at the time and pleco of sale.

JOHN W. JOHNSON, Executor
of the will of Sarah E. Bancroft, deceased, and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, November 13, 1903.

Pure Water!

One of the principal essentials in preserving health.

Cadwell's Crystal Spring Water

One of the purest and best in New England. Address
C. H. CADWELL,
Woburn.

CORNEL'US L. BABCOCK,

INSURANCE.

LIFE, ACCIDENT, HEALTH.

Notary Public, Pensions, Real Estate.

79 Elm St., No. Woburn, Mass.

To Let.

Tenement of six rooms at 37 Salem street, $11 00 per month.

E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount street.

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., November 2, 1903.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1902, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said parcels sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of each of said parcels if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, December 5th, 1903,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the nonpayment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 1.

HANORA F. BRADY.—About 9,205 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Lawrence street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Lawrence street; easterly by land now or late of Whitford; southerly by land of Hudson; westerly by land now or late of Buck and Whitford.

Tax of 1902,	$84 13
Street Watering for 1902,	1 40

HANORA F. BRADY.—About 12,818 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn on Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Tidd; easterly by said Main street; southerly by land of the City of Woburn; westerly by land of Mahoney and land of Tidd.

Tax of 1902,	28 64
Street Watering for 1902,	1 52

MARY CLAFFY.—About 5,888 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Porter street, being lot No. 19 on Plan of Thomas Richardson lands, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 41, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by said Porter street; easterly by lot 20 on said Plan; southerly by land of Eustice Cummings; westerly by lot 18 on said Plan.

Tax of 1902,	38 49

BRIDGET DOHERTY.—About 10,785 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Buckman street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of James Burke about 66 feet; easterly by land of Dunberry about 160 feet; southerly by Buckman street 66 feet; westerly by Buckman Court about 166 feet.

Tax of 1902,	17 90

CELIA FITZPATRICK.—About 6,800 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Main street, bounded as follows, namely;—Northerly by land of Caulfield; easterly by Main street; southerly by land now or late of Buck; westerly by land late of Doyle.

Tax of 1902,	37 23
Street Watering for 1902,	1 13

JAMES FRASER.—About 5,200 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Court street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Reagan; easterly by Court street; southerly by land of Peter M. G. Fraser; westerly by land of Munroe and land of Grammer.

Balance of Tax of 1902,	34 59

FRED AND LIZZIE F. GOWING.—About 5,424 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Wyer's Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of St. John's Parochial School Corporation; easterly by land formerly of Colson; southerly by land formerly of L. G. Richardson; westerly by Wyer's Court.

Tax of 1902,	42 96

JAMES E. KELLEY.—About 6,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Hudson street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Hudson street; easterly by a private way; southerly by land of Farry; westerly by land now or late of Butman.

Tax of 1902	37 59

MARGARET T. KENNEY.—About 7,030 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Pleasant street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Pleasant street; easterly by land of George F. Bean, Trustee; southerly by land of Edward H. Richards; westerly by Court street.

Tax of 1902,	78 76
Street Watering for 1902,	1 44

PATRICK LYDON.—About 8,818 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on a private way, leading westerly out of Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by said private way 126 feet; easterly by land of Fournier 75.14 feet; westerly by land of Pickering 75.3 feet; southerly by land late of Holleran 109 9 feet. Same premises conveyed by deed of Mary Levigne et al, dated August 19, 1890, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1993, Page 464.

Tax of 1902,	30 43

ANNIE C. McCORMICK.—About 3,713 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn in rear of No. 18 Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of McLaughlin; easterly by Main street; southerly by a private way leading westerly out of Main street; westerly by land late of Levigne.

Tax of 1902,	71 60
Street Watering for 1902,	1 38

MARY F. MELINDY.—About 12,770 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn No. 10, Sturgis street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Sturgis street; easterly by land of Durant 115 feet, 3 inches; southerly by land of Westcott; westerly by land of William P. Wyman.

Tax of 1902,	51 91

RUSSELL COUNTER COMPANY.—About 34,502 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Beacon street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Buckley, Porter and Hartwell; easterly by land now or late of Dow; southerly by land now or late of Ferrin; westerly by Beacon street.

Tax of 1902,	291 77
Street Watering for 1902,	4 12

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 6,120 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No 11 Bennett street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Linnell; easterly by Bennett street; southerly by land of Connolly; westerly by land of Crosby and other land of Smith.

Tax of 1902,	48 33
Street Watering for 1902,	1 20

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 6,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No, 10 Court street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Crosby; easterly by other land of Smith and land of Connolly; southerly by land now or late of Thompson; westerly by Court street.

Tax of 1902,	31 33

JACOB WEBSTER HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 15,630 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 20 Warren avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Hunt and land now or late of Oliver Bacon; easterly by Court street; southerly by Court street; westerly by Warren avenue.

Tax of 1902,	87 71
Street Watering for 1902,	1 76

Non-Residents.

BOWAN BUCKMAN HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 7,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Buckman street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Buckman street; easterly by land now or late of Harkins; southerly by land formerly of Buck; westerly by land of Conway.

Tax of 1902,	6 27

ROSE McELANEY.—About 25,536 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of St. John's Parochial School Corporation; easterly by Main street; southerly by land now or late of Hudson; westerly by land of Lydia W. Gage.

Tax of 1902,	102 93
Street Watering for 1902,	2 88

PATRICK WELSH.—About 7,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on a private way leading westerly from Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on the northerly side of said private way at land of Ronald S. McCormick; thence the line runs westerly by said private way to a stake at land formerly of Mary Levigne; thence northerly by land of said Levigne to land formerly of J. H. Warren; thence easterly by land of said Naven; thence a little north of east by land of Timothy Connors to land of McCormick; thence southerly by land last named to the point of beginning; being same premises described in deed of Mary Levigne to Patrick Welch, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1993, Page 467.

Tax of 1902,	8 95

MARY WELSH.—About 26,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Arlington Road, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Sheehan 125 feet; easterly by a private way about 197 feet; southerly by land now or late of Leathe about 132 feet; westerly by Arlington Road formerly Canal street, about 197 feet. Being the same premises described in deed of Timothy O'Brien et als., dated Feb. 26, 1895, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2380, Pag 242.

Tax of 1902,	5 37

WARD 2.

JAMES FRED BUEL.—About 8,240 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Fairmount street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Buckman; easterly by land of Smith; southerly by land of Richardson; westerly by Fairmount street.

Tax of 1902,	43 86

ROSE DUNN HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 3-16 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 39 Conn street bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Clapp; easterly by land now or late of McHugh; southerly by land now or late of McHugh; westerly by Conn street.

Tax of 1902,	18 80

TIMOTHY CREEDON.—About 7,140 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, Nos. 9 and 11 Conn street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Conn street; easterly by land of Maguire and land of Parker; southerly by land now or late of Lewis L. Whitney, Trustee; westerly by land now or formerly of Fifield.

Tax of 1902,	39 38

LAURITZ LAWSON.—About 5,759 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn No. 66 Eastern avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of L. H. Allen, 91.45 feet; easterly by land of Luke W. Fowle 65 feet; southerly by land of Luke W. Fowle 85.77 feet; westerly by a private way about 65.15 feet.

Tax of 1902,	49 23

HENRY A. MOTT HEIRS.—About 11,998 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Nashua street, being the northerly part of lot 26 on Plan of Emerson Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plans 23, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 27 on said plan 160 feet; easterly by Beacon street on said plan 40 feet; southerly by the other part of lot 26 about 160 feet; westerly by lot 36 on said plan 40 feet.

Tax of 1902,	4 48

JAMES A. ORDWAY.—About 72,376 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 61 Fowle street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Fowle street 147 feet; easterly by Eastern avenue 395½ feet; southerly by land now or formerly of Sparrow Horton 219 feet; westerly by Sonrel street 395½ feet.

Tax of 1902,	223 75

HENDRICK A. ROST.—About 3400 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, being the westerly part of lot 51 on plan of Emerson Lots recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 23, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 52 on said plan 280 feet; easterly by the other part of said lot 51 on said plan 125 feet; southerly by lot 50 on said plan 270 feet; westerly by a private street called Woburn street on said plan 125 feet.

Tax of 1902,	19 69

GRACE A. TOBIN.—About 21,800 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 199 Montvale avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue 100 feet; easterly by land of Holden 218 feet; southerly by land of Holden 100 feet; westerly by Wood street 218 feet.

Tax of 1902,	14 32

JULIA A. WARD.—About 24,896 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Holden Place, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of William B. Ward; easterly by a private way known as Holden Place about 217 feet; southerly by land of Charles Bush about 116½ feet; westerly by land of John B. Smith, M. Cram and Joseph Hill, about 238.9 feet.

Tax of 1902,	9 85

JULIA A. WARD.—About ½ acre of land situated in said Woburn on Holden Place, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of William B. Ward; easterly by Holden Place about 815 feet; southerly by land now or late of Onion; westerly by land formerly of Keith.

Tax of 1902,	3 58

WILLIAM B. WARD.—About 7,774 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 145 Montvale avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue; easterly by a private way; southerly by land now or late of Ward; westerly by land of Foss.

Tax of 1902,	32 22

Non-Residents.

P. A. ANDERSON.—About 15,750 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of John P. Peterson 105 feet; easterly by Garfield avenue 50 feet; southerly by land now or late of Walton; westerly by land now or late of Walton.

Tax of 1902,	5 37

OLIVER E. BARBER.—About 3100 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 39 and 40, block 6, on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by 38 in said block; easterly by May street on said plan; southerly by lot 41 in said block; westerly by lots 49 and 50 in said block.

Tax of 1902,	72

OLIVER E. BARBER.—About 5674 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 60 and 61, block 7 on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 59 in said block; easterly by Willard street on said plan; southerly by lot 62 in said block; westerly by land of owner unknown.

Tax of 1902,	90

OLIVER E. BARBER.—About 3100 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 47 and 48, block 6 on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 49 in said block; easterly by lots 41 and 42 in said block; southerly by lots 45 and 46 in said block; westerly by Willard street on said plan.

Tax of 1902,	72

OLIVER E. BARBER.—About 3903 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 42 and 46, block 6 on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 47 in said block; easterly by lot 44 in said block; southerly by Lowell street on said plan; westerly by Willard street on said plan.

Tax of 1902,	71

OLIVER E. BARBER.—3100 squarre feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 8 and 9, block 5, on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded of follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 7 in said block; easterly by Tremont street on said plan; southerly by lot 10 in said block; westerly by lots 24 and 25 in said block.

Tax of 1902,	71

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 5 acres of land situated in said Woburn on southerly side of Green street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Green street; easterly by land formerly of Reed and Tweed; southerly by land formerly of Dunklee and Holton; westerly by land formerly of Joseph B. Sawtelle.

Tax of 1902,	4 48

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 4½ acres of land situated in said Woburn on northerly side of Green street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by land now or late of Foster; northeasterly by land now or late of Wade and by land of Cox; southerly by said Green street; westerly by land of Onion.

Tax of 1902,	5 37

JOHN A. GRISWOLD.—About 5550 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Vernon street, being lot No. 19 on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 101, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by lot 18 on said plan; easterly by Foster street on said plan; southerly by lot 20 on said plan; westerly by Vernon street.

Tax of 1902,	50 12

G. W. M. HALL.—About 17,225 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 101 Montvale avenue, bounded as follows, namely:- Northerly by Montvale avenue; easterly by land of Maloney; southerly by land of Flagg and by land formerly of Bacon; westerly by land of Robertson.

Tax of 1902,	64 44
Street Watering for 1902,	1 48

WILLIAM H. HUNTER.—About 3,100 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots No. 49 and 50, Block 6, on Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 51 in said block; easterly by lots 39 and 40 in said block; southerly by lot 48 in said block; westerly by Willard street on said plan.

Tax of 1902,	72

WILLIAM S. MITCHELL.—About 6,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Vernon street, being lot No. 6 on Assessors Plan No. 7, Book 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 5 on said plan; easterly by said Vernon street; southerly by lot 7 on said plan; westerly by land now or late of Flagg.

Tax of 1902,	5 37

DAVID T. MONTAGUE.—About 17,682 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn on westerly side of Vernon street being lots 7 and 8 on Assessors Plan, No. 7, Book 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 6 on said plan; easterly by said Vernon street; southerly by lot 9 on said plan; westerly by land now or late of Flagg.

Tax of 1902,	8 95

DAVID T. MONTAGUE.—About 14,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on westerly side of Vernon street, being lots 12 and 13 on Assessors Plan, No. 7, Book 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 11 on said plan; easterly by said Vernon street; southerly by lot 14 on said plan; westerly by land now or late of Flagg.

Tax of 1902,	7 16

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 4,652 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Tremont street, being lots 5, 6 and 7, Block 5, on plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 4 in said block; easterly by Tremont street on said plan; southerly by lot 8 in said block; westerly by lots 26, 27 and 28 in said block.

Tax of 1902,	1 35

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 1981 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Willard street, being lot 63, Block 7 on plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasly by lot 62 in said block; easterly by Willard street on said plan; southerly by lot 64 in said block; westerly by land of owner unknown.

Tax of 1902,	45

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 1,552 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on May street, being lot 27, Block 5, on Plan of Section B, Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 28 in said block; easterly by lot 6 in said block; southerly by lot 26 in said block; westerly by May street on said plan.

Tax of 1902,	45

THOMAS H. McMANUS.—About 10,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Hanover street, being lots 281 and 283, on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 28, Plan 44, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 280 and 282 on said plan; easterly by lot 285 on said plan; southerly by Hanover street on said plan; westerly by lot 279 on said plan.

Tax of 1902,	1 79

WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 36,640 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Stoneham street, being lots 40 and 41 on Plan of L. G. and W. H. Richardson land, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 26, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Medford street on said plan; easterly by lots 21, 22 and 23 on said plan; southerly by Stoneham street on said plan; westerly by lots 38 and 39 on said plan.

Tax of 1902,	5 36

WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 9,280 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Stoneham street, being lot 42 on Plan of L. G. and W. H. Richardson land, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 26, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Stoneham street on said plan; easterly by land of owner unknown; southerly by Reading street on said plan; westerly by Concord street on said plan.

Tax of 1902,	1 35

WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 60,825 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Stoneham street, being lots 55, 67 and and 68, on Plan of land of L. G. and W. H. Richson, recorded with Middletex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 26, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Stoneham street on said plan; easterly by Concord street on said plan; southerly by Winchester town line; westerly by land of owner unknown.

Tax of 1902,	8 06

C. J. SPENCELY.—About 7245 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Vernon street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Foster; easterly by land now or late of Foster; southerly by Hawley street; westerly by said Vernon street.

Tax of 1902,	7 16

WILLARD WELSH.—About 11 32-100 acres of land situated in said Woburn on Green street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly land late of Pollard; easterly by land of Hastings and Flagg; southerly by Green street; westerly by Eastern avenue. Excepting from the above description lots 37 and 39 shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 116, Plan 15.

Tax of 1902,	89 50

WILLARD WELSH.—About 7,838 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 47 Highland street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by a private way leading westerly out of Highland street; easterly by said Highland street and land now or late of Collins; southerly by land of McHugh; westerly by land now or late of McHugh.

Tax of 1902,	18 80

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector
of Taxes for the City of Woburn

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of John F. Barrett, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Albert P. Barrett, of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of November, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notive thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirtieth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Stilman H. Church late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William E. Church and Bowers H. Church who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of November, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOULNAL a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourth day of November in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Sale and Supper

— OF —

Woman's Relief Corps 161

At their Hall, Savings Bank Block,

Wednesday Afternoon and Ev'g,

DEC. 2, 1903.

Supper at 6.30.

Admission to Sale,	10 Cents
Tickets for Harvest Supper	25c

NOTICE.

Woburn, Nov. 16, 1903.

Having succeeded to the Hack and Boarding Stable Business of the late Gilman F. Jones, I solicit the patronage of the public.

DANIEL S. JONES.

Good House To Let.

I offer to rent No. 9 Wyer's Court. It contains 8 good rooms; is neat, nice, warm, handy and convenient. It is right every way.

Apply to Mrs. A. J. PLUMER,
53 Bow St., Woburn.

Pocketbook Found.

The subscriber has found a pocketbook containing some money and tickets which the owner can have by proving property and paying charges.

W. A. ANDREWS.
William E. Carter Farm, Burlington, Mass.

TO LET.

MRS. PHINNEY has one-half of double house t rent on Court street

Inquire at 29 Warren Avenue.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after October 19, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica and Lowell at 5 45 a. m. hourly until 9.45 p. m; also 11 p. m, for Burlington and Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 55 a. m., hourly till 9 55 p m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn and Boston or Lowell 6 30 a. m,, and hourly untill 10.30 p. m., also for Woburn 11.30 p. m.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6 55 a. m, hourly till 11 55 p. m.,

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly until 12 15 midnight connecting with B & M trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 00 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

Sunday—First car leaves Woburn 6 45 a.m., hourly until 10 45 p. m., Billerica 7.39 a. m., Lowell, 7. 55 a, m.

C. W. B. HARRISON, Supt.

Burlington.

Funeral services for the late Mrs. Frank C. Marion were held from the Marion home, Burlington, Sunday, Nov. 15, at 2.15 p. m., and were largely attended. Rev. W. F. Bacon, pastor of the Congregational church, and Rev. Charles H. Washburn of Maynard—a former pastor of the Burlington church—officiated in the sad and impressive exercises, which included: Invocation and reading of scriptural selections by Rev. Mr. Bacon; remarks by Revs. Washburn and Bacon; prayer by the former and benediction by the latter; the Alpine quartet of Woburn sang "Lead Kindly Light," "Passing out of the Shadow" and "There's a beautiful land on high." Interment was in the family lot in the new burying ground near the church of which Mrs. Marion was a devoted and faithful member. Pall bearers were: Samuel E. Walker of Cambridge, Arthur W. Wood of Arlington, Henry L. Andrews and Joseph F. DeLoriea of Woburn.

The occasion was marked by a profusion of beautiful floral tributes, voicing the deep esteem in which Mrs. Marion was held by an extended circle of friends.

The death of Mrs. Marion—born Walker—awakens the keenest regret in this town, where her life had been spent and where her many estimable qualities had won a wide-horizoned friendship.

She was a woman of joyous, buoyant nature, shedding sunshine within the walls of her beloved home, in the church to which she was devoted, and in the social life of the village where she was always welcome as a generous contributant. Through all the period of her suffering and in the face of impending death her lips uttered no complaint, but gave expression ever to words of hopefulness and cheer. She loved life and the companionship of friends, and this trait found expression in a boundless hospitality that can never be forgotten by those who have so often shared it. To her bereaved husband and son, to her venerable mother, and to her brother, the loving sympathy of the community is assured.

WINCHESTER.

The Luce Caucus Law was defeated in this town by 30 votes.

It looks as though Thanksgiving Day would be kept in fine style in this town.

Calumet Club will give a Smoke Talk tomorrow evening, Nov. 21. A fine entertainment will be one of the attractions.

At 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, Nov. 21, the Winchester A. A. are to play against the Boston Y. M. C. A. Eleven in a game of football on Manchester Field in this town. All signs point to a strong and lively contest.

The following gentlemen have been selected for the officers of Calumet Club for 1904: President, Joseph E. Gendron; Vice President, Ralph E. Joslin; Secretary, Jere A. Downs; Treasurer, Chas. A. Hall; Directors for three years, George S. Littlefield, Charles E. Barrett, Arthur E. Whitney; Directors for two years, John I. French, Geo. W. Fitch.

There is to be given a grand Thanksgiving ball in Town Hall on Wednesday evening, Nov. 25. The patronesses will be Mrs. John W. Suter, Mrs. G. N. P. Mead, Mrs. Chas. W. Bradstreet, Mrs. Frank F. Carpenter, Mrs. Louis Barta, Mrs. P. Graham Gray, Mrs. Wm. C. Newell, Mrs. John E. Paige, Mrs. A. Miles Holbrook. Matrons, Mrs. Anthony Kelley, Mrs. Samuel W. McCall, Mrs. Arthur H. Russell, Mrs. Herbert S. Underwood.

Our esteemed and popular postmaster will continue to sell postoffice supplies to all comers, to be used wherever the buyer pleases, the Boston postmaster to the contrary, notwithstanding. All this present fuss about selling stamps, etc., to parties who will use some of them in other places is the work of two or three meddlesome Inspectors, and a desire to attach all postoffices within 10 miles of Boston to the Boston office. It won't work, and the movement and trouble will soon die out.

Watches Slower at Night.

"You know that the vital energies are at lower ebb at night than in the daytime," said an old watchmaker. "Would you believe that some watches—especially the cheaper ones—are similarly affected?

"You know a good watchmaker always wants several days in which to regulate a timepiece. That is because the only way to regulate it properly is to compare it with a chronometer at the same hour every day. Otherwise the variations in the speed of the watch will baffle his efforts.

"The man to whom I was apprenticed told me this, and I thought the idea absurd. We were working late one night and he called my attention to a lot of watches that were regulated and ready to deliver. It was near midnight, and every watch was slow. The better timepieces had lagged behind some seconds. The cheaper watches were a minute or more out of the way. Next morning every one of the lot was exactly right.

"The fact is you can regulate a watch to make exactly twenty-four hours a day, but you can't persuade it to make just sixty minutes in each of the twenty-four hours. Why this is no one can tell."—New York Times.

Woman and Her Books.

It is the book a woman marks that is the only true index to her character. This conclusion has been arrived at after a long and persistent study of the sex. A woman never marks a book openly, as a man does, with a flourish of marginal notes and references conveying the impression that he is conversant with other books besides this one. He who has a pencil always handy will think nothing of using it on any and all occasions. It is like entering the holy of holies to read books that some women have marked. It is a violent rending asunder of the veil which she hangs before the door of her heart. The marks with which a woman scores her favorite passages at eighteen will be effaced at twenty, and she must have changed but little to leave those of twenty uneffaced at twenty-five.—New York World.

Power of the United States Senate.

The senate is today the most powerful single chamber in any legislative body in the world, but this power, which is shown daily by the wide attention to all that is said and done in the senate of the United States, is not the product of selfish and cunning usurpations on the part of an ambitious body. It is due to the original constitution of the senate, to the fact that the senate represents states, to the powers conferred upon it at the outset by the makers of the constitution, to its permanency of organization and to the combination of legislative, executive and judicial functions which sets it apart from all other legislative bodies. Without the assent of the senate no bill can become law, no office can be filled, no treaty ratified.—Henry Cabot Lodge in Scribner's.

A Business Precaution.

A caller at the boarding house of Mrs. Irons was surprised to see a fine greyhound basking in the sun outside the kitchen door. "I didn't know you had a dog," she said. "He's a beautiful animal. How long have you had him?"

"Two or three years."

"How does it happen I have never seen him in passing along here?"

"We don't allow him to leave the back yard," replied Mrs. Irons, with emphasis. "What kind of an advertisement would it be for a boarding house to have a creature as lean as that dog is standing round in front of it?"

Jules Verne's Romance.

The story of Jules Verne's courtship and marriage is a most romantic one. Verne was a shy young fellow who had a great dislike to the society of women, and it was only his affection for his brother which led him to go to the latter's wedding. Verne, however, arrived too late and found that the whole bridal party had left for the church with the exception of the bride's sister, a charming young widow, who explained the matter. The friendship thus accidentally begun rapidly developed into a warmer feeling and ended in a marriage which may be described as ideal.

Interesting Norwegian Custom.

Men attending state balls in Norway are not left in doubt as to whether or not the women can be counted on for dancing. The custom of the court decrees that those women who intend to dance shall wear white, while those not desiring to trip the light fantastic toe shall appear in black. It is an idea which American men would like to see adopted.

Creations Worth Having.

A jewelry store is the natural place to seek for gifts of lasting value. There are so many things here that are beautiful, useful, and will hold their worth always. The kind of things that will give pleasure.

Repairing in all its branches promptly executed and satisfaction guaranteed.

Acknowledging past favors we hope by honest and square dealings to merit a continuance of the same.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,

409 Main Street, WOBURN.

NEURALGIA
PNEUMONIA
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Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

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In a pint of tepid water, used as a nasal spray or by snuffing, will furnish instant relief to those troubled with this affliction.

If you wish the best results accept only the genuine bearing above Trade-Mark.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of William H. Hinds, late of River John, in the County of Pictou, Nova Scotia, deceased, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, and appointing Sidney Whidden of No. 46 Irving street, Winchester, Massachusetts, his agent, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to the subscriber.

JAMES HINDS, Adm.
River John, Pictou County.
N. S., November 6th, 1903.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed executrix of the will of George W. Pierce, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ANNIE H. TUCKER, Executrix.
241 Elm St., Somerville, Mass.
November 7, 1903.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed executrix of the will of Salem T. Brigham late of Woburn in the County of Middlesed, testate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ANN MARIA BRIGHAM, Executrix.
No. 6 Court Street, Woburn.
Woburn, Nov. 5, 1903.

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Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

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Are signs of coming cold. Steam or Hot Water Heat will guard us from it. They do their work with cleanliness, economy and efficiency.

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AUCTIONEER.

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Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

Rufus' Farewell Hop...

By RUBY DOUGLAS

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Rufus, or, to give him his title coupled with the name bestowed upon him by his sponsors in baptism, Cadet Lieutenant James Woodward Sims, U. S. N., was in love.

That it was an attack of cadet love his classmates emphatically denied. At Annapolis the accepted proverb is "cadet love is akin to calf love," and they could not detect symptoms of the latter malady in Rufus.

The fact that he was in love was evinced when Reardon, his roommate, came suddenly upon the young man in a reverie of which the inside boards of his locker door seemed to be the object.

Reardon coughed and otherwise made his presence known. If Rufus had been caught in the act of scaling the wall he could not have exhibited a more guilty expression. For the first time in their acquaintance Reardon saw the big lieutenant blush like a schoolgirl. His color rivaled the auburn of his hair, from which he derived his sobriquet.

A photograph of a girl hung on the inner side of the locker door. The usual array of athletes, family portraits or footlight favorites was absent. This picture alone adorned the space.

Reardon looked at the picture for a minute. "Studying girlology, Rufus?" he asked to break the awkward silence.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" Rufus' embarrassment was evident.

"It needs study, old man. A fellow must study it carefully, and even then he often 'flunks' when the test comes."

"This species needs it," admitted Rufus, looking up at the face in the photograph.

"Yes," said Reardon in a slightly interrogative tone. He did not want to seem curious.

"She—it's Bess, you know—writes me that she will be unable to come to the farewell hop. She has a previous engagement, she says."

"Perhaps she has," Reardon suggested by way of consolation, although the idea seemed ludicrous to him. A previous engagement when the Annapolis farewell hop was in question!

"Well, but she couldn't, man—that is, we have talked of it the whole year—and when I was at home on the last leave we—well, Reardon, we sort of fixed things up, you know," confessed Rufus, the deep red dodging through his skin again. "And she said she would be down for the hop and to our graduation. I suppose it's her woman's prerogative to change her mind, but"— Rufus hesitated.

"I understand, old man. It's a bit rough on a fellow. She may explain later." Reardon felt awkward in the role of sympathizer. It was such a foreign element in his relation with Rufus.

"There's one little thread of possibility in some nonsense which has passed between us that might explain matters to me; but, oh, it is such an absurd, such an utterly impossible, reason, that I would not suggest it to her."

Rufus was silent. Should he put into words the foolish little matter which had been weighing upon his mind? Reardon looked at him expectantly.

"You know, Reardon, how we fellows always joke and laugh about the necessity of naval officers marrying money. You realize that on every occasion we give vent to the time worn declaration that we must have a girl with capital. I, like the rest of you, have done it, and—well, Bess was qualified in that direction, though it never occurred to me at the time.

"Recently her father met with reverses—not serious, you understand—but, oh, hang it, don't you see? She might have taken all that nonsense seriously," finished Rufus. He did not look up at Reardon.

And Reardon did just the wrong thing at that moment. He laughed. It all seemed so far out of the limits of possibility.

"Forgive me, Rufus," he said, putting out his hand, "but I could not help it. Cheer up. And, I say, Rufus, don't you think perhaps overstudy has affected your head?" he said, significantly indicating his head.

Rufus smiled in spite of himself and grasped his roommate's hand.

"Perhaps," he said, closing the locker door and taking up his cap. "Going to Mrs. Butler's?"

The latter question was quite unnecessary, for Mrs. Butler was the wife of Lieutenant Commander Butler of the Naval academy, and her teas were generally considered the last torments of the first class man, not that they were unpleasant, but they were a duty, a part of their education for the life of a naval officer.

Personally Rufus considered them less of a duty than a pleasure, for he had spent several pleasant hours with the gracious hostess.

As they pulled the old fashioned knocker of the house in Blake row Rufus pulled himself together as if to cast all sentimental thoughts from his mind. If Bess had a "previous engagement" she might keep it.

"Mr. Sims, how do you do? And Mr. Reardon?" said Mrs. Butler from behind the tea table. "Perhaps I was just looking for you."

"We will give ourselves the benefit of the doubt, eh, Rufus?" Reardon said, glancing about the room. Here and there were little groups of cadets.

"Very well. Which of you is at liberty for the farewell hop?" Mrs. Butler laughed with the consciousness of having asked a preposterous question.

Both cadets caught the infectious laugh, but neither spoke for a minute—Reardon because he must say he was engaged and Rufus because he could not quite make up his mind to offer his services for the evening.

"Strange as it may seem, Mrs. Butler, I am not escorting any one and am at your service," Rufus said after a minute. "You have a guest?"

"I will have. She writes me today that she is coming. She is not aware of the fact that the hop is that night, I believe, and I was at a loss for some one to attend to her dance order. Mr. Sims, let me give you another cup of tea to thank you."

Reardon, looking on, thought he detected a twinkle in his hostess' eyes. She was unusually frivolous, he thought; but, then, it was the end of the term.

"You may only thank me by permitting me to escort you as a chaperon." Rufus was nothing if not gallant.

But when Rufus was again in his quarters he felt less pleased over the responsibility he had assumed for the evening. What an effort he would have to make to be even civil to the strange young person.

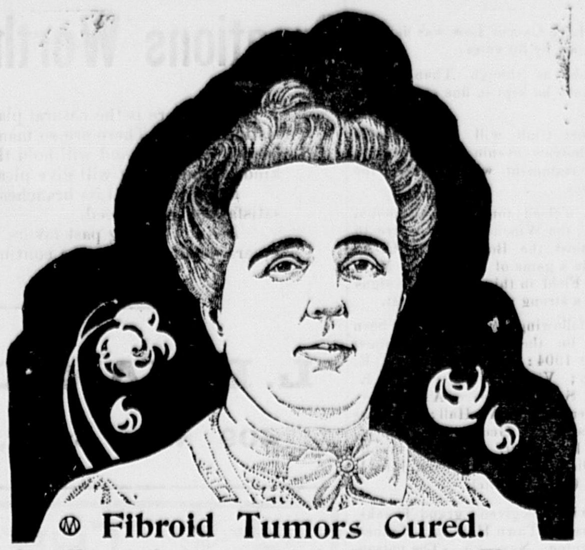
The chaperon had not yet made her appearance after the introduction. She had been summoned to the telephone or something.

Cadet Lieutenant Sims was doing unmilitary things with his arms and saying anything but the platitudes he would be expected to utter on first acquaintance with a pretty young woman.

"It's only a little joke of mine, and Mrs. Butler helped me out," Bess was saying in strangely smothered tones. "I knew what fun it would be to see you when you came here for the strange girl and found me. Yes, I'll admit it was the fact of papa's losing a little money that suggested it all. I could not resist it. You had your little joke; I had mine."

"But yours was cruel, wasn't it—just a little, dear? You"— Rufus stopped suddenly, and Bess became interested in a large painting of the lieutenant commander.

"You seem to be getting acquainted very quickly," laughed Mrs. Butler in the doorway. "But our cadets have a reputation in that direction."



Fibroid Tumors Cured.

A distressing case of Fibroid Tumor, which baffled the skill of Boston doctors. Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, Mass., in the following letter tells how she was cured, after everything else failed, by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Hayes' First Letter Appealing to Mrs. Pinkham for Help:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been under Boston doctors' treatment for a long time without any relief. They tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing-down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time.

"The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor given in your little book accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice."—(Signed) MRS. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.

Note the result of Mrs. Pinkham's advice—although she advised Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, to take her medicine—which she knew would help her—her letter contained a mass of additional instructions as to treatment, all of which helped to bring about the happy result.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Sometime ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and to-day I am a well woman.

"The use of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** entirely expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk miles now.

"**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female trouble of any kind to give it a faithful trial."—(Signed) MRS. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.

Mountains of gold could not purchase such testimony—or take the place of the health and happiness which Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought to Mrs. Hayes.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women; all ovarian troubles; tumors; inflammations; ulceration, falling and displacements of the womb; backache; irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation. Surely the volume and character of the testimonial letters we are daily printing in the newspapers can leave no room for doubt.

Mrs. Hayes at her above address will gladly answer any letters which sick women may write for fuller information about her illness. Her gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham and **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** is so genuine and heartfelt that she thinks no trouble is too great for her to take in return for her health and happiness.

Truly is it said that it is **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** that is curing so many women, and no other medicine; **don't forget this when some druggist wants to sell you something else.**

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

The Sun Makes Rooms Dusty.

There is more dust in the places illuminated by the sun's rays than in those which we call shady.

If you look along a beam of light as it streams through a window or a chink in the door, you will see innumerable dust particles dancing about in the light. You will be told by most persons that there is just as much dust in the nonilluminated parts of the room as in the more favored spaces, but you cannot see the particles because the rays do not fall directly upon them. You will think that this is eminently plausible, but it is not the case.

The sun falling upon the air creates irregular currents, and these currents stir up the dust and collect it in layers along the line of light; hence there is more dust where the sun shines than elsewhere.

A curious experience in a museum gave proof of this. It was noticed that there was always more dust on the glass cases exposed to the sunbeams than on those which were never touched by the rays of the great orb, and this led to an inquiry, with the above result.

It will generally be found that it takes longer to clean the sunny parts of a large room than it does to wipe up the dust particles from the shady nooks.

An Overworked Woman.

I stopped to get a glass of milk the other day at a New Jersey farmhouse, said the commuter, and the female head of the establishment, who had six children playing around, was inclined to repine at her hard luck in having so much work to do.

"I run this whole farm," she remarked in a tone which indicated that she was ready to resign.

"How many acres have you?" I inquired.

"A hundred and forty."

"Got any stock?"

"Ten head of cattle, two cows, six hogs and work horses for the place."

"And you run the whole business?" I asked.

"Indeed, I do; every hide and hair of it," she sighed.

"Don't you hire some help?"

"Of course, but 'tain't hired help that takes the load offen one's body." There was some philosophy in that, and I paused a minute.

"Haven't you got a husband?" I then asked sympathetically.

"Yes," she said sternly, "but, you see, I have to run him too."—New York Mail and Express.

Judges on Circuit.

It was the genius and foresight of Henry I. that saw the necessity of creating a close connection between the central king's court and the local courts up and down the land. It was Norman and wandering, going where the king went. They were Saxon and stationary; hence, to link them together, in 1124 a special deputation of judges was for the first time sent on circuit in the country, of whom it is recorded that they "hanged so many thieves as never was before, being in that little while altogether forty-four men."

This vigorous administration of justice by royal authority gained for Henry the title of "the lion of justice" and paved the way for the permanent institution in his grandson's reign. These traveling judges were called justices-in-eyre—i. e., in itinere, on journey. Their head, the justiciar, is still seen in our title, the lord chief justice.

Henry II. in 1173 fixed these circuits at six—the home, midland, eastern, western, northeastern and northern, which correspond roughly with those that still exist.—London Standard.

Got His Money's Worth.

A lady palmist was recently prosecuted, and an amusing incident was noted in connection with the case. One of the witnesses called by the police was an individual who did not appear to be overburdened with intelligence. During a smart cross examination defendant's counsel asked him:

"On first going into the room did you pay a shilling fee to the defendant?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"What did she tell you in return for the money?"

"Oh," said the witness, "she towld me lots o' things, some on 'em true, some o' 'em half true an' some on 'em lees."

"Now," continued the counsel after the laughter had died away, "this is the point I wish to get at: Was there any attempt at imposition? Did the lady impose upon you at all?"

"Oh, dear, no!" was the response. "I knowed it wor all gammon, so there couldn't be no imposition. Besides, it wor a bad shillin' as I guv her, to start wi'!"—Tit-Bits.

Careless.

"It was careless of me to say that I admired Bacon," remarked the young woman with glasses.

"Did you offend some Shakespearean student?"

"No. It was a Chicago pork packer. He frigidly remarked that he didn't care to talk shop."—Washington Star.

Baby Blubber.

"Fat babies," said the eminent scientist, "are unhealthy. You may think because a baby is fat that it is in the pink of condition, but the fat is simply so much blubber."

"My baby isn't fat," said the dejected father, "but we can't sleep at night because he has too much blubber."

"Brilliant and impulsive people," declares a lecturer on physiognomy, "have black eyes, or if they don't have them they're apt to get them if they're too impulsive."

Barnstaple Fair.

An annual fair at Barnstaple, England, has been held for hundreds of years. It was originally held in July, but the time was altered to September by a charter granted by Queen Mary. Barnstaple fair is inaugurated with a ceremony in the town hall, where a special meeting of the town council is held and spiced ale and toast (prepared in the council chamber by the beadles and mace bearers) are dispensed to all who crowd the building. Appropriate toasts are proposed and speeches made by the local member of parliament and others, after which the mayor proceeds in procession to three points of the town, at each of which is read his proclamation opening the fair and enjoining all concerned to keep the peace during its continuance. Not until this ceremony has been performed can the business and fun of the fair proceed. On the inauguration of the fair a huge stuffed white glove, adorned with flowers, is thrust on a pole from one of the upper windows of the town hall and remains in evidence during the continuance of the festival as the symbol of open handed welcome.

Went Back on His Authority.

Freeman, the historian, was naturally familiar in the spirit to readers of the Saturday Review. In the flesh Mr. Leslie Stephen's single meeting with the historian was in the nature of a collision.

"I came in contact with him only once, and at a later period. He wrote a life of Alfred for the Dictionary of National Biography under my editorship, but declined to do more because we had a difference of opinion as to whether Athelstane should be spelled with an 'A.' That was, I confess, a question to which I was culpably indifferent, but I had taken competent advice, and my system (I forget what it was) had been elsewhere sanctioned by the great historian Stubbs. Now, as Freeman was never tired of asserting the infallibility of Stubbs, I innocently thought that I might take refuge behind so eminent an authority. The result was that for once Freeman blasphemed Stubbs and refused to cooperate any longer in an unscholarlike enterprise."

The Druggist Lost In Ibsen.

Some one in Scandinavia unearthed the report of the examiners on Dr. Ibsen's papers at his examination for the degree of bachelor. It runs as follows: Norwegian, good; Latin prose, good; Latin essay, fairly good; Latin conversation, moderate; Greek, bad; arithmetic, bad; German, very good; French, good; religious knowledge, good; history and geography, good; Hebrew, good; geometry, good. General remarks: A young man not to be despised.

In spite of many "goods," however, Ibsen was plowed owing to his deficiencies in Greek and arithmetic. He aspired in those days to be a pharmaceutical chemist and, failing to satisfy the examiners, had to seek some other opening in life.

The Primitive Clock.

A naturalist, while visiting Great Sangir, one of those islands of the Indian ocean known as the Celebes or Spice islands, found a curious time recorder lodged at the house of a rajah. Two bottles were firmly lashed together and fixed in a wooden frame. A quantity of black sand ran from one bottle into the other in just half an hour, and when the upper bottle was empty the frame was reversed. Twelve short sticks, marked with notches from one to twelve, were hung upon a string. A hook was placed between the stick bearing the number of notches corresponding to the hour last struck and the one to be struck next. The sentry announced the time by striking the hours on a large gong.

Rebuked.

Hoffmann, the German physicist, arrived in Glasgow late one Saturday night and on Sunday morning went to call on Lord Kelvin.

The doorbell was answered by a woman servant, whom Hoffmann asked if Sir William was at home.

The servant answered, "Sir, he most certainly is not."

Hoffmann then asked, "Could you tell me where I could find him?"

"Sir," she answered, "you will find him at church, where you ought to be!"

Vain Man.

Mr. Hayseed—There ain't nothin' thet Si Peters loves more'n newspaper notoriety.

Mrs. Hayseed—What's he bin a-doin' now?

Mr. Hayseed—Paintin' his barn ag'in, an' there ain't no occasion fur it 'cept tew git his name in the paper.—Philadelphia Press.

Her Voice.

Alice (an amateur vocalist)—If you had my voice what would you do with it?

Jessie—I don't know, dear, but I believe I would give it a holiday till the man came round; then I would have it tuned.

A Pointed Hint.

Dissatisfied Guest—Waiter, you don't seem to know how to broil a steak at this eating house. Let me give you a pointer.

Waiter (with some alacrity)—All right, suh, only we usually calls 'em tips.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

TRADE MARK

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

LEFT MINDED PEOPLE.

The Way the Brain's Orders Are Announced and Obeyed.

Both sides of the brain are capable of performing the duties of giving commands to the limbs, but the orders only come from one side, either from the right or left, but if the side upon which the speech center lies gets injured and is rendered incapable of performing its duty then the other side takes up the work, though it requires some time before it can do so properly.

Supposing a man meets with a bad fall or accident of any kind which damages the speech center on the left, he becomes dumb for the time being. Then the right side slowly learns how to give orders, and the man gradually regains power of speech after some years, but in many cases he becomes left handed because now the orders from the brain are transmitted more rapidly to the left than to the right.

You have often experienced, I suppose, the curious feeling that you have done something or met some one at some time or other when in reality you have not done so at all.

Supposing the left side of your brain conceived the idea that you were going to tie your boot lace and that the right side was, say, a thousandth part of a second behindhand in grasping the same idea, the result, when the right side did grasp it, would be that you would imagine that you had already tied your boot lace.—Dr. Withrow in London Answers.

Dreams of Peace Allure to Death.

Dreams of peace have always allured mankind to their undoing. Human destiny has been wrought out through war. The United States is an illustration. Little of the soil which now acknowledges the sovereignty of the Union has not been subdued by arms. The first settlers slew the Indians or were themselves slain; next the Americans and English conquered the French; afterward the Americans turned on the English and, with the aid of France, ejected them. In 1812 we again fought the English to defend the national unity and subsequently took California from Mexico by the sword. To consolidate a homogeneous empire we crushed the social system of the south, and lastly we cast forth Spain. The story is written in blood, and common sense teaches us that as the past has been, so will be the future. Nature has decreed that animals shall compete for life, or, in other words, destroy or be destroyed. We can hope for no exemption from the common lot.—Brook Adams in Atlantic.

London's Whistles.

A boy was charged at a London police court the other day with blowing a whistle in such a way as to cause three policemen to come toward him. The fact that such a thing is possible suggests the questions: How do the police distinguish between a cab whistle and a police whistle? What is there to prevent any one from blowing a whistle in such a way as to call a policeman?

A representative of the Graphic who put these questions to a high official of the city police learned that in the matter of attending to whistles, as with his many other duties, the policeman uses his discretion. Any shrill whistle will attract a policeman, but such a whistle blown at night outside a restaurant or any place where people congregate and cabs are wanted would not bring a policeman to the whistler. The same whistle blown in precisely the same way in the middle of the city at midday would bring a policeman on the scene at once.—London Graphic.

Lakes of Blood.

The name Lake of Blood or its equivalent has been given to places as far apart as England and South America.

"Sanguelac"—i. e., the Lake of Blood—was the name given by the victorious Normans to the battlefield at Hastings, where the Saxons were overthrown and slain with terrible carnage.

For a similar reason Lake Trasimene has borne the name "Sanginetto" because its waters were reddened during the second Punic war by the blood of some 15,000 Romans who fell before the troops of Hannibal.

Yet another Lake of Blood, called also "Yaguar Cocha," is situated in the state of Ecuador. It is one of a series of lakes formed by the extinct craters of volcanoes on the towering heights of the Andes range of mountains.

Feared He Had Been "Done."

A messenger boy was sent by an official of one of the big banks to purchase a pamphlet. When the lad returned and handed over the little package he stood toying with his cap until the banker said:

"Well, my boy, I guess it's all right."

"Gee," said the boy, brightening up immediately, "dat's a load off my mind. When dat bookman took de half dollar an' didn't give me nothin' but dat weeny, dinky bit of readin', gee whiz, I says, he's a-doin' me up fur fair! Why, I don't pay only a nickel fur my books, an' dey're twice as big as dat one."—New York Press.

Recommendation.

"Didn't your old employers recommend you?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Their word should have been enough."

"It was. They announced me as the best man they ever turned out."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Provident Man.

Knicker—Did Suburbs leave his family well provided for?

Bocker—Yes, indeed. He had cooks engaged for two months ahead.—Harper's.

Imitate the sun and shine as often as the clouds will let you.

Discreet.

Mrs. Dove—Henry, I think you are positively cruel! Here I've tried so hard to cook you a nice dinner, and you haven't had a word to say to me about it.

Mr. Dove—Darling, I love you too much for that. If I'd said what I thought, you'd never speak to me again.—Boston Transcript.

His Boy's Vocation.

Hiram—That oldest boy of Zeke's is through school, and now Zeke is goin' to hev him learn farmin'.

David—Guess not. The boy told me he was goin' to be a druggist.

Hiram—Well, he ain't. Zeke said this mornin' he was goin' to hev him take a course in farmercy.—Kansas City Journal.

Supreme Ability.

Friend—Your new heavy villain seems adapted to the role.

Theatrical Manager—Yes. He can pronounce the word "revenge" with fourteen "r's" and look it with thirty.—Judge.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 22.

Text of the Lesson, Prov. xx, 1; xxiii, 29, 21, 29-35—Memory Verses, xxiii, 29-32—Golden Text, Prov. xx, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Inasmuch as drunkards are among those who cannot inherit the kingdom of God, we cannot be too earnest in our efforts to present the Lord Jesus Christ to them as the One who loves even them and is able and ready to save them and the only One who can do it, but we must not forget that thieves, the covetous, revilers, extortioners and all unbelievers are listed with drunkards and murderers as all on their way to the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death (I Cor. vi, 9, 10; Rev. xxi, 8), but since some such sinners have been washed, sanctified and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus (I Cor. vi, 11) others may, and it is for those who know the gospel to give it quickly and earnestly to all who have not yet received it.

As I write these notes (April 22, 1903) I have before me S. H. Hadley's invitation to attend his twenty-first anniversary at the old McAuley mission, 316 Water street, New York, in which he says: "I have proved beyond a doubt that the Lord Jesus Christ, and He alone, can by His own almighty power, without the aid of drugs or nostrums of any kind, in a moment and forever kill and cast out from the brain, the blood, the stomach and, above all else, the imagination the hell born appetite for whisky or alcohol in any shape whatsoever, and by faith in His atoning blood a soul can be kept free as a little child from its dreadful power." The devil is the great deceiver, mocker, destroyer, ever going about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour (I. Pet. v, 8), but the Lamb of God is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him (Heb. vii, 25).

Our golden text (xx, 1) and xxiii, 20, 21 are simple, clear, strong statements and words of warning which seem to need no comment. The facts are before our eyes always and everywhere, both in the daily papers and in actual life. The fools are without number who seem deliberately to choose the poverty and rags, the woe and sorrow and contention for the sake of a passing gratification of their carnal appetite. Some of the sad stories of drunkenness recorded in Scripture are to be found in Gen. ix, 20-25; I Sam. xxv, 36, 38; II Sam. xi, 13; I Kings xvi, 8-10, proving that every man at his best estate is altogether vanity (Ps. xxxix, 5), which doubtless means apart from the grace of God. See also Isa. v, 11, 12, 22; Hab. ii, 15, concerning the woes of the drunkard.

The only remedy and deliverance is to be found in Him who for our sakes became a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief, was made sin for us and bore our sins in His own body on the cross, took our place under wrath that we might take His place in glory. His love is better than wine (S. of Sol. i, 2, 4), and when we have known and believed the love that He hath to us He takes up His abode in us, and all is well (I John iv, 16). Then instead of beholding vanity, whether in the form of strange women or in any other form, we behold Him and, beholding the glory of the Lord, are changed into His image, from glory to glory, by the spirit of the Lord (II Cor. iii, 18). So desperately wicked is the heart of man by nature that it refuses to receive correction, but gives itself up to its own way regardless of the fact that there is always but a step between us and death and heedless of the warning "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Jer. xvii, 9; v, 3; Isa. lvi, 12; I Sam. xx, 3; Prov. xxix, 1).

But there is an end, an "at the last" when "he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption" as truly as "he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting" (Gal. vi, 8). How foolish indeed are those who refuse to consider the inevitable realities of the future and give themselves up to a present, transient enjoyment, like Esau, who for a mess of pottage despised his birthright, or like those who say, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die!" (Heb. xii, 16, 17; I Cor. xv, 32.) They are worse than foolish; they are blinded by the god of this world, or it may be that, having refused the truth, they are given over to believe a lie (II Cor. iv, 4; II Thess. ii, 10-12).

There may come a time when Prov. i, 24-31, shall be the experience of many, when because they would not listen to God they shall call, but He will not answer, and finally they shall have to hear Him say, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels!" (Matt. xxv, 41.) The God in whose hand our breath is and whose are all our ways (Dan. v, 23) is very gracious. He is slow to anger and not willing that any should perish (II Pet. iii, 9), and inasmuch as life in these mortal bodies is so uncertain, how blinded the sinner must be to continue in sin when God is beseeching him to receive freely the redemption provided in Christ Jesus! (Isa. i, 18; Rom. iii, 24.) The heart is the great center from which good or evil proceeds (Matt. xv, 19); hence to live out verses 17 and 19 of our lesson chapter we must first obey verse 26. Although Ezek. xxxvi, 26, 27, has a reference to Israel and a future fulfillment at their restoration, we may apply much of it to ourselves, and where there is the new heart, the peace of God ruling, the spirit of God controlling, all will be well and God glorified when Christ takes possession.

A Hard Problem.

A certain debating society is discussing the question as to which is the angrier—the husband who goes home and finds that the dinner is not ready or the wife who has dinner ready and whose husband does not come home. It is believed that the debate will end in a draw.

Provoking.

"Yes, dear, he caught me in his arms"—

"How shocking!"

—"and was just going to kiss me"—

"How awfully horrid!"

—"when ma came in the room."

"Oh, how provoking!"

A Little Glutton.

Papa—Tommy, you mustn't eat so much. Everybody will be calling you a little "glutton." Do you know what that is?

Tommy—I suppose it's a big glutton's little boy.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Some people are slow, but sure, but it's different with clocks.—Philadelphia Record.

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SOCIETY IN IRELAND.

A Person Is Judged There Entirely Upon His Merits.

An English scribe gives a delightful picture of Irish society, in which, she says, there are "no millionaires and no nouveaux riches." Titles there are in plenty, but position counts for nothing unless the persons in question are "good sorts" in themselves. Whereas in England one is tolerated principally for one's wealth, in Scotland for one's birth, in Ireland it would appear one is judged entirely on one's merits.

"The average Irish household differs from the English in being less stiff, more amusing and more hospitable. Possibly the wall paper may be a trifle moldy from damp and the stair carpets not altogether innocent of holes, while your bedroom jug and basin may not match, but these are counterbalanced by priceless old prints, superb bits of old silver and all 'the fun of the fair.' It is more amusing to pay a round of country visits in Ireland than in England. There is no ceremony, but of hearty, sincere welcome there is no end. There is no anxiety about an Irish party amalgamating, for guests are all drawn into the family circle, whereas an English party does not thaw out until the visit is nearly over and often only shows signs of exhilaration when the hour of departure arrives. It is a mistake," concludes the critic, "for the Saxon to start plans for the improving of Ireland. The Irish standard of morality puts English society to the blush."

Mere Money Getting.

Money getting is no new passion. From the beginning nineteen-twentieths of our American population have had no other mastering purpose than to make money. They have been breadwinners, fortune getters, by the lines of least resistance, without dreams of success in the professions or in the arts or in patriotic politics.

But there have also been up to recent years a remnant, a select few, a company of enlightened and gifted people, who have put ideals ahead of money getting.

There was Agassiz, who refused to lecture at $500 a night because he was too busy to make money. Charles Sumner declined to lecture at any price because, he said, as senator all his time belonged to Massachusetts. Spurgeon refused to come to America to deliver fifty lectures at $1,000 a night, saying he could do better; he could stay in London and try to save fifty souls. Emerson steadfastly declined to increase his income beyond $1,200 because he wanted his time to think.—Everybody's Magazine.

Where They Were Appreciated.

The government has with great liberality distributed public documents from Washington to the remotest parts of the country. In his book on "The Overland Stage to California" Mr. Franklin Root tells how the overloaded mails were sometimes relieved.

Before the daily mail went into operation and when a stage went to Salt Lake City only once a week some of the boys on the line used to despise a coach almost wholly loaded up with public documents, but such mail matter came quite handy at times.

Occasionally the drivers, as they themselves said, would get stalled going through a bad slough in rough weather and would be unable to move. In that case they were obliged to take out sack after sack of the "pub. docs.," open the bags and pile the massive books from the government printing office into the slough and by building a solid foundation with them were enabled to pull the coach out of the mire.

The Old Jewish Wedding Ring.

The old time Jewish wedding ring was quite a ponderous affair of filigree gold, enameled in colors. A dome or temple in miniature, which rose from the middle of the hoop, was a favorite device. Sometimes the hoop was about three-quarters of an inch wide and had raised edges.

One ring of this kind is described by an authority as having five elevations on the upper part, the center a hexagonal tower, with penthouse roof sloping down to the hoop, the gables and sides pierced with fourteen holes, or windows, and the roof scored to imitate tiles. On either side of this was a smaller tower without windows. No other ring could find room on a woman's finger besides this.

A New Breed.

"I think he's the most intelligent hunting dog in this country," said the owner of the animal, proudly exhibiting him to his friend.

"When he makes a 'point,' he turns his head and looks at me a moment and asks as plainly as if he spoke it, 'Shall I go ahead and flush that bird?'"

"I see," said the friend. "He's an interrogation pointer."

Unfortunate in His Eulogist.

The orator of the corner store was giving forth his views of a popular congressman whose death had been chronicled in the evening paper.

"I tell you," he said, looking gloomily away from his audience into the depths of the stove, "he's going to be a loss to his country, to his friends, to all that have known him or known of him. He has died, as he has lived, unanimously regretted."

Business Cards.

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A Poet's Pastime.

It was not only as a boy that Wordsworth

Shod with steel, hissed along the polished ice.

He was a skater of skill in his manhood. "A girt skater; noan better in these parts," was the testimony of a Dales man, quoted by Canon Rawnsley in his "Lake Country Sketches."

On one occasion the poet went by himself to figure a bit upon the White Moss tarn, and a man sent a boy to sweep the snow from the ice for him. When the boy returned from his labor, the man asked:

"Well, did Mr. Wudsworth gie ye owt?"

"Nay," rejoined the boy, with a grin of content from ear to ear. "I seed him tummle tho'."

But the lad, who had thought the tumble a fair equivalent for a tip, had been much impressed by the quiet way in which Wordsworth had borne his fall. His skate had caught in a stone when he was in full swing, and he came down with a crash.

"He didn't swear nor say nowt," said the boy, "but he just sot up an' said, 'Eh, boy, that was a bad fall, wasn't it?'"

An Impudent Indorsement.

During one of his busy reception hours, when President Lincoln was talking first to one, then to another, of the many who filled the room in the White House, a gentleman asked if any news had been received from John Morgan, whose Confederate cavalry were raiding Kentucky and Ohio.

"We'll catch John some of these days," replied Lincoln. "I admire him, for he is a bold operator. He always goes after the mail trains in order to get information from Washington. On his last raid he opened some mail bags and took possession of the official correspondence.

"One letter was from the war department to a lieutenant in Grant's army. It contained a captain's commission for him. Right under the signature of A. Lincoln the audacious Morgan wrote, 'Approved, John Morgan,' and sent the commission on its way. So there is one officer in our army whose commission bears my signature with the approval of that daredevil rebel raider."

Lordly Disraeli.

Disraeli once told a lady that two possessions which were indispensable to other people he had always done without. "I made," she said, "every kind of conjecture, but without success, and on my asking him to enlighten me he solemnly answered that they were a watch and an umbrella. 'But how do you manage,' I asked, 'if there happens to be no clock in the room and you want to know the time?' 'I ring for a servant,' was the magniloquent reply. 'Well,' I continued, 'and what about the umbrella? What do you do, for instance, if you are in the park and are caught in a sudden shower?' 'I take refuge,' he replied with a smile of excessive gallantry, 'under the umbrella of the first pretty woman I meet.'"

Where He Was Going.

"There was a Scot," said an Englishman, "who owned a fine orchard surrounded by a hedge. One day as he entered this orchard he saw a neighbor of his creeping on hands and knees through the hedge so as to steal some fruit.

"'Sawney, hoot, hoot, mon!' exclaimed the Scot reproachfully, 'whaur are ye gangin'?'

"The discreet Sawney answered:

"'Bock agen.'"

Jim Lane's Advice to Recruits.

During the civil war a lot of young fellows at Oskaloosa wanted to enlist in the cavalry. Jim Lane told them they would make a mistake if they joined a "hoss" regiment. "I tell you, boys," he said, "it will cost you a hoss apiece to join the cavalry. As infantrymen you will be ordered to Missouri, and you can ride one horse and lead another when you come back."—Atchison Globe.

Big words are the tombs in which we bury our ideas.—Fowler.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27. 1903. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 52.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.58, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.56, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.25, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

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Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until [illegible] p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 . p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

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Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 8.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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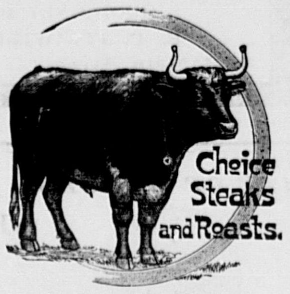

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour to 12.07; then 12 30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

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14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Cainan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
712	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.
One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,
From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR
Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.
House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.
6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—
Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

IN THE CAUSE OF REFORM

By CYRUS DERICKSON

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When Captain Trent was transferred from the Seventh to the Twelfth regiment and took up his quarters at Fort Conger he found that his reputation had preceded him. He was known to the rank and file as a hard man. The captain of a company is well liked or totally disliked. Captain Trent was proud of the fact that he was not only totally disliked, but positively hated, by the men he had power over. It was his nature to bulldoze and bullyrag and tyrannize.

At the first roll call of Company B he had a few words to say to his new command, and from that time on the men knew what to expect. The old captain had kept them fairly up to discipline, and the commander of the post had not let things go at sixes and sevens, but Captain Trent referred to his company as a set of loafers and slouches who didn't know enough to wear their uniforms properly. They were a humpbacked and lop shouldered lot; they were lazy and shiftless; they needed a strong hand to freshen them up. He had the hand. He would teach them what discipline was and what soldiering meant, and any sullenness or hanging back would be promptly punished.

Then began something akin to a reign of terror for the seventy men of Company B. Although nearly all were veterans, they drilled from morning till night. Certain privileges enjoyed when stationed at posts in time of peace were abolished. New rules were made and enforced regarding this and that, and in a fortnight the men felt like a lot of convicts. Cursing was a part of the new regime. Captain Trent was down under the heading of "Officer and Gentleman," and yet he was shockingly profane and shamefully abusive. More punishment was inflicted in a month than for two years before; more desertions took place within three months than had been recorded for three years. It was generally understood that the "old man"—meaning the commander of the post—didn't appreciate Captain Trent's zeal and that he was not supported by his fellow officers in his bullyragging, but he went ahead on his own lines just the same.

There was enough to make the men sullen and vengeful, and the captain kept adding to it. He "broke" two sergeants and three corporals and at length, as a sort of climax, preferred charges against his orderly sergeant and had him suspended from duty while awaiting court martial. The state of affairs in Company B was simply lamentable when Miss Blanche Taylor and her mother arrived at a nearby ranch owned by a son and brother. If Miss Blanche was not positively engaged to Captain Trent they had known each other for two years, and there had been correspondence of a very friendly nature. The arrival benefited Company B in a way—that is, it took the captain away from the post much of his time and turned his thoughts into other channels. His lieutenants were neither martinets nor bulldozers.

It became the captain's custom after a few days to ride over to the ranch every morning to take a long gallop with Miss Blanche. On such occasions he was attended by a private soldier acting as orderly. It had been Private O'Rourke up to a certain Tuesday morning. Then Private Higgins humbly followed at the regulation distance without the change being noticed. Private Higgins had been Sergeant Higgins for two years before the coming of Captain Trent. Then cause had been found for reducing him to the ranks. On this morning the girl was ready and waiting, and she and the captain rode straight away and did not draw rein until reaching the boiling spring among the hills. Then they dismounted for a rest, and Higgins came forward to take care of their horses. Even then the captain did not remark the change. It was fifteen minutes later, as he sat with his back to a rock and smoking a cigar, that Private Higgins suddenly appeared before him with leveled revolver and quietly said:

"Captain Trent, I have a bit of business with you, and if you raise any row about it I'll shoot you through the head."

"Is it you, Higgins?" asked the officer as he turned.

"It's me, sir, one of the men you broke. I acted as orderly today that I might kill you. Give me the slightest excuse and I'll do it. You have your revolver, but it is not loaded. I tampered a bit with your man last night. Now put your hands behind you or this little lady, who is keeping so quiet, will see a case of killing."

Captain Trent was no coward, but he knew when he was beaten. When his arms were thrust behind him they were made fast with buckskin thongs brought for the purpose. Then his ankles were bound, and Private Higgins lighted a cigar and sat down and said to the girl, who had been so surprised and frightened that she had not said a word:

"I beg your pardon, miss, but there is naught for you to fear. You see, Captain Trent and I are both military reformists, only we go about it in a different way."

"But you don't mean to kill him!" exclaimed the girl as she clasped her hands.

"I hope I shan't have to, miss, being I've got him fast bound. I think it will be sufficient if I tell you what sort of a man he is and he does the listening. Just hear me, miss."

"Higgins, I'll have you shot for this!" threatened the captain as he began to realize the position he was placed in.

"You never will, captain," quietly replied the man. "In the first place, I may think best to shoot you before I go, and in the next I'm going to desert and bid you find me if you can. Keep a quiet tongue and don't provoke me. I've felt like murdering you for the last two months. Now for my story, miss."

The girl listened. She knew nothing of military matters. She had never heard of bulldozing and bullyragging and official spite. Private Higgins took up case after case and related incident after incident. Not understanding the nature of things, his relation would not have made such an impression upon the girl but for the captain's attitude before her. He quite lost his temper and became profane, abusive and coarse to a degree. He showed a side of his nature that she had never suspected and that shocked and astonished her. Private Higgins stated his case from beginning to end, and he stated it fairly and wound up by saying:

"You see, miss, that it is a case of military reform. Captain Trent felt called upon to reform Company B, and I felt called upon to reform him. I've got to desert and become an outlaw to do it, and I'm thinking I might as well go the whole way and leave him dead behind me."

"But you won't do that," she pleaded. "You may have been wronged, but you won't do murder?"

"Then it's owing to your own sweet self, young lady, but God help you if you ever become the wife of such a man. I'll go without harming him, and I'll say goodby and heaven bless you."

He rode away without a look back, and when the echo of his horse's footsteps had died away the captain said:

"Blanche, the man is a scoundrel and a liar. He told you nothing but lies. You surely can't believe him."

She rose up and passed behind him and untied the knots at his wrists. With his freed hands he loosened those at his ankles and rose up and said:

"Blanche, tell me that you don't believe what he said. Tell me"—

"Go and resign!" she interrupted him as she turned away to mount her horse and ride back to the ranch alone.

Back Stairs Science.

In the household of the late Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, regius professor of medicine at Oxford, there was so much talk of natural science, particularly at table, that even the servants theorized about it more or less profoundly.

In one instance the butler gave notice that either he or the page boy must leave.

"What is the trouble?" asked the master. "Aren't you well treated?"

"Yes, sir. I've nothing to complain of in that way," replied the butler, "but no one can tell, sir, how trying it is to work all day in the pantry with a boy who believes the world was created in periods when I know it was created in days."

A maid who had lived in the household many years did not vapor about the subject of general interest or try to discuss it in a partisan spirit. She was asked one day if she understood what the professor had been telling them.

"Oh, I never thought of doing that!"

She was questioned further, and it came out that her appreciation of the table talk was impersonal.

"I look across at the dear doctor," she said, "and I think to myself, 'You poor dear gentleman, how you are enjoying yourself!'"

Argyll and Longfellow.

The great Duke of Argyll was visiting his son, then governor general of Canada, and met Longfellow in the American poet's ancient colonial mansion at Cambridge, Mass. As they sat together on the veranda the duke persistently asked the names of the various birds he saw and heard singing in the poet's trees as well as of the flowers and bushes growing in his extensive and beautiful garden. Longfellow was neither botanist nor ornithologist and did not know.

"I was surprised to find your Longfellow such an ignorant person," said the duke subsequently to an American acquaintance.

"Indeed! Pray, on what subject?"

"Why, he could not tell me the names of the birds and flowers to be heard and seen in his own garden."

"May I ask how many languages you speak?" the American asked.

"Certainly, but one."

"Mr. Longfellow," was the answer, "speaks six and translates freely from almost all the languages of Europe."—Criterion.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Why She Was "Thankful."

A camp meeting was in progress in the wire grass region of Georgia. The afternoon service was conducted by Uncle Mose Bradford, an exhorter of deep piety, but entirely innocent of book learning. He took for his text on this occasion the words of St. Paul, "For I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

After talking about fifteen minutes on the beauty of contentment from a Christian's point of view he suddenly announced that he was going to "throw the meeting open." His invitation was, "If you've got anything to be thankful for git up and say so."

One after another rose and spoke of peace and contentment under circumstances that seemed impossible, judged from a worldly standpoint. Some said they were thankful for things they had missed, and at last an old lady arose, pushed back her sunbonnet and with a beaming countenance triumphantly exclaimed, "Well, Brother Mose, I hain't got but two teeth; but, thank God, they hit!"—Lippincott's.

His Hobnailed Shoes.

A globe trotter whose shoe soles are always heavily studded with copper brads was asked why he wore them. He replied:

"To those simple brads alone I attribute my present good health. For years I was an invalid, subject to neuralgia, dyspepsia and headache. In traveling among the western Indians I finally concluded that their splendid good health was due to their going barefoot. And now I attain the same result and wear shoes. I believe the aches and pains civilization is heir to are due to the insulation of our bodies from mother earth. Electricity is the vitalizing constituent of our bodies. The globe is a mighty battery, continually generating and discharging electricity. I restored the broken connection with the battery with these brads, and the result was astonishing improvement in health."

He Ate His Own Words.

Not long ago the punishment for libel in Russia was the requirement that the libeler literally eat his own words. A man who published a small volume reflecting on the unlimited power of the sovereign was seized, tried in a summary way and condemned to consume the objectionable words. In one of the public streets the book was severed from its binding, the margins cut off, the leaves rolled up one by one and fed to the unfortunate author. A surgeon was in attendance to pronounce upon the number possible to give without endangering his life, but he is reported to have set the limit at something like 200.

Carried a Live Shark Ashore.

Jonathan Fowler, a Massachusetts fisherman, once walked out knee deep through the mud and filth of a seashore at low tide to a shark left by the retiring waters, shouldered it and brought it alive on his back to the shore. The shark weighed 500 pounds, quite a load, considering that it was not the most portable of articles and that the man had to wade through mud.

The Absent Jack.

The wife of a Washington street merchant is very fond of roses, especially of the brilliant varieties. By way of reminder she said to the husband the other morning before he started for business:

"I see, my dear, that Jacks are becoming cheaper."

"That may be true," said the husband absently, "but I have known men who would have been willing to pay $100 for one to put with the two already in their hand."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Dictionary.

"Neither is a dictionary a bad book to read," says Emerson in his essay on books. "There is no cant in it, no excess of explanation, and it is full of suggestion, the raw material of possible poems and histories. Nothing is wanting but a little shuffling, sorting, ligature and cartilage."

Bound to Be Ladylike.

Ethel—What did you do when Gus proposed to you?

Mabel—I was so surprised I puckered up my mouth to whistle, but then I remembered that would be unladylike, so I hurried and pressed my lips against his to keep myself from whistling.

A shell from a 12 inch gun makes its flight of nine miles in forty-two seconds.

Cupid Anno Domini

By RICHARD BARKER SHELTON

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Clifford Worthington Todd was lonesome. Indeed as he sat disconsolately on the veranda rail swinging his short legs he could not remember a time in the whole course of his eleven years' experience in this vale of tears when he had been so utterly alone.

Three days before his father and mother had started for Ohio to attend the wedding of Dr. Todd's favorite niece, and Clifford Worthington, given his own choice of accompanying them or remaining at home with Aunt Elinor, had chosen the latter course.

As a general thing, to stay at home with Aunt Elinor in charge of the household was about as near paradise as one could hope to get. Aunt Elinor was young and pretty and full of fun and, moreover, understood you. She wasn't forever saying, "Clifford, it is time for your nap," or "Clifford, what a dirty little boy! Go and cleanse yourself at once." She would go to walk with you in the pine woods, and she didn't mind how many pine needles you threw over her. She would go out in the bay with you in the naphtha launch, and she could run the engine as well as Tarpey. She would read most delightful stories to you from a book with red and gold binding, and she knew just when you were hungry and smuggled you a plate of tarts from the cook. In Clifford Worthington Todd's eleven-year-old mind Aunt Elinor held first place, yet as he sat on the veranda rail he gave utterance to his most lurid oath, a prolonged and doleful "Oh, gee!"

Yesterday afternoon a schooner yacht with glistening black hull and trim white sails had come into the bay and dropped anchor opposite the Todd cottage. A gig had put out from her, and a tall gentleman had disembarked at the little pier which ran out from the Todds' back lawn. This gentleman had seemed to know Aunt Elinor very well. She had introduced him to Clifford Worthington as Mr. Caverly.

The three had sat on the veranda, and Mr. Caverly had taken great interest in Clifford Worthington's conversation. When Mr. Caverly discovered that Clifford Worthington was possessed of some guinea pigs and that the said pigs were roaming about somewhere, perhaps even as far away as the woods at the end of the road, Mr. Caverly evinced a sudden interest in guinea pigs. He gave him 50 cents to catch them and bring them to the veranda for inspection.

Clifford had had a wild chase after them, but finally, after he had brought them back, struggling and squealing and himself perspiring, he had bumped into Mr. Caverly, who was making across the back lawn to the pier. At the corner of the house stood Aunt Elinor, her face white and what looked like tears in her eyes.

As Clifford Worthington reached her he heard her call: "Tom! Oh, Tom!" But Mr. Caverly strode straight to the pier and was rowed to the yacht. Aunt Elinor had gone upstairs, and Clifford Worthington had spent a stupid afternoon with the Seymour boys, which ended in a fight.

This morning had been no better. Breakfast was a sorry affair, with Aunt Elinor sitting opposite, choking with every mouthful of toast and dabbling her eyes with her handkerchief. After breakfast she had said:

"I think you'll have to do without me this morning, old chap."

Her tone had a forced cheerfulness about it more doleful than groans. Still dabbling her eyes, she went upstairs, and Clifford heard her lock the door of her room. It was all very disheartening.

For a time he sat on the veranda. Then he decided to seek Tarpey. Tarpey was an eighteen-year-old mulatto, gardener, man of all work and engineer of the launch. Clifford found him propped up in the shade of the boat house reading some paper covered literature. Tarpey rose as he saw Clifford, made some remark about fixing the pansy bed and strode leisurely away, leaving the book behind. Clifford picked it up and began to read. It was filled with the adventures of Blackbeard, the pirate, and his trusty lieutenant, Yardarm Bill. It was bully reading, and by lunch time Clifford had read the book nearly through and was burning for adventure.

Aunt Elinor came down to lunch with very red eyes. She said they'd spend the afternoon in the woods, but Clifford said he had rather finish something he was doing. Aunt Elinor looked relieved.

After lunch he sought out Tarpey and divulged his scheme. Tarpey laughed and scouted it. Then Clifford showed him the half dollar Mr. Caverly had donated for the chase of the guinea pigs, and Tarpey succumbed.

At 5 o'clock the launch put out from the pier and headed for the yacht. At the bow of the launch streamed a black flag with an attempt at skull and crossbones on it. Two fantastic figures made the crew. In the bow was Blackbeard, terrible in peaked paper cap and a formidable array of wooden swords, while Tarpey, alias Yardarm Bill, sat by the engine, a red sash about his waist. Tucked into it was an ancient pistol, a family heirloom, which Clifford Worthington had borrowed surreptitiously from the library.

The yacht had lain becalmed all day, and Tom Caverly had paced her deck praying for a hurricane to put to sea in. The launch came alongside the yacht, and the two pirates scrambled aboard. Mr. Caverly met them gravely.

"Sur-render!" shouted Blackbeard.

"Certainly—certainly," said Caverly, with well simulated terror. "Who are you?"

"I am Blackbeard," said Clifford, "and this," waving to Tarpey, "is my trusty lieutenant, Yardarm Bill."

"Charmed, I'm sure. Won't you come aft and discuss the terms of surrender, Mr. Blackbeard?" said Caverly suavely. "Steward, some cake and tarts and a pitcher of milk."

"Now, what are you going to do with me?" said Caverly when the steward had brought the tray.

"Pay tribute and leave these waters at once," said Blackbeard. "Yesterday you came to our—our—er—lair and gave pain to the heart of a woman."

"I?" said Caverly, amazed. "How?"

"It's Aunt Elinor," said Clifford. "She's been—been—bawling like time ever since you left."

Caverly sprang to his feet.

"See here," he said, "I'll go back with you as hostage."

"Yardarm Bill," said Blackbeard, "conduct yon craven captain to our craft. I'm much obliged for the tarts," he added, his mouth full of the last one.

They found Aunt Elinor in the library. She rose as they came in.

"Tom," she said angrily, "how dared you"—

"I have it on the authority of the eminent Blackbeard," he said gravely, "that you've been—er—what was it?—'bawling' ever since I left. Elinor, dear, it was all my fault"—

"Tom," she said brokenly, "I called to you when you left—and—and"—

"Oh, Lord, to think I didn't hear you. Here," turning to the amazed Clifford Worthington and thrusting another half dollar into his hand, "I want Aunt Elinor to see Yardarm Bill. Won't you see if you can find him?"

Later they sat on the veranda in the moonlight, Clifford Worthington, in his brave array of peaked cap and wooden swords, fast asleep in the hammock.

"Looks like a belligerent young Mars, doesn't he?" laughed Caverly.

"Dear little Cupid Anno Domini!" said Aunt Elinor, stooping to kiss the sleeping god.

Chickens and Morality.

"Er—h'm—Mister Speaker," began the moss grown member from Shellback county, rising in his place in the legislature, "I ask for the passage of this yere hen hawk bill of mine in the interests of religion, good morals and civilization.

"If we don't have a law payin' a bounty for killin' 'em nobody will kill hen hawks. If nobody kills the hawks the fetch taked hawks will kill the chickens. If we don't have no chickens we won't have no preachers after a little while, and whur there ain't no preachers there ain't no religion, and whur there ain't no religion there ain't no morals. Without good morals there ain't no happy homes, and happy homes is the bullyworks of the state. Without 'em, Mister Speaker, our boasted civilization becomes a howlin' wilderness. For the preservation of civilization we've got to have happy homes in our midst, and in order to have 'em we've got to have good morals. Good morals depend upon religion, and to have religion we must have preachers, and it 'pears like preachers have just naturally got to have chickens. If we want 'em to have chickens we must slay off the hawks, and in order to git the hawks slew we are fo'ced to make it to the interest of somebody to kill 'em. No bounty, no chickens; no chickens, no preachers; no preachers, no religion; no religion, no morals; no morals, no homes. Therefore I ag'in ask that this yere bill of mine be passed."—Puck.

Scotch-Irish Blood.

Until recent years it has been the misfortune of the Scotch-Irish to have escaped historical investigation, for American history has been written chiefly in New England, whose colonial Puritans forbade them in their midst. In fact, from the earliest settlement the Scotch-Irish have been pioneers and men of action. They have contributed to America few writers and artists, but many generals, politicians and captains of industry. In literature they claim two eminent names, Irving and Poe, but in the army, navy, politics and business they claim John Paul Jones, Perry, Andrew Jackson, Winfield Scott, Zachary Taylor, Ulysses S. Grant, Stonewall Jackson, George B. McClellan, Alexander Hamilton, John C. Calhoun, James G. Blaine, Jefferson Davis, Thomas Benton, Hendricks, John G. Carlisle, Mark Hanna, William McKinley, Matthew S. Quay, Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, Horace Greeley, Henry Watterson and hundreds alike famous in the more strenuous movements of American life.—J. R. Commons in Chautauquan.

A Contrast.

A light supper, a good night's sleep and a fine morning have often made a hero of the same man who by indigestion, a restless night and a rainy morning would have proved a coward.—Chesterfield.

True Love.

Milly—I'm writing to Dolly. Have you any message for her?

Tilly—What! Writing to that horrid creature? Well, give her my love.

Some persons do first, think afterward and repent forever.—Secker.

Ayer's
We know what all good doctors think of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your own doctor and find out. He will tell
Cherry Pectoral
you how it quiets the tickling throat, heals the inflamed lungs, and controls the hardest of coughs.
"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is well known in our family. We think it is the best medicine in the world for coughs and colds."
KATIE PETERSON, Petaluma, Cal.
25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Hard Coughs
One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will hasten recovery. Gently laxative.

When you stop to think that home-made tea biscuit cost but five cents a dozen, is there any reason for buying at the baker's?
Made with Cleveland's Baking Powder they will taste better and will be more wholesome and appetizing than any you can buy.

VIRGINIA COURTESY.

By Its Operation Mr. Culpepper Came Into His Own.

It is the story of a polite and polished Virginia gentleman and his landlady, also polite, polished and a Virginian. It rained on a day not long ago, and when Mr. Culpepper looked for his umbrella in the terra cotta tile in the hall it was not there. Mr. Culpepper was far too courteous to say that somebody had taken it. He didn't even say it was gone. He merely looked at the terra cotta tile and cherished regrets. It was raining, and he had no umbrella. The courteous landlady came upon him and divined his trouble.

"Haven't you any umbrella?" she asked. "Oh, that's too bad! You mustn't think of going out without one. Just wait a moment till I get you mine."

Mr. Culpepper protested, but when Virginian meets Virginian courtesy is bound to prevail in the end. The landlady went upstairs and presently returned with an umbrella.

"There," said she. "Take it. I shan't need it today, and you are perfectly welcome to it, perfectly welcome."

And the grateful Mr. Culpepper stepped out and unrolled an umbrella which was the very one he had lost. Courteous Virginia gentleman, courteous Virginia landlady, and you needn't ask me how the umbrella came to change owners, for I don't know. Neither does Mr. Culpepper.—Washington Post.

Diagnosing Under Difficulties.

Dr. Sundberg, former consul to Bagdad, related with much gusto an adventure that befell him in a Mohammedan harem in Bagdad. One of the wives of a rich merchant fell sick, and Dr. Sundberg was called in to prescribe for her. With a pardonable scientific interest the western physician waited. Enter a black gunnysack. It is the patient. The doctor would like to feel her pulse. A white hand is slipped through an opening. Good. And her tongue—impossible! No man save her husband may see the face of a woman and live or, more accurately, no woman may unveil her face to any man save her husband and live. His professional interest aforesaid deeply aroused, the diplomatic doctor insists. The difficulty is at length solved by the eunuch in chief. Though the woman may not lawfully unveil herself, the doctor under the circumstances might perhaps be allowed to crawl in under the gunnysack and so examine the telltale tongue. "Delighted, I'm sure," says the doctor, and does so. Then after the most thorough diagnosis imaginable he prescribes, as did Abernethy before him, "A little sun and air!"

The Origin of Starching.

The course of history carries us back no further than the year 1564 for the origin of starching in London. It was in that year that Mistress Van der Plasse came with her husband from Flanders to the English metropolis "for their greater safety" and there professed herself a starcher. The best housewives of the time were not long in discovering the excellent whiteness of the "Dutch linen," as it was called, and Mistress Plasse soon had plenty of good paying clients. Some of these began to send her ruffs of lawn to starch, which she did so excellently well that it became a saying that if any one sent her a ruff made of a spider's web she would be able to starch it. So greatly did her reputation grow that fashionable dames went to her to learn the art and mystery of starching, for which they gladly paid a premium of £4 or £5, and for the secret of se thing starch they paid gladly a further sum of 20 shillings.

Byron's Fatted Goose.

One of the stories concerning the traditional dish of roast goose on Michaelmas day refers to Lord Byron, says an English newspaper. The poet always insisted in keeping up old customs in small things, such as having hot cross buns on Good Friday and roast goose on Michaelmas day. This last fancy had a grotesque result when he was in Italy. After buying a goose and fearing it might be too lean Byron fed it every day for a month previous to the festival, so that the poet and the bird became so mutally attached that when Sept. 29 arrived he could not kill it, but bought another and had the pet goose swung in a cage under his carriage when he traveled.

Fools and Money.

She—A fool and his money are soon parted.

He—True, and a fool and her money are soon wedded.—Yonkers Statesman.

The man who said "All men are liars" had just met a fisherman, a politician and a man in love.—Augusta Journal.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, NOV. 27, 1903.

A GOOD NOTICE.

Our esteemed contemporary across the street, the *News*, closes an appreciative review of the Boston *Globe's* 30th anniversary, recently celebrated in the most elaborate manner, with the words which we print below. No newspaper in New England more richly deserves the splendid success which it has achieved in the last 30 years under the masterly management of General Chas H. Taylor than the *Globe*, and no one envies that "prince of good fellows" and able journalist the honorable reputation he has won, or the abundance of good things that have come to his porringer, as the fruit of industry, capability, liberality, and honest dealing with the public. The *News* winds up its excellent notice and well merited commendations of General Taylor and his paper in this way:

"It is pleasant to recall, in this connection, that some of Gen. Taylor's oldest mainstays—the ones to whom he generously awards the praise for the progress of the *Globe*, are Woburn men. Were he to particularize he would doubtless acknowledge his personal obligation to Mr. Arthur A Fowle, his Managing Editor and right bower; to Mr. William F. Kenney, Day Editor; and to Mr. Charles K Conn, who, for a generation has been the *Globe's* efficient Woburn Correspondent."

REPUBLICAN AND CITIZENS CANDIDATE.

In selecting Samuel W. Mendum, Esq, as a candidate for Mayor the Republicans and Municipal League, representing the citizens, made no mistake. He is abundantly fitted for the office in any light his qualifications may be viewed. He knows the difference between a good and a bad city government; has the ability to inagurate and maintain one of the best sort; and courage to do right and expose and condemn official vice whenever and wherever it makes its appearance. In other words, Mendum has brains, morality, and a stiff backbone.

The unanimity of the voice that placed him at the head of the Republican and Citizens ticket encourages the present strong belief in his election. Besides his unusually recognized ability, his freedom from dirt and grovelling instincts, he is magnetic, has an attractive personality, and is popular with all classes. These are strong agencies in his behalf, and are making a profound impression on the campaign. The watchword of the Republicans and Citizens party is:

"MENDUM AND NO LICENSE."

A STAND-UP FIGHT.

The License and No License parties in this city are in battle array. The contest is on. Each is determined to do its level best and fight to a finish. It is to be a square-toed one for victory. There are no side issues; the bare, bald question of License or No License, with its consequences of woe or weal for our city, is presented to the voters for settlement. They are the jury in the case.

Both sides are solid; thoroughly organized, and stripped to the skin for the work before them. The verdict will settle the question not only for the present, but for many years to come. Do the No License people realize this?

Signs indicate a triumph for No License on Dec. 8. Its advocates were never before in such splendid fighting condition; never before so united; so strong; so determined.

Already murmurings of fear and trembling are heard in the ranks of the License party; evidently they see the handwriting on the wall; while emblazoned on the banners of the No License party in the motto:

"MENDUM AND NO LICENSE."

SUNDAY NIGHT'S RALLY.

Friends and advocates of No License rallied at the First Congregational church last Sunday evening in large numbers to discuss matters appertaining to our approaching city election. It was a union meeting of the churches, conducted by Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D., pastor of First church; and participated in by Rev. Daniel March, D. D.; Rev. Henry C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church; Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist church; and others. Good music enlivened the meeting.

The speaking closed with an able, interesting and highly instructive address by Dean Theodore F. Wright of Cambridge. Each speaker handled the liquor dealers and their abetors and sympathizers without gloves.

The meeting was a help to the good cause of

"MENDUM AND NO-LICENSE."

HAYWARD FOR THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.

Mr. Elisha F. Hayward came out of the Republican caucuses last Saturday evening with flying colors. His total vote was 87, while George Foster got only 53, and Joseph Foster DeLand 37. Hayward's vote was nearly equal to that of both his competitors, and would probably have exceeded it had the caucuses been more generally attended.

Many of the men who keep run of local politics express the opinion that he will be elected, and it is agreed on all sides that if he is, he will make a firstclass member of the Board.

CITY ELECTION.

The Woburn Charter election is to be held on Tuesday, Dec. 8, 1903. See advertisement.

A complete list of the Republican candidates is printed in this issue of the JOURNAL.

HIS PLATFORM.

Samuel W. Mendum, Esq., declared in unmistakable words that he would not accept a nomination for Mayor on any other issue than "NO LICENSE."

☞ If experience and good service are anything to go upon, then Hill, Converse and Cassidy should be reelected members of the School Board.

☞ Lawyer Grace L. Norris, the Democratic candidate for member of the School Board, is a worthy lady, fully competent to fill the position with credit and profit to the city, which words the JOURNAL is not loth to say although politically opposed to her. She is college bred, a respected member of the Massachusetts Bar, and commands the respect of all who enjoy the privilege of her acquaintance.

☞ It is earnestly hoped that every Republican woman voter will be at the polls on Dec. 8, and cast her ballot for Hill, Converse and Cassidy. The election of good members of the School Board is of more importance than any other question that will be presented at the approaching election for the electors to pass upon.

☞ Parsimony, indifference, or both, on the part of the Republican W. & C. Com. was clearly responsible for the disgracefully small caucuses held last Saturday evening. From lack of publicity it was not generally known that caucuses were to be held at that time.

☞ The voters of this city are respectfully invited to examine carefully, and with an eye single to the public good, the Democratic list of Aldermanic candidates, and to note with still greater care and interest their nominee for member of the Board of Public Works.

☞ Every voter in this city in favor of good local government and "Mendum and No License" is invited to attend a Citizens' Meeting at Republican Headquarters this, Friday, evening at 8 o'clodk, and help the cause along.

☞ Current reports to the contrary notwithstanding, Mr. George Foster will not be an independent candidate for election to the Board of Public Works, but will give Mr. Hayward his hearty support.

☞ The Republicans didn't miss it by so much as the breadth of a hair when they nominated Arthur H. Linscott for reelection to the Board of Aldermen. He is sound corn.

☞ Unless all signs fail, a good many Democrats will vote "No" on the license question next Tuesday week, Dec. 8.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City—Election Notice.
Com. Mass.—Land Reg.

— Only 10 above zero this morning, Nov. 27, at 7 a. m.

— Mr. Mendum will open campaign headquarters in a few days.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— There is to be an attractive Calendar Table at the Unitarian Fair, Dec 10, 11.

— The price of Thanksgiving turkeys was away out of the reach of the—Country Editor.

— Elizabeth's "German Garden" is to be one of the drawing features of the Unitarian Fair, Dec. 10, 11.

— The W. R. C. 84, will hold a Whist Party Monday evening, Nov. 30, in Post 33, G. A. R. Hall.

— Maud Littlefield played the violin sweetly at the Thanksgiving union meeting in the First Baptist church.

— Towanda Club is increasing rapidly this fall. It is a strong, well conducted and prosperous organization.

— Miss M. Louisa Bacon went to Brockton to spend Thanksgiving with her brother, J. E. Bacon of that city.

— Miss Doris Pike is Secretary of the Montvale Congregational Sunday School, and Mr. Carl Carter, Treasurer.

— There should be one big temperance Mass Meeting, at least, between now and election day. Several of them would do no harm.

— Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D., pastor of First church, preached the Thanksgiving sermon at the First Baptist church yesterday.

— The W. R. C. 84, will give a dancing party Wednesday evening, Dec. 2, in Post 33 G. A. R. Hall. Tickets for gentlemen, 35 cents; ladies, 15 cents.

— James Skinner, Esq., the rich leather manufacturer, is a good Republican, and has joined the gallant hosts whose watchword is "Mendum and No License."

— The venerable and esteemed artist, Benjamin Champney, observed the 86th anniversary of his birthday last Friday, and may he survive to celebrate many more of them.

— There was another moderate sort of a snowstorm last Sunday which interfered somewhat with the attendance at the Temperance Rally in the Congregational church.

— Hon. John M. Harlow, M. D, passed his 84th milestone on the journey of life last Wednesday, Nov. 25, in good health and with an excellent flow of spirits.

— Previous arrangements for a rehearsal of the male chorus at the M. E church last Sunday evening prevented the pastor from taking part in the Temperance Mass meeting at First church.

— Among the leaders in the Boston JOURNAL's contest for the Diamond Crown, which is creating great interest, is Lena Larkin of 40 Vernon street, this city, whose figures on Tuesday were 15,800.

—Mr. Jonathan C. Ela is recovering from a fortnight's wrestling with the grip. [illegible] he is putting in a few solid licks for "No License" every day.

— Clifton M. Platts has been promoted from the office of cashier of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company at Winchester to cashier and clerk of the same Company at Portsmouth, N. H., and deserved it.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

FLOOR COVERINGS

Assortment — COMPLETE
Prices — — — RIGHT
Work — — — PROMPT

It is generally known that we are ***Distributors of Floor Coverings*** of every description, and we desire it to be equally well known that we have all grades of ***Upholstery Fabrics, Lace Curtains, Furniture Coverings, etc.***

The advice of an interior decorator is at your service, if desired. Goods displayed either in our show-room or at residences. Estimates furnished for covering single pieces of furniture or for completely decorating either a single room or an entire house.

For eighty-six years, under the same firm name, we have distributed to the public, to our neighbors, to our friends, Carpets and Rugs, and until we added Interior Decorations and Upholstery Fabrics our sole and entire business has been Floor Coverings.

Does not this record make for intelligent confidence on your part?

Pray Building, Washington St., opposite Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

New Line of FALL GOODS
—AT—
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

Our Price Can't Be Beat

TOILET PAPER

Pure velvet tissue, 1,000 sheets in package, 8 cents, 4 for 25c.
Same paper in 5 cents a roll, 6 for 25 cents.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

☞ The ones who broke the Drug Trust in Woburn. Green Trading Stamps.

— There has been considerable sharp winter weather this week.

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— Miss Rose O'Brien of this city, started for St. Augustine, Florida, last Saturday.

— Rev. S. P. Cadman failed to meet his engagement to lecture in the Burbeen Course last Tuesday night.

— They are educators of the young—those "Mendum and No License" buttons which the boys are wearing on the lappels of their coats.

— The alarm from box 65 at 12 50 last Monday noon was for a fire in the Ballad patent leather factory on Jefferson avenue. Damage small.

— To hear the Congregational church clock strike the hours of day and night once more is a pleasure and a boon. Brother Platts deserves great credit for the good work.

— Last Wednesday Mr. Arthur W. Whitcher received the sad news of the accidental death, in Montana, of one of his associates in the Whitcher Alaska expedition of some years ago.

— Crawford's generous donation of a big bucket of No. 1 icecream contributed materially to the JOURNAL's enjoyment of its Thanksgiving dinner. Crawford is a Brick and his icecream can't be successively competed with.

— Rev. Clarence A. Barbour, D. D., of Rochester, N. Y, will speak each day at the Tremont Temple, Boston, noon meetings on Nov. 30 to Dec. 4, inclusive under the auspices of the Evangelistic Association of N. S.

— With a competent Chief at the head, capable Assistants, intelligent Captains of Companies, faithful Members, and an entire overhauling of the alarm system, this city can boast of one of the best Fire Departments in the State.

— Master Earle True, 756 Main street, this city, has received from the Boston Herald company a fine basket ball as a prize for correctly solving one of the series of Children's Prize Contests now running in the Boston *Sunday Herald*.

—Several members of Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., visited Waterfield Lodge at Winchester to witness work in the Second Degree, and had a pleasant time. There was a large attendance, including some District and State officers.

— Mr. Lawrence Martin, candidate for Alderman in Ward 5 arrived home from Indian Territory last Monday evening to look after his political fences. He has large real estate interests in the Territory and spends considerable time there.

— Our good friend, Capt. J. M. Ellis, was nominated by the whole business, and refused to run for an Aldermanic reelection. Not he, either! The fact is, the Captain ought to join the "Wide Awakes" and run with the Republicans.

— To our way of thinking each minister who conducts a next Sunday evening religious meeting should ask every voter in the audience who is in favor of No License to stand up to be counted, and thus publicly declare his position.

— The following are the new officers of the North Woburn A. A.: President, Hugh Darraugh; Vice-President, Neal Doherty; Secretary, Thos. Snyder; Treasurer, Richard Morgan; Investigation Committee, Eugene Duffy, John O'Malley, Frank Shannon, Fred Connors and Charles Rooney.

— Mr. Bryan McSweeney is local agent for sound, firstclass Fire and Life Insurance Companies. Apply at 7 Munroe street.—5

— Solomon, or some other Wise Man, said; "The Lame and Lazy are always provided for." We believed it when we opened a great bag from Crovo's fruit store, at dinner time yesterday, and found nearly a cartload of grapes and oranges, and a quart bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" to wash them down with. Thanks!

— Next Wednesday afternoon and evening, Dec 2, W. R. C. 161 are to hold a sale and provide a holiday supper for the public at their Hall in Savings Bank block which, it is fair to presume, will draw a large assembly of people. Everybody knows that the Corps are engaged in a good work which right minded people think it their duty to help along.

— By a slip of the pen the JOURNAL was made to give Mr. Shearn the credit for the excellent management of the Lowell & Boston Street Railway, whereas it should have been given to Mr. C. W. B. Harrison, the efficient Superintendent of that electric line. It was simply an error on the part of the writer of the item, which we are glad to correct.

— North Woburn is tickled almost to death over the establishment of a postal station in that fine village, and no wonder at it. Postmaster Wyer and Congressman McCall did the business for them in good shape. The station is to be opened on Dec. 1. It is a step in the right direction, and Ald. Linscott helped the authorities to take it.

— The Woburn Mechanic Phalanx are to hold a grand Military Fair at Armory Hall on Dec. 7 to 12 inclusive. It is expected to be the event of the season, for which extensive preparations are now on foot. The Phalanx are a fine Company of soldier boys, and their Fair no doubt will be handsomely patronized by the public. Success to their big Fair!

— The next holiday to put in an appearance is Merry Christmas which is scheduled to make its advent on Friday, Dec. 25. As the turkey reigns supreme on Thanksgiving Day, so the goose occupies the chair of State and is paid homage to on Christmas. Durward and Linnell et als. have large supplies of fat ones, and ducks and chicknes, Cape Cod cranberries et cetra.

— One evening last week Capt. John E Tidd was the genial Master of Ceremonies at a party of Veterans of the Civil War given by him and his hospitable spouse at their home, 2 Spring street. It was an exceedingly pleasant affair, entirely informal, and no less enjoyed on that account. Of course, there was a fine supper, a pipe for all, and entertaining talks on the old days of 1861-5. It was indeed a happy social sitdown and happy gathering of Veterans.

— At 4 15 this morning, Nov. 27 an alarm from box 62 summoned the Department to a fire in the building No. 359 and 361 Main street owned by John W. Johnson, and occupied by the Woburn Clothing Co. and F. P. Brooks, druggist, [illegible] It started in the [illegible] Wetherbee & Co. were ruined by water [illegible] the amount of damage.

A Question.

So long as we have the poor with us—and according to infallible authority there's no limit to the time—so long will there be distress in the midst of us. There are those who accept poverty and disease as inevitable and thank God they escape. But do they, and if so, for how long? The Newport, New York, newspaper correspondents, and others, inveigh against the arrival of the "new rich" ignoring the no less certain, but more frequent, though unheralded, arrival of the new poor—a larger class entitled to much sympathy seldom bestowed. How many American families know from experience what it means to be placed under each of these heads!

"Whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be the servant of all. For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." In other words, the great end of life is service. Not what we acquire, then, but what we impart, makes us truly divine! The new education, as well as the new philanthropy, is founded upon this belief. While aiming at culture, it realizes that the culture which ends in itself is lifeless and bare. Over much of it must be pronounced the condemnation of the old prophet: "Israel is an empty vine; he bringeth forth fruit unto himself."

It is with such thoughts as those that certain members of the Woburn Woman's Club have long been asking, "What can we do for Woburn?" We hear many talk grandiloquently about making the world better; does it ever occur to them that Woburn would be a capital place to begin?

"Oh, make us happy and you make us good!" One of the heaviest burdens, and the most general, is the burden of disease. Illness is expensive whenever and wherever it is cared for. The best care is the only economy. Everybody knows that a skilful nurse is as potent a factor as a doctor in saving life. But the cost of a hospital nurse, for any length of time is prohibitive except to the rich. To be sure, the hospital itself remains for the very poor who may be cared for by charity. What, however, can be done for the average citizen of moderate means? Or for the less fortunate one, overtaken by accident or incurable disease, who cannot gain admittance to a hospital?

The Woburn Woman's Club presents this question to every citizen of Woburn. Lexington, Natick, Waltham, and Winchester have solved it by establishing a District Nursing Association, a co-operative place by which, for a moderate fee, a trained nurse may be procured for an hour, a day, a week or longer, in event of inability on the part of the patient to pay, there being no charge. In the cities and towns mentioned the movement has been successful beyond expectation, the "beautiful service of these nurses," to quote a Waltham neighbor," proving a priceless blessing to many a family."

If Lexington, Winchester, Natick, etc, can accomplish such work, why cannot Woburn? It is destined to benefit everybody; there being absolutely no conditions except local residence and a human need.

It is a cause which should appeal to the quiet woman in her home for the very reason that there is nothing spectacular about it. It is for both an opportunity to carry light and comfort into the lives of the darkened and desolate; to continue the Master's work of helping all who are distressed.

At 8 p. m. Friday, Dec. 4, in the vestry of the Unitarian church, a mass meeting, will be held to discuss this question. All persons interested are cordially invited to attend. Those who have proved the worth of the work elsewhere will be present to explain it in detail. Prominent Woburn men have also promised to speak. Before the meeting adjourns we hope and expect that the Woburn District Nursing Association will have become an accomplished fact.

Republican Ticket.

For Mayor—Samuel W. Mendum. Board of Public Works—Elisha F. Hayward. School Board—Mrs. Frances W. Hill, Albert F. Converse, Edward F. Cassidy.

Alderman at-large—Henry L. Andrews, Fred J. Brown, George S. Cutler, Judson C. Dickerman, Mark C. Felch (renominated), John S. Jaquith, Charles R. Rosenquist and William H. Smith.

Ward Alderman—ward 1—no nomination; ward 2—James R. Kendall; ward 3—Ward W. Hart; Ward 4—William S. York; ward 5—Thomas McCarthy; ward 6—Arthur H. Linscott; ward 7—Peter E. McHugh; York and Linscott were nominated.

At a meeting held Saturday evening the Municipal League unanimously nominated Samuel W. Mendum for Mayor.

Millinonaire's Poor Stomach.

The worn-out stomach of the over-fed millionaire is often paraded in the public prints as a horrible example of the evils attendant on the possession of great wealth. But millionaires are not the only ones who are afflicted with bad stomachs. The proportion is far greater among the toilers. Dyspepsia and indigestion are rampant among these people, and they suffer far worse tortures than the millionaire unless they avail themselves of a standard medicine like Green's August Flower, which has been a favorite household remedy for all stomach troubles for over thirty-five years. August Flower rouses the torpid liver, thus creating appetite and insuring perfect digestion. It tones and vitalizes the entire system and makes life worth living, no matter what your station. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At A. W. Whitcher's drug store.

Braun—Thompson.

Miss Sadie M. Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Justin E. Thompson of this city, and Mr. M. C. Braun, were united in marriage by Rev. Daniel March, D. D, in his study Tuesday evening, Nov. 24, 1903. They left at 9 30 for a bridal trip to New York, from whence they are to return to their future home at Roxbury.

The bridesmaids were Mrs. D. Lewis Penn of Woburn and Mrs. Warren A. Morse of Lynn. A pleasant reception of friends of the families was held after the wedding ceremonies. The bride and groom received many valuable presents.

Montvale.

The Social Workers, an efficient auxiliary to the church here, all smart people and real workers, are soon to hold a Fair and give an entertainment for the benefit of the church in the house of worship, which will doubtless be well attended. The church is flourishing and doing a good work in this community. The entertainment will be directed by Mrs. Ella Pike, Mrs. Nellie Gay and Mrs. Lillie Warren. The tables are in charge of the following ladies. Fancy table—Mrs. Annie Mott, Mrs. Day, Mrs. Annie Foster, Mrs. Hill, and Miss Laura Hosmer. Candy table—Mrs. Lizzie Lovering, Mrs. Mina Reed and Miss Minnie Chapman. Apron table—Mrs. Thorsen, Mrs. Colby, Mrs. Jessie McCarthy, Mrs. Pike, Mrs. Alice Cadwell. Food table—Mrs. Susan Harris, Mrs. Jennie Young, Mrs. Elizabeth Timson, Mrs. Helen Carter. Ice cream—Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Lord, Mrs. Perry. Cake and coffee—Mrs. Emma Persons. Children's table—Misses Dorcas and Hazel Pike.

— Several deer have been seen in the vicinity of the Centre within a day or two. Many of our bold Nimrods persist in going away down to Maine in pursuit of these beautiful animals.

Literary Notices.

THE AMERICAN BOY for November comes to us with thirty-six pages chock full of matter of interest to boys that will keep them busy for many long evenings. This number contains some particularly attractive matter. The first chapter of a story by the editor entitled, Three Yankee Boys in Ireland, being a combined story of travel and history, thoroughly illustrated, makes its appearance. Appropriate to the month are two excellent football stories—Harding; Substitute, and Jack's Two Victories, with an item on How to Train for Football. Other stories are: How Me and Bill Trapped a Dogfish; Fritz Ulrich's Turkey; Mr. Reed and the Harmless Cub; The Little Cayuse, and How Jim Got His Antelope. There are articles telling how to make a coasting wagon, how to rig up an electrical apparatus for the bedroom, how to become strong, and how a boy can be his own bookbinder. Then there are illustrated articles on Boys for the Navy; Helpful Influences; The St. Bernard Hospice; Champion Swimmers; Good Tricks for Winter Evenings; A Peculiar November Celebration; The Last Remnant of Perry's Fleet; The Trials and Triumphs of a Country Boy in a Great City. There are pages devoted to the headings, The Boy Photographer; With the Boys; The Order of the American Boy; The American Boy Lyceum; Stamps, Coins and Curios; Puzzles; Home, Church and School; Money Makers and Money Savers. The whole makes a program of good reading matter nowhere else to be found under one cover. Subscription price, $1 00 a year. Single copies 10 cents. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

An issue of extraordinary beauty and interest will be the Christmas (December) METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE. While space will not permit more than a brief mention of the more striking features of this great holiday issue, a sufficient number of items from its contents may be quoted to give some hint of its charm. This number will be in effect a demonstration of the advancement of reproductive methods and the art of printing. It will be profusely illustrated in color. There will be some seventy-five pictures, most of which will be of full-page size. No more attractive periodical will be offered the discriminating public during the holiday season than The Christmas METROPOLITAN. Stephen Bonsal, the well-known traveler contributes the leading article, which is superbly illustrated in tint. George Wharton Edwards, artist and author, contributes a short story, charmingly illustrated with color drawings by himself. Richard LeGallienne contributes a strong, artistic story entitled The Youth of Lady Constantia. There will be twelve short stories in the Christmas number of THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE—all of them splendidly illustrated—and all from the pens of the cleverest fictionists of this country and England. Hamlin Garland will appear in The Christmas METROPOLITAN with an appreciation of New York City, viewing the metropolis from the standpoint of the Westerner and commenting critically on the big town in a way that has never before been done. The sixth installment of The Queen's Quair, which is the love story of Mary Queen of Scots, will be one of the fictional features of this special holiday number. The novel is by Maurice Hewlett, whose Forest Lovers made him famous, although literary critics are unanimous in declaring The Queen's Quair a more masterly work.

W. C. T. U.

The regular monthly meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held in the parlor of the Congregational church Monday, Nov. 23, 1903, at 3 P. M.

Mrs. Taylor spoke quite aptly of the great need that the Christian voters of Woburn should cast their votes for No license. We wish every Christian man in the city of Woburn would remember there is something the saloonkeeper fears more than prayer—a vote. Let every right-minded citizen come to the polls and give them occasion to fear.

Although the W. C. T. U. of Woburn is not a large organization we are trying to do what good we can. A box filled with food and clothing was sent to the Flower Mission for Thanksgiving. At Christmas we hope to send a good number of Comfort Bags to the Sailors' Bethels.—C. M. WARREN.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Hand Tailored

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Whatever the Point of View

taken of our new Winter Overcoats, they have a distinctive cut [illegible] the highest paid talent in the U. S. ought to give them a tone and character. You [illegible] if a cheap designer had cut them. Prices to fit all pocket books.

$8.00 to $30.00
Extra values at
$10.00. $15.00. $20.00.
☞ Drop in and let us show you.

Hammond & Son,
Leading Clothiers,
Lyceum Hall Building,
403 Main St., WOBURN.

Whitcher's

ROSE GLYCERINE LOTION

is now daily called for to soften the HANDS and FACES that the frosted air has roughened.

Have you a bot le in the house?

$3.00 WORTH OF STAMPS
—WITH A—
ONE DOLLAR PURCHASE!

Cut out the coupon below and present it at the store of

E. P. Fitzwilliam & Co.
373 MAIN STREET,

and with a One Dollar purchase you will receive Three Dollars worth of Stamps.

GOOD FOR
$3 Worth of Stamps
With a $1.00 Purchase.
GOOD ONLY at the store of
E. P. FITZWILLIAM & CO.,
373 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE, Nov. 16, 1903.

In accordance with the provisions of Section 212, Chapter 11, Revised Laws, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote for City Officers, will be held on

TUESDAY.

The eighth day of December, A.D.1903

in the following places, namely:—

Ward 1, Music Hall, Dow's Block, Main street.
Ward 2, Armory, Montvale Avenue, entrance from Prospect street.
Ward 3, Auditorium, Montvale Avenue; entrance opposite Prospect street.
Ward 4, Auditorium, Montvale Avenue; entrance opposite Prospect street.
Ward 5, Porter Hose House, Thorn street.
Ward 6, Vidette Hose House, Main street.
Ward 7, Cummings Hose House, Willow street.

The Polls will be Open at six o'clock in the morning and closed at four o'clock in the afternoon,

and all such citizens will, in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for a Mayor, eight Aldermen-at-Large, and one Alderman for each of the several Wards; also, for one member of the Board of Public Works, for the term of four years; also for three members of the School Committee for the term of three years.

All such male citizens will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes "Yes" or "No" in anwser to the question: "Shall license be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this city, for the year beginning May 1, 1904?"

All female citizens, qualified to vote as the law directs, will in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes on a separate ballot, for three members of the School Committee.

All votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers, and in answer to the aforesaid question must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and City Council.

Attest:

JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

WINCHESTER.

The best safeguards against billiousness, grip, etc., are Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets.

Our venerable and highly esteemed citizen, Col. N. A. Richardson, is quite comfortably out of health and manages to get down to the Centre once in awhile, where his many friends are glad to meet him.

Religious services were held here on Thanksgiving day as usual. There was good preaching to a slim house, also, as usual. Many fat dinners were enjoyed by our people, and that too was nothing unusual. Whist parties and theatres in the evening.

This town has a good lot of young men in Harvard College. They are: Messrs. James Newman, Clarence Fultz, Arthur Holcombe, Henry Kellogg, Maxwell Ferguson, Henry Lord, Harold Langley, Robert Fernald, Philip Webber, Howard Palmer, and Julian Garrett.

Burlington.

Mr. Samuel Sewall died at his home in this town on Monday, Nov. 16, 1903, aged 83 years, 11 months, and 17 days. He was a direct descendant of Samuel Sewall, the famous Salem witchcraft Judge, and son of Samuel Sewall, historian of Woburn, etc. He was a prominent and highly respected citizen of Burlington, of which he was Treasurer 40 years, and held various offices of trust. His house, burned in 1897, was occupied by John Hancock and Sam Adams on their retreat from Lexington on April 19, 1775, and was known as "The Retreat of Hancock and Adams," and an object of great interest to historians. Mr. Sewall was an honest man, a loyal citizen, and although advanced in years, will be missed by all in the town.

A Nursery Necessity.

GREAT NEED OF CLEANLINESS.

Cleanliness is a great factor in caring for young children. The keeping of all things clean and wholesome is an absolute necessity, for cleanliness in the nursery is essential to the child's health. [illegible] nothing equals Cabot's SULPHO-NAPTHOL [illegible] the great Antiseptic, Germicide, Deodorant and Cleanser. Housekeepers [illegible] find it indispensable after once used it.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio: First National Bank Building.

The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.

The National Graded Course Used.
The Virgil Practice Claviæ System.

MISS DORA A. WINN,
WILL RESUME
Pianoforte Instruction,
October 1, 1903.
6 Highland Street, Woburn.

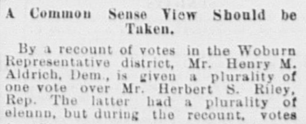
MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

WANTED—A TRUSTWORTHY GENTLEMAN or lady in each county to manage business for an old established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly salary of $18.00 paid by check each Monday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Enclose addressed envelope. Manager, 360 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.



A Common Sense View Should be Taken.

By a recount of votes in the Woburn Representative district, Mr. Henry M. Aldrich, Dem., is given a plurality of one vote over Mr. Herbert S. Riley, Rep. The latter had a plurality of elenun, but during the recount, votes for Riley that had a straight mark instead of a cross were thrown out. As it was clearly the intention of these voters to favor him the public will watch with considerable interest to ascertain whether a mere technicality will be allowed to invalidate the intentions of these votes.—*Winchester Star*.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "God the only Cause and Creator."
Sunday School for the Children at 11 45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—1st Sunday in Advent.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Stephen A. Norton.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Service at 7 P. M.
[illegible]

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. Preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D. Subject: [illegible]
12 M., Sunday School.
[illegible] Service of Praise and Preaching.
[illegible] Prayer Meeting [illegible]

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. [illegible]
12 M., Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., [illegible]
[illegible] Rev. George F. Barber.

Married.

In this city, Nov. 18, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, William Henry Roberts and Sadie Estella Peabody, both of Woburn.

In this city, Nov. 24, by Rev. Daniel March, Martin G. Braun of Boston and Sadie M. Thompson of Woburn.

Died.

[illegible]

In this city, Nov. 22, Cornelius McCarron, aged 64 years.

Flannellette Wrappers

suitable for winter wear. Large full sizes.

Neat Pretty Patterns.

A large assortment.

Outing Flannel Night Robes and Petticoats for Women and Children.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

—OUR—

Tea

—AND—

Coffee

Trade has always been an important part of our business. We take great care in selecting our goods, believing that quality in Tea and Coffee is always appreciated, and we are prepared to meet any competition in this particular line.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

AS USUAL

we have an extra fine lot of . . . .

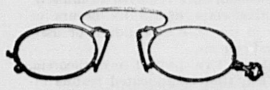
Thanksgiving SAGE

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

361 Main St.

Houghton & Dutton,

BOSTON.
Optical Parlors 9th Floor.
A FEW EYE HINTS.



Your eyes will tell when you need glasses Here are a few hints :-- Headaches, Dizziness, sleepy feeling while reading, blurring of objects either at close range or distance, frowning or squinting, smarting or burning, requirement of stronger light while reading. Those are but a few of the symptoms.

When your eyes suggest trouble don't fail to consult our OPTICIAN and he will cheerfully advise you, as he has spent many years in study of this one subject.

OUR GUARANTEE IS Entire Satisfaction at Lowest Prices.

N. B.—This department is under the pessonal supervision of Mr. Albert A. Carter, the wellknown optician of this city.

Ice Cream

—FOR—

Thanksgiving.

Harlequin, Vanilla,
Strawberry,
Chocolate, Coffee,
Frozen Pudding,
Sherbets.

NOTE:—Orders for Thanksgiving Dinner should be given before 9 A. M.

CRAWFORD'S
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE 48-3.

To Let.

Tenement No. 6 Church Avenue, eight rooms and bath room.

Office—Dow's Building, steam heat.

Apply to A. J. FOSTER, 4 Church Ave.

Desk Room To Let

at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alfred F. Motschman and Sarah A. Motschman, his wife, in her own right, to John B. Lewis, Jr., dated March 31st, A. D. 1897, recorded with Middlesex North District Deeds, Book 283, Page 485, said mortgage being duly assigned by said John B. Lewis, Jr., to Martha Motschman by assignment dated October 19, 1903, recorded with said Middlesex North District Deeds, Book 359, Page 253, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the first lot hereinafter described situated in Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

MONDAY, the fourteenth day of December, A. D., 1903,

at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain tract of land with all the buildings thereon, situated in the easterly part of said Wilmington on the County road leading from the Col. William Blanchard place to Henry Sheldon's and known as the Neck road, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at a stake and stones at land of Jonathan H. Buck; thence westerly by said Buck's land to a stake and stones at land formerly of Horace Sheldon: thence easterly by said Sheldon's land to a stake and stones at said County road; and thence southerly by said County road to the point of beginning, containing two acres and thirty-five poles.

ALSO, another lot of land adjoining that above described and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner at land of Gertrude Rand and the land above described; thence the line runs southwesterly by an open tract and land of said Rand to land of Henry Shelden; thence in a southeasterly direction by a ditch and land of Shelden to land of Henry Buck; thence in a northeasterly direction by an open tract and land of said Buck to a stake and stones at land first above described; and thence northwesterly by said land first above described to the point of beginning, being the same premises conveyed to said Sarah A. Motschman by Hattie L. Blaisdell by deed dated March 31st, 1897, recorded with said Middlesex North District Deeds, subject to any existing rights of way.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes. $200.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of said sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

MARTHA MOTSCHMAN, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.
J. G. MAGUIRE, Attorney.
Woburn, Masss., November 19, 1903.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Mary L. Allen, Administratrix of the estate of George W. Allen, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, deceased, intestate, under a license dated March 24th, A. D. 1891, granted by the Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, to said administratrix to mortgage the premises hereinafter described, to L. Waldo Thompson, said mortgage being dated April 3, A. D. 1891, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2032, Page 334, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction at the office of John G. Maguire, number 420 Main street in said Woburn,

On SATURDAY, the twelfth day of December, A. D. 1903,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows, viz: a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows:- Beginning at the corner of Green and Vernon Streets as now laid out; thence running east of south by and with said Vernon Street one hundred and thirty nine feet more or less, to a stake: thence south of west by land of persons unknown one hundred and fifteen and two tenths feet, more or less, to a stake; thence west of north by land now or late of Ellis and of others one hundred and fifty feet, more or less, to said Green street; thence north of east by and with said Green street one hundred and fifteen feet, more or less, to the point of beginning, containing 15,680 square feet of land, more or less; being the same premises described in deed from Charles H. Williams to George W. Allen dated October 23d 1886, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 1773, Folio 405, and another piece acquired by the above mentioned George W. Allen by the changing of the location of said Green street.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles, and municipal liens, if any.

A deposit of $100.00 will be required of the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at office of said John G. Maguire, 420 Main street, Woburn.

L. WALDO THOMPSON, Nortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., November 19, 1903.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by James F. Buel of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to Sarah E. Bancroft, dated September 28, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2768, Page 262, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises on

Monday, December 7, 1903,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on Fairmount street, near High street, so-called, in said Woburn, containing five thousand six hundred and fifty (5,650) square feet and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the nortowesterly corner of the premises on said Fairmount street at land of Alvah Buckman; thence the line runs easterly by said land of Buckman sevents-three and five-tenths (73.5) feet to a stake at land formerly of Charles A. Smith; thence southerly by said land formerly of Smith seventy-seven and five-tenths (77.5) feet to a stake at land of heirs of G. J. Munroe; thence westerly by said land of Munroe heirs, and by land of Samuel Cummings seventy-five and sixty-five one hundredths (75.65) feet to said Fairmount street; thence northerly on and by said street seventy-five and four-tenths (75.4) feet to the point of beginning.

The sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes; and two hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at the time and pleco of sale.

JOHN W. JOHNSON, Executor of the will of Sarah E. Bancroft, deceased, and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, November 13, 1903.

Pure Water!

One of the principal essentials in preserving health.

Cadwell's Crystal Spring Water

One of the purest and best in New England. Address
C. H. CADWELL,
Woburn.

CORNELIUS L. BABCOCK.

INSURANCE.

LIFE, ACCIDENT, HEALTH.
Notary Public, Pensions, Real Estate.
79 Elm St., No. Woburn, Mass.

TO LET.

MRS. PHINNEY has one-half of double house t rent on Court street

Inquire at 29 Warren Avenue.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

COURT OF LAND REGISTRATION.

To Mary W. Lyons and Edward S. Lyons of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, and the heirs, devisees or legal representatives of William Sturgis formerly of Boston in the County of Suffolk and said Commonwealth, deceased, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by the South Framingham Co-operative Bank, a duly existing corporation, having an usual place of business at Framingham in said County of Middlesex, to register and confirm its title in the following-described land: a certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situate in said Woburn and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises at the westerly side of Warren street and on the southerly side of Porter street; from thence the line runs southerly by and with said Warren street thirty-two and 1-10 (32.1) feet to Main street; thence southwesterly by and with said Main street ninety five and 4-10 (95.4) feet to land now or formerly of Charles Porters; thence westerly on and by said land of Charles Porter fifty-six and 2-10 (56.2) feet to land now or formerly of John P. Crane; thence northerly on and by said land of John P. Crane, sixty-seven and 5-10 (67.5) feet to said Porter street; thence easterly by and with said Porter street one hundred and one (101) feet to the point of beginning. Containing 7811 square feet, be the same more or less.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Court of Land Registration, to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the twenty-first day of December, A. D., 1903, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of November, in the year nineteen hundred and three.

Attest with Seal of said Court. [SEAL]
CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Sale and Supper

—OF—

Woman's Relief Corps 161

At their Hall, Savings Bank Block,

Wednesday Afternoon and Ev'g,
DEC. 2, 1903.
Supper at 6.30.

Admission to Sale, 10 Cents
Tickets for Harvest Supper 25c

Good House To Let.

I offer to rent No. 9 Wyer's Court. It contains 8 good rooms; is neat, nice, warm, handy and convenient. It is right every way.

Apply to Mrs. A. J. PLUMER,
53 Bow St., Woburn.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Jacob Linscott, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon tht estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ANDREW R. LINSCOTT, Adm.
No. 2 Poole St., No. Woburn.
Nov. 17, 1903.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after October 19, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica and Lowell at 5.45 a. m. hourly until 9.45 p. m; also 11 p. m, for Burlington and Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 55 a. m., hourly till 9 55 p m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn and Boston or Lowell 6 30 a. m., and hourly untill 10.30 p. m., also for Woburn 11.30 p. m.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6 55 a. m., hourly till 11 55 p. m.,

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly until 12 15 midnight connecting with B & M trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 00 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

Sunday—First car leaves Woburn 6.45 a.m., hourly until 10 45 p. m., Billerica 7.39 a. m., Lowell, 7. 55 a. m.

C. W. B. HARRISON, Supt.

Woman's Club.

The last meeting of the Woburn Woman's Club on Friday, Nov. 20, at Towanda Hall, was a Greek afternoon. Mrs. Cora Burnes sang a "Greek Girl's Song" accompanied by Miss Littlefield. Miss Hinckley gave an interesting paper on Modern Athens. Mrs. Strout played Greek music. Miss Helen Sylvester danced. Miss Cook read "Syracusan Gossip" and a selection from "The Last Days of Pompeii."

At the next meeting on Dec. 4, Mr. T. Schuyler Matthews will give his lecture on "Wild Birds and their Music," to be illustrated by drawings and by the piano. Mr. Matthews has lectured before many clubs in the surrounding towns and has pleased all.

As it is of interest and value to young people it has been voted to allow Club members to bring children with them on payment of fifteen cents.

The Club has also begun preparations to hold a whist followed by dancing, Dec. 31st, in the hall of the Towanda Club House.

A. C. K., Rec. Clerk.

Jokes at Sea.

There is no occasion which presents such terrible advantage to the practical joker as that of a sea voyage, and there is none on which his jokes become more unbearable. The following incident embodies one of his most ambitious efforts: When we were in the middle of the gulf of St. Lawrence and the nearest coast was 200 miles away a Yankee quietly remarked: "Waal, I guess we are quite close to land now. It ain't more'n three-quarters of a mile away, nohow." Personally we took no interest in facts of this nature and were content to sit and believe, but many excited travelers dashed out of the smoking room to have a look at the long hoped for continent. They presently came back in the worst of tempers, saying that the charts and all other authorities declared the land to be at least 200 miles away and that there was certainly none in sight. "Waal, I didn't say the shore," returned the champion joker. "I guess there's land right under us, not three-quarters of a mile away."

Macready's Quickness.

Brander Matthews in a lecture on the drama told of an incident showing the rare presence of mind of William Charles Macready. According to Mr. Matthews, he got the story from an old man who saw Macready far back in the forties.

In a shipboard scene the actor paced the deck while the canvas representing the sea was kept in motion by the walking beneath of men with half bent bodies. The cloth had been worn to thinness by dint of much use. When Macready came to the most impassioned part of his monologue and the waves were rising higher and higher the audience was astounded to see a red head pop up through the crest of a wave. The actor saw it, too, and for a moment he looked as if he were disconcerted, but it was only for a moment. Raising his voice, he shouted:

"Man overboard!"

And this made the people cheer and praise Macready all the more.

The Proper Thing.

Miss Keedick—Mr. Gilley actually offered himself to Miss Darley on a postal card.

Miss Gasket—What did she do?

Miss Keedick—Refused him. She said she preferred sealed proposals.

LET THE YAWN COME.

A Good One Is a Splendid Thing For the Whole Body.

A good, wide, open mouthed yawn is a splendid thing for the whole body. A yawn is nature's demand for rest. Some people think they only yawn because they are sleepy. But this is not so. You yawn because you are tired. You may be sleepy also, but that is not the real cause of your yawning. You are sleepy because you are tired, and you yawn because you are tired.

Whenever you feel like yawning just yawn. Don't try to suppress it because you think it is impolite to yawn Put your hand over your mouth if you want to, but let the yawn come. And if you are where you can stretch at the same time that you yawn just stretch and yawn. This is nature's way of stretching and relaxing the muscles.

Don't be afraid to open your mouth wide and yawn and stretch whenever you feel like it. Indeed, if you are very tired, but do not feel like yawning, there is nothing that will rest you so quickly as to sit on a straight back chair and, lifting your feet from the floor, push them out in front of you as far as possible, stretch the arms, put the head back, open the mouth wide and make yourself yawn.

Those tense nerves will relax, the contracted muscles will stretch and the whole body will be rested. Do this two or three times when you are tired, and see what it will do for you.

Origin of the Bowery.

Even many native New Yorkers do not know how the Bowery came by its name, according to the Pittsburg Dispatch, which thus proceeds to their enlightenment: No less a person than the famous old one legged Governor Peter Stuyvesant was responsible for it.

When the city of New Amsterdam sprang into existence many farmers from Holland came over to seek their fortune in the new world, among them old Peter. They settled outside the town and proceeded to develop the land by clearing away the woods and planting it with grain, fruit trees and ornamental shrubs they had brought with them. Peter Stuyvesant called his residence and grounds the Bouwerie, and the lane connecting it with New Amsterdam became known as Bouwerie lane, the settlement itself taking the name of Bouwerie village.

Stuyvesant's farm extended from the junction of what is now Third and Fourth avenues to Seventeenth street and eastward to Second avenue, where at the corner of Tenth street his home was located.

Laugh and Grow Fat.

"Laugh and grow fat" is an old saying, and there is more than a little truth in it, asserts a doctor. "The convulsive movements which we call laughter exert a very real effect upon the bodily framework. They cause the arteries to dilate, so that they carry more blood to the tissues of the body and the heart to beat more rapidly, so that the flow of the blood through the vessels is hastened. In other words, laughter promotes the very best conditions for an increase of the vital processes; the tissues take up more nutritive material and the waste products are more promptly removed. A good laugh sends an increased flow of blood to the brain; this immediately causes that instrument of thought to work better, with the result that gloomy forebodings are sent packing."

Words and Ideas.

Definite words are necessary for the expression of definite ideas; hence scientific terms have to be employed. A term has one definite meaning which does not change with time. The rush of affairs drifts words from their original meanings, as ships drag their anchors in a gale, but terms sheltered from common use hold to their moorings forever. The word "let," for example, has drifted in 200 years from meaning "hinder" until now it means "permit," but the term "bisect" has remained unaltered in significance for centuries.—Engineering Record.

Children and Play.

Play distinguishes the higher from the lower animals, and it signifies possibility of education. Fishes do not play at all, the lower mammals can hardly be taught to play, and birds are entirely devoid of the instinct. But the kitten and the lamb are essentially playing animals. The human young, however, are the true players, and in reality it is play that develops them into manhood. "Children," says Dr. Hutchinson, "are born little amorphous bundles of possibilities and are played into shape."

A Doubtful Prospect.

"Dat wuz mighty poor comfort dey give Br'er Thomas on his sick bed," said Brother Dickey.

"What dey tell him?"

"Preacher tol' him dey wuz a bright prospect ahead of him."

"En what he say ter dat?"

"Tol' 'em dat what wuz a-worryin' ei him—it wuz so bright it wuz blazin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Easy.

In the temporary absence of the beauty editor this question was handed by mistake to the sporting editor:

"How shall one get rid of superfluous hairs on the upper lip?"

"That's easy," he wrote in reply "Push the young man away."—Chicago Tribune.

That Was All.

Mr. McCorkle—This statue you speak of was an equestrian one, was it?

Mrs. McCorkle—No; it was just a man on horseback.—Detroit Free Press.

Not to Be Mastered.

W.—They tell me, professor, that you have mastered all the modern tongues

Professor—All but two—my wife's and her mother's!

The Mystery of It.

"I can't understan'," said Uncle Eben, "how it is dat some folks kin be too proud to work an' at de same time humble enough to let de fam'ly give 'em board an' lodgin' free."—Washington Star.

Discontent.

"You're discontented."

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Well, I've noticed that the contented man doesn't often get ahead in this world."—Chicago Post.

What He Wanted to Know.

He—But—er—your mother—

She—I am sorry to tell you, Launcelot, that she detests you.

He—That's all right. But has she gone so far as to threaten to be my mother-in-law?—Harper's Bazar.

Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling the same dark journey with us. Oh, be swift to love; make haste to be kind!—Amiel.

A MARVEL OF THE MAILS.

Great Distances That Letters Travel at Small Expense.

If a man should start from New York and travel northward to Alaska, then down the coast to California and take ship to Manila and follow the lines of travel to Hongkong, to Singapore, to Canton, to Tokyo, to Vladivostok, to St. Petersburg, to Vienna, to London, to South Africa and finally to South America, touching on the way at several Pacific and south Atlantic islands and thence back to his starting point, he could travel a distance several times greater than the circumference of the globe. If he ordered his mail forwarded to him and left correct addresses behind at each place the letters would dutifully follow him and finally be delivered to him in New York a few days after his own arrival there.

All that he would have to pay extra for this remarkable journey of his mail would be a dollar or two in tolls, which would represent the charges for forwarding exacted by some of the countries through which it passed. There are in the post office department at Washington the envelope of a letter which traveled in this way 150,000 miles and another which came safely through a trip of 125,000 miles.—St. Nicholas.

A Case of Kidnaping.

The pretty baby had fallen asleep in her perambulator in front of her father's house on a fashionable street. The nurse was nowhere to be seen. A shabbily dressed man, clad in black, looked at all the windows and saw that the blinds were drawn. It was the afternoon hour, when wealthy New York likes to drive in the park.

"Ah!" he exclaimed as he crept stealthily toward the sleeping child. "If I can only catch her before she wakes—so pretty, so peaceful! I know her father will be only too glad to pay my price!"

In two seconds he stood before the baby carriage, drew a black box from beneath his coat and snapped a rubber bulb directly in the baby's face. Then he put the black box beneath his coat and walked away with a smile of supreme satisfaction.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "Such luck! Daddy will pay $3 for a dozen of those photographs; sure thing!"—New York Times.

Oliver Cromwell.

Newburg priory claims the distinction of sheltering the remains of Oliver Cromwell. After the protector's death on his lucky day, Sept. 3, his body was embalmed and, after lying in state for some time, was interred with regal pomp in Westminster abbey. After the restoration his body, along with those of Ireton and Bradshaw, was exhumed and hanged on the gibbet at Tyburn. The heads, so the story goes, were struck off and placed on the top of Westminster hall, while the bodies were buried beneath the gallows. On the other hand, it is said that another body was substituted for that of Cromwell and that the protector was buried secretly on the Hambledon hills. At all events, at the top of Newburg priory there is a narrow room, one end of which is occupied by a mass of stonework built into the wall. Here, it is said, the remains of Oliver Cromwell rest.

The Lead Pencil.

The name lead pencil is a misnomer made correct by custom. The so called leads of a pencil are in reality a mixture of graphite and clay. Graphite is a word derived from the Greek, meaning "to write." It is a native mineral carbon of black color and brilliant metallic luster. To the touch it feels smooth, somewhat like soapstone, and it breaks in a very flaky manner under a very light blow. It is so soft it will leave a trace on paper. It is sometimes called plumbago and has still another name—black lead—from which, of course, we get the name lead pencil. Graphite is found in the oldest rock formations, and deposits are to be found in various parts of the world, the most famous being those at Altai, in Siberia, and at Ticonderoga, N. Y., in this country.

The Postman's Knock.

The British postal service may be slower than the American, but it has its humors. The story is told that in one of the remotest districts of Oxfordshire—which contains some inaccessible and primitive villages—there has long been a subpostmaster with a wooden leg. In performing his delivery of letters he drove a donkey cart. But he found it difficult to get up and down. So it has been his custom to take with him a tin bucket full of large stones. These he hurled one by one with steady aim at the doors of his neighbors as occasion demanded. That was the postman's knock.

A Fair Question.

A hypochondriac who visited Sir Conan Doyle in the days when he was a practicing physician complained of "a very bad side." He told his story in great detail, says the London Chronicle.

He put his hand above his waist line and said:

"I get a sharp pain here, doctor, whenever I touch my head."

"Why on earth, then, do you touch your head?" Dr. Doyle asked mildly, but dryly.

Keeping Her Away.

Photographer—Don't assume such a fierce expression. Look pleasant.

Murphy—Not on your life! My wife is going to send one of those pictures to her mother, and if I look pleasant she'll come down on a visit.—Kansas City Independent.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame.

Queer Doings of a Rifle Ball.

I myself made the most extraordinary shot at an antelope that I ever heard of, which, however, has nothing to do with good shooting, but rather with the erratic course that a rifle ball may take. With several scouts, white men and Indians, I rode over a hill to see three or four buck antelope spring to their feet, run a short distance and then stop to look. I made a quick shot at one, which dropped, and on going to him I found him not dead, though desperately wounded. The animal had been standing broadside on, his face toward my left. The ball had struck the left elbow, splintering the olecranon; passed through the brisket, broken the right humerus, turned at right angles and gone back, cutting several ribs; broken the right femur, then turned again at right angles and come out through the inside of the leg and struck the left hock joint, which it dislocated and twisted off so that it hung by a very narrow string of hide. I never again expect to see so extraordinary a course for a rifle ball.—Outing.

TOO SMART.

There Are Times When Enterprise Ceases to Be a Virtue.

"Young Brown is a smart fellow," said the manager of the collection department to the great lawyer.

"Yes? What's he been doing now?" asked the great lawyer.

"Why, he was in the office alone yesterday when he heard that Silk & Satin were financially embarrassed. We were holding one or two claims against them, and he rushed out and slapped on an attachment just fifteen minutes before they closed their doors."

"Got in ahead of every one, did he?"

"Beat every other creditor," said the manager.

The great lawyer looked pleased.

"It was a great piece of work," he said. "I like to see a young man with some enterprise and brains. What did you do?"

"I told him it was a good piece of work."

"What!" The great lawyer looked startled.

"Why, I complimented him for his promptness and business sense."

"Merciful heavens, man, that will never do!" cried the great lawyer. "He'll be asking for more salary. Go out and tell him that if he hadn't been here the office boy could have done it just as well!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

No Millionaires, No Progress.

A country without millionaires will have few if any railroads, no modern sanitation, none of the devices and assistants of modern science. Poverty, ignorance, superstition and despotism are invariably the lot of the common people in any country where millionaires have not appeared or do not remain. Nobody can do very much for himself without doing something for others. No man ever acquired a million in legitimate business without benefiting the community perhaps to the extent of many millions. Millions nowadays can come only with an active, exceptional capacity for successful business. Successful business does not mean, as it did in the middle ages, the power to rob your neighbor. It means the power to serve the public better than your neighbor can serve it. Necessarily this comes through the development and use of superior machinery or better methods for producing wealth and doing business.—Gunton's Magazine.

Bananas, Not Pajamas.

At a certain dinner party a charming young woman was seated next to an exceedingly deaf old man. She had done her best to interest him, but had found it necessary to shout out each remark unto the third and fourth narration before the old man could catch the point.

So the time dragged along till the dinner was waning and the fruit was passed.

The young woman determined to make a final effort at being agreeable, so she threw her voice into saying:

"Do you like bananas?"

"How's that?" asked her neighbor in a surprised tone.

"Do you like bananas?" she repeated.

"Well, my dear," he replied, "so long as you have introduced the topic, I will say that I much prefer the old fashioned nightshirt."

Weariness In Metals.

It has been found that when animal matter (for instance, a muscle or nerve) is repeatedly irritated its sensitiveness wears off after a time. The deflection of the galvanometer needle is feebler and feebler. In fact, the muscle or nerve begins to show signs of fatigue. In the human body, of course, this fatigue is quite obvious. If we use a particular muscle or nerve continuously without giving it time to rest its original action soon becomes enfeebled.

Professor Bose finds that metals betray exactly the same signs of fatigue under repeated irritation.—A. S. K. Ghosh in Pearson's Magazine.

Pessimistic Outlook.

Prospective Patron—What modern languages do you teach here?

College President (fifty years hence)—All the leading ones except English.

Prospective Patron—Except English? How is that?

College President—We have abandoned the effort to keep up with it. Our standard dictionaries now contain several million words—principally slang, sir; principally slang—and there is a new one born into the language every minute in the day.—Chicago Tribune.

Two Doses Daily Enough.

Hewitt—Bruet used to be a big eater, but now he has only two meals a day.

Jewett—You know the reason, don't you?

Hewitt—No; what is it?

Jewett—The doctor gave him some medicine to take after each meal.—Brooklyn Life.

Noodles Under Fire.

"You must give Mr. Noodles a chance," interposed his hostess. "He's collecting his thoughts."

"Noodles always had such a fad for collecting rarities," observed the josher in chief sympathetically.—Syracuse Herald.

Nearing the Danger Line.

Algernon—Tommy, do you think your sister would marry me?

Tommy—Yes; she'd marry almost anybody from what she said to me.—Pearson's Weekly.

He Went.

He—Be candid and tell me when you want me to go.

She—It's a couple of hours too late for that.—Smart Set.

To prevent flannel from shrinking put it away in a drawer. Do not keep on going to look at it, as the shrinking habit is often due to nervousness.

Sympathy.

Tom (sadly)—That's the second time she has said no.

Jack—Yes? I'm sorry two negatives don't always make an affirmative.—Brooklyn Life.

Art Note.

He—I wonder why Marjorie always insists on calling Gladys picturesque?

She—Probably because Gladys is so well painted.—Minneapolis Sentinel.

Natural History.

Pupil—Bees live in a hive, but they call it a cellar, for it is full of cells. Bees also make honey. They make it fine by combing it with a fine honeycomb.—New York Times.

Reassured.

Angelina (anxiously)—Are you sure, dear, that you don't regret it and that you don't sometimes miss your life as a bachelor?

Edwin (with cheerful conviction)—Not a bit. I tell you what, Angy, I miss it so little that if I were to lose you—a—I'm blessed if I wouldn't marry again.

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NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of William H. Hinds, late of River John, in the County of Pictou, Nova Scotia, deceased, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, and appointing Sidney Whidden of No. 46 Irving street, Winchester, Massachusetts, his agent, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to the subscriber.

JAMES HINDS, Adm.
River John, Pictou County.
N. S., November 6th, 1903.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed executrix of the will of George W. Pierce, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ANNIE H. TUCKER, Executrix.
241 Elm St., Somerville, Mass.
November 7, 1903.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed executrix of the will of Salem T. Brigham late of Woburn in the County of Middlesed, testate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ANN MARIA BRIGHAM, Executrix.
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Woburn, Nov. 5, 1903.

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LITTLE LAD

By M. LOUISE CUMMINS

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Jean Lindsay passed down the long hospital ward with firm, quiet step. The blue gingham and ample white apron of her nurse's dress hung in loose folds around the tall, gracious figure. The spotless bands at wrists and neck only served to show up the fine whiteness of her skin. Her snowy cap rested on thick waves of bronze hair.

Dexter Garst drew back into the corridor and, watching her, wondered if the time would ever come when he could see her move thus toward him and not find his whole being stirred to its very center.

The day, nearly a year before, when he had laid his heart at her feet was like a badly healed scar in the doctor's life. It had apparently passed out of her recollection.

She gave him her hand with a smile of good comradeship, and together they made their usual morning round of the ward. Near an empty cot at the end she paused.

"Little Lad is sitting up," she said smiling with the triumph of one who had won a hard battle and led the way outside.

By a sunny window he sat in his wheel chair, a little figure even for eight years, in the loose hospital suit of gray flannel. The doctor himself had brought him there nearly three months before, a shapeless bundle. He had been plucked from under a horse's hoofs in the street. No one seemed to care to lay any special claim to him, and yet he was undoubtedly the child of refined parents.

For weeks Garst and Jean Lindsay had fought with death for this one small and apparently superfluous life. There were times when the doctor gave up hope, and nothing but the strength of inherent motherhood in the woman seemed to keep the child alive.

"How is the little lad?" the doctor would ask as he entered the ward morning after morning, and "Little Lad" he became to every one in the hospital.

As he took a feeble hold on life again his whole starved little heart went out and laid hold on these two people, his doctor and nurse, with a mightiness of love which almost hurt him at times. He would lie in his cot and, watching the doctor while he made his rounds, think that he must be very like the man, about whom Nurse Lindsay had told him, who once lived upon the earth and healed all the sick people and loved little children. It never occurred to him to associate the beautiful story with the name he had so often heard in blasphemy in the street. But he looked at his own doctor and felt that it must be true.

A light might suddenly have been turned on inside the small body, so swift was the radiance which flooded his face as Jean and her companion came in sight. Garst sat down near the wheel chair and, taking one small hand, beat it softly against his broad open palm.

"Next week," he said, "I am going to run away into the country with Little Lad for a few days before—before I go abroad."

Jean Lindsay could not quite conceal the start his words gave her, but she held her voice steady.

"Then the long contemplated course at Bonn is to be an accomplished fact after all," she said.

"Yes." The doctor did not raise his eyes.

Little Lad had looked from one to the other in vague bewilderment.

"But, first of all," Garst went on, "Little Lad and I will have perhaps a whole week at a splendid place I know of, where there are tall pine trees and a big lake."

He was watching the boy's face and saw how the delight which his words called up became slowly clouded.

"Will she come too?" He motioned with his hand toward the nurse.

Garst remained silent. The child turned to Jean.

"Won't you come, too?" he pleaded.

He read the negation in her face even before she slowly shook her head and flung himself toward the doctor.

"Make her come! Make her come, too!" he begged passionately.

Jean stooped hurriedly and, putting back the damp hair from his forehead, kissed it.

"I'm afraid that would be quite impossible, Little Lad," she said quietly and moved away down the corridor.

But even as she did so an intense physical weariness seemed to have descended upon her. She felt stifling in the bright glare of the morning sunshine and, putting up her hand, pushed the heavy hair back from her forehead. When she had passed out of sight of the doctor and Little Lad, she turned and leaned against an open window. In place of the bare red brick walls of the nurses' home opposite she seemed to see a vista of tall trees, with the doctor and Little Lad lying on the soft pine needles beneath and the water lapping idly at their feet.

A swift, intense desire to be one of the little party rose within her. For the first time in her life she was weary of her work. More than she had ever wanted anything she wanted to get away and be taken care of, even as Little Lad would be, by this strong, self reliant man.

As she stood there an ambulance turned in at the gate, and Jean Lindsay sighed protestingly. She knew that if there was to be an operation she would be sent for, and her whole being rose in a quick revolt of weakness and inadequacy. She felt that the smell of ether just then would strangle her and put out her hands as though she would push away the burden of responsibility—those firm white hands to which strong men had clung in agony and within whose warm clasp more than one little form had grown cold.

She tried to realize as she stood there what her life would be when Dexter Garst went out of it.

"A month from now," she said, and her strong lip quivered—"a month from now he will be in Germany, and I"—

The thought was like a pall descending upon the brightness of the sun. She turned away, and even as she did so Garst's silence in answer to Little Lad's passionate "Make her come, too!" came to her with a stab.

"Miss Lindsay needs a rest," the house surgeon thought, looking after her with a critical eye a moment later and noting the pallor of her face.

That night as she made her round of the ward she became aware of a pair of bright eyes fixed upon her above very flushed cheeks. She saw at a glance that Little Lad had been crying and, going swiftly to his side, knelt and gathered him into her arms.

"What is it, son?"

The weak hands went around her neck.

"I want you—to come, too," he whispered with quivering lips.

The sob which had lain heavy around Jean's heart all day rose in her throat.

"He does not want me to—not now—Little Lad," she said wearily.

"He does!" The boy pushed her from him and looked up into her face. "He said he did! After you went away I asked him, and he said 'yes.' But he said 'twasn't any use asking you; that he'd asked you once to go away with him to a beautiful place and to live with him always afterward, but that you wouldn't. Oh, how could you not want to?" His eyes searched hers with incredulous reproach.

Jean bent suddenly and kissed him. Little Lad thought she had never looked so beautiful, but he was not satisfied. He put his hands against her breast and pushed her back until he could see her face.

"Would you—if he was to ask you again?" he pleaded wistfully.

Then he was held close against her bosom, and her tears wetted his cheek.

"Yes, dear Little Lad," she whispered. "I would."

He could hardly sleep that night with his longing for the morning. When it came he was in his wheel chair watching the door by which the doctor would enter, and as he saw him he raised himself by the arms of his chair until he was almost standing. He did not know that Jean had entered the corridor from the other end and was moving toward him.

"She said"—he had to stop and swallow, for his excitement choked him—"she said—she would! She said—if you was to ask her again—she would!" he cried tremblingly.

Garst's eyes went beyond the wheel chair to the woman who stood behind it. A dull red leaped to his face. There was a sweet tremulousness upon the gracious figure that sent the blood bounding through his veins. He took a step forward, and the strong hand which he held out shook.

"Will you?" he asked simply.

Jean laid her own within it with a looked that blessed.

"I want to go, even more than Little Lad does!" she said.

Left Handed Vituperatives.

One of the gravest objections to training a child to be left handed is the certainty that it will be nicknamed from its peculiarity, especially during the early years of life. Most counties in England have their idiomatic expressions to denote left handedness, and they are often prefixed to the unfortunate left handed child's name. In London the term is kack handed, the word being also equivalent to awkward. In Lancashire it is k-pawed, in Yorkshire gallock or gawk handed, an expression dating back to at least the seventeenth century. In Derbyshire are used the terms keg handed, cork handed and corky handed, while in the Teesdale district cuddy handed is common, and in Nottinghamshire wallet handed.

In the south of England special terms to denote left handedness are also found. In Dorset it is scrame handed, and in Devonshire coochy handed. In Scotland we find gawk handed, and in the west cawry handed. In Ireland a left handed man is called a kithogue. Mr. Tim Healy used this word in a speech at East Wicklow, in which he said that Mr. O'Kelly could fight with his left hand and had already given his opponent some "kithogues" that would spoil his political beauty during the contest.—London Chronicle.

A Conquering Fawn.

A sambhur fawn I possessed in India of the age of four to six months made a practice of chasing all dogs that came into the compound and did so with every appearance of considering it the greatest possible fun. The dogs, on the other hand, fled with their tails between their legs. This fawn evidently imagined itself to be the guardian and protector of the establishment. I have a vivid picture in my recollection of the gentle little beast transformed into a perfect fury, its coat bristling on end to make it look twice its usual size; head and tail defiantly erect, stamping sharply on the threshold with its dainty forefeet, demonstrations intended to frighten away two pariah dogs, who cringed before it on the veranda, yet showed a great desire to intrude into the house. The dogs finally sneaked off, depressed and defeated, and the conquering fawn swaggered back into the room to be praised by me either for once disdaining to chase its foes or deterred therefrom by its strong dislike to the noonday sun.—London Spectator.

What He Spoke About.

Dean Hole in impressing clergymen with the necessity of making themselves understood by their congregations often cited as a horrible example a famous classical scholar who thus addressed a handful of farm laborers in a country mission room: "In this beautiful country, my brethren, you have the apotheosis of nature and an apodeiknensis of theropratic omnipotence." The dean was not surprised when he asked one of the flock what it was about to be answered, "It was about an hour and a half."

The Only Way.

Mrs. Subbubs—We must give a dinner party, dear. That's all there is about it.

Mr. Subbubs—Why, we haven't any excuse for giving anybody a dinner party.

Mrs. Subbubs—Yes, I have. It will give me a chance to borrow back the fine dishes I loaned to Miss Nexdore when she gave her dinner party three months ago.—Philadelphia Press.

Change In Simples.

"There isn't so much doctoring with simples as there used to be."

"Oh, yes! More."

"Eh?"

"The difference is that the simples were formerly the remedies, whereas now they are the patients."—Detroit Free Press.

Reassuring Him.

Mr. Newcomb—I was so glad to meet your mother. I didn't think she was so—er—exceedingly stout.

Miss Wantaman—Oh, yes. But I'm sure I'll never grow to be like her. I take after papa, you know.—Exchange

Vice Versa.

"I hear Kate Green has married Jack Toper. I always considered her a girl of grit, but I never thought she'd marry a man to reform him."

"She didn't. She reformed Jack to marry him."—Town and Country.

He Works.

"He never works, does he?"

"Oh, yes; he works any one he can for anything he can!"—Chicago Post.

Miss Gannon, Sec'y Detroit Amateur Art Association, tells young women what to do to avoid pain and suffering caused by female troubles.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I can conscientiously recommend **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** to those of my sisters suffering with female weakness and the troubles which so often befall women. I suffered for months with general weakness, and felt so weary that I had hard work to keep up. I had shooting pains, and was utterly miserable. In my distress I was advised to use **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**, and it was a red letter day to me when I took the first dose, for at that time my restoration began. In six weeks I was a changed woman, perfectly well in every respect. I felt so elated and happy that I want all women who suffer to get well as I did."—MISS GUILA GANNON, 359 Jones St., Detroit, Mich., Secretary Amateur Art Association.—*$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

When one considers that Miss Gannon's letter is only one of the countless hundreds which we are continually publishing in the newspapers of this country, the great virtue of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine must be admitted by all.

Ant Robbed by Lizard.

While walking along the road on the outskirts of Bordighera I noticed a strange looking insect moving across it in a peculiar way. On getting nearer I saw that what had attracted my notice was a black ant about an inch long with brown wings dragging a cricket bigger than itself. It held the cricket by the head, and as the ant moved backward it drew the cricket toward it. While doing so it entered the shadow cast by my umbrella and instantly released its hold and got out of the shadow; but, finding there was no danger, it returned and seized its prey again by the head and recommenced its backward movement. A low wall ran alongside the road, and when the ant got within six feet of it a common brown lizard appeared on the top of the wall and evidently soon caught sight of the ant, for it ran quickly down the wall and to within two feet of it, where it crouched for a second or two like a cat ready to spring and then charged the ant, apparently butting the cricket free with its head. Before the ant could regain its hold the lizard seized the cricket in its mouth and darted up the wall in the direction from which it originally appeared on the scene, leaving the ant running round and round, moving its wings in an agitated manner, vainly searching for its lost prey.—Nature.

The Judgment of Hall Caine.

Before the hand of fame dropped her laurels lightly on his brow, to speak poetically, Hall Caine was a publisher's reader and in that capacity held in his hands the fate of many a book. That his good judgment was not altogether infallible is shown by the fact that he read and, so it is said, rejected "The Romance of Two Worlds," which soon afterward was published and became the success of the year.

On one occasion a budding author managed to gain access to his office for the purpose of submitting a book to him.

Hall Caine took the manuscript from the man's hands and glanced over it for perhaps twenty minutes. Then he gave it back, with a few words of suggestion and criticism.

"I do not think, Mr. Caine," said the ambitious writer, "that you should dispose of my ideas in this summary fashion. That book cost me a year's labor."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Caine. "My dear fellow, an impartial judge would give you at least ten!"

The Sensation of Hunger.

The sensation of hunger has not been easy to explain. The new theory of a German physician is that it is due to emptiness of the blood vessels of the stomach, and it is pointed out that hunger is appeased with the rush of blood to the stomach following the taking of food and beginning of digestion. In many anæmic persons who have no appetite when the stomach is empty the blood vessels are really congested instead of being empty. Lack of blood in the stomach in health acts on a special nerve, which is a branch of the same nerve trunk as the nerves of the mouth and tongue. A stimulus applied to the tongue, as by a spice, thus increases appetite, while disease affecting the nerves of the tongue may produce loss of appetite even when the stomach is empty.

Whippers.

In the Press of New Zealand may be read this startling advertisement: "A father desires the services of a trustworthy lady to administer corporal punishment to his three girls. State salary, references and experience."

A year or two ago this Spartan parent's needs were anticipated by the following advertisement in the London Standard: "A clergyman's widow, strict disciplinarian, gives lessons to unruly boys and girls. Advice letter, 5s.; home consultation, 6s. 6d.; corporal punishment, from 8s. 6d. Visits all parts. Terms according to distance. Rods supplied, 1s. 6d. each."

Inviting a Repetition.

One Sunday a teacher was trying to illustrate to her small scholars the lesson, "Return good for evil." To make it practical she said, "Suppose, children, one of your schoolmates should strike you and the next day you should bring him an apple—that would be one way of returning good for evil." To her dismay, one little girl spoke up quickly. "Then he would strike you again to get another apple!"

A Wager Lost.

"She's a treacherous thing," asserted the girl in blue.

"How is that?" asked the girl in gray.

"Why, we fixed it up between us that she was to refuse him if he proposed, and then I made a bet with him that she would."

"Well?"

"Well, she didn't."—Chicago Post.

Whitman as an Editor.

Whitman wrote on anything and everything, after the fashion of editors, sometimes with earnestness, sometimes with undisguised indifference. Here is a sample of an occasional sort: "To cure the toothache plunge your feet in cold water. Strange, but true." For "but" most people would read "if." The man who must supply a column at a given hour every day cannot make the quality uniform. Whitman discusses public and personal questions, asks if it is right to dance and answers himself that it is if one goes to bed in decent season, rates the ferry company for allowing men to smoke and spit on the decks, and while the United States army is fighting in Mexico he turns out a restful screed entitled "Some Afternoon Gossip" devoted to a rainfall and the lamentations of ice cream makers on account of the cool weather. Some happenings always drew a lecture from him. He could not abide harshness, unfairness, tyranny or cruelty. Not an execution of the death sentence occurred anywhere in the Union that he did not inveigh against capital punishment. Indeed the severities of law seemed to irritate him more than the severities of the criminal.—Charles M. Skinner in Atlantic.

Editorial Consolation.

The senator had dropped in for a friendly chat with his friend the editor of his home paper and had hardly seated himself when there appeared a well known character of the town, a type of individual common to every locality, the man who knows "how the paper ought to be run."

Without noticing the presence of the senator the man launched into a complaint that the paper had not printed certain articles he had written for it.

"Why," said he, "I gave 'em to you months ago. What have you done with 'em?"

The editor smiled sadly. "I'm holding them," he replied. "And they serve a very good purpose too. Now and then I get to thinking that perhaps we are not offering the public as good a paper as we ought to. At such times I look up your articles and see how much worse the sheet might be. So I become real cheerful again. Please don't take them from me!"

Lovers of Beauty.

The Japanese have a most charming custom which the Americans would do well in following. In the houses of the well to do there is always one room which is called "the chamber of the inspiring view," and from the windows of this room may be seen some beauty of nature, sometimes a glimpse of a winding river or pretty hills, and frequently it is no more than a blossoming cherry tree or an interrupted stretch of white snow, but in any case showing the simple love of the naturally beautiful. While we Americans give theater and dinner parties, the Japanese get up parties to visit the maple trees while they are resplendent in the autumn colors or to go mushroom hunting, and in the winter they go out into the country to view the fresh untrodden snow.—Detroit Tribune.

One of Falb's Predictions.

The Journal des Debats tells a story of Professor Rudolf Falb. In 1874 he predicted an eruption of Etna on Aug. 27. He offered a Vienna editor to write an account of it if the editor would send him to Sicily. Falb was commissioned. When he reached Etna there was not the slightest sign of disturbance. As the 27th approached Falb was tortured with anxiety and spent sleepless nights watching the volcano. Nothing happened on the 27th and 28th. The following morning the servant rushed into the professor's room shouting, "An eruption, a terrible eruption!" Falb saw the spectacle and sent off his dispatch.

Cause and Effect.

A certain professor of pedagogy is fond of repeating the following extract from a composition submitted to him for approval during the days when he was a worker in the schoolteaching ranks.

The extract runs as follows:

"Beings are divided into names, according to that which they feed on. The lion eats flesh—the lion is carnivorous. The cow eats grass—the cow is herbarious. Man eats everything; therefore man is omnipotent."

Beef and Beans.

Beef and beans did not originate in Maine, Boston or Park row. The ancient city of Leicester has some claims that will not be disputed, as you may judge by these old lines:

Cornwall squab pie and Devon white pot brings
And Leicester beans and bacon fit for kings.
—New York Press.

Guilty.

Jones (in a loud whisper)—There's the fellow that fired on the train—

Detective—Hello, you rascal! I've got you dead to rights! Fire on a train, will you?

Prisoner—Yes, you fool! I'm the fireman.

Custom's Reprehensible Work.

"Custom Made Pants," soliloquized the professor, observing a sign in a clothier's window. "Did it? Well, custom was in mighty small business when it cut pantaloons down to pants."—Chicago Tribune.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

The Checkerberry.

The leaves of the wintergreen, a small plant, whose bright red berries, about the size of peas, are sold on the streets under the name of teaberry, have long been used for tea, says the Philadelphia Press. From this it takes the name by which it is known in Pennsylvania. New Englanders, for some unknown reason, call it checkerberry. The foliage is very aromatic, and people who like a dash of spiciness in their drink have sometimes added its flavor to real tea.

It is near of kin and similar in taste to the creeping snowberry, a small, delicate vine abundant in the great bogs and mossy woods of the north and Allegheny regions, and this is also approved by mountain palates as a substitute for tea.

Thoreau in "The Maine Woods" tells of his Indian guide bringing it into camp one night and recommending it as the best of all substitutes for tea. "It has a slight checkerberry flavor," he records, "and we both agreed that it was better than the black tea we had brought. We thought it a discovery and that it might be dried and sold in the shops."

The "Meenister's" Appetite.

The minister of a kirk in a rather remote country parish in Scotland, with his ruling elder, went a long journey for the "catechising" of an old parishioner. The walk was long and arduous, and when they arrived at their destination their appetites, to say the least, were somewhat "keen," and they did justice to the meal which the old parishioner offered them. "Now, Janet," said the minister, when he and his companion had for awhile finished eating, "we will begin the serious business. Do you remember the text for last Sunday?" "Aye, I mind it well," replied Janet. "It was about the miracle of the loaves and the fishes." "And have you pondered the subject during the week, Janet?" continued the minister. "'Deed have I, sir," said the woman, "and I'm thinkin' the noo that if you and the elder had been there they wadna' have taken up sae mony basketfuls."

Children In Russia.

A long towel is used by Russian peasant women to support their babies. These latter have no baby clothes, but are wrapped in a linen sheet, and the long towel, fastened in a knot behind the mother, passes from the shoulder under one arm and makes a sort of sling for the baby to lie in. Children in Russia are not generally allowed out in the severe weather of winter, but run about barefoot in summer. At night it is so warm in summer that the beds are often pulled outside of the house altogether, and it is not an uncommon thing on the way home from some late amusement to come across a sleeping family of peasants. Richer families have balconies, on to which they also sometimes drag their beds on summer nights.

Pipe Filling as a Profession.

There are few ways of earning an honest penny more strange than that in which an old couple in the north of England eke out a scanty income. Their little cottage is situated near a large mine, and every morning the colliers before descending to their work leave their pipes and tobacco boxes in the hands of the old folk. The pipes are cleaned and filled ready for lighting, and the miners can come up at the dinner hour and enjoy a good smoke without having to expend time in charging their pipes. They are again left to be in readiness for the evening. The small weekly charge per pipe mounts into a respectable number of shillings at the week's end.

Indian Music.

A student of music of the aborigines states that the Indians have innumerable songs which conform to a definite melodic system. Many persons have been led to believe that Indian music consists wholly of drums, whoops and yells, but, in the face of twenty years' serious study of the matter and thousands of phonograph records, this belief is fast disappearing. These melodies are all indissolubly linked to legends, myths, ceremonials or religious rituals of the greatest poetic and dramatic beauty.

Essence of Orange Leaves.

One of the remarkable industries of Paraguay is the preparation of essence of orange leaves. More than 150 years ago the Jesuit priests, who then ruled that secluded country, imported orange seeds and planted groves, which have now become immense forests, filled with small establishments for extracting the essence, which is exported to France and the United States for use in soap and perfumery making. It is also employed by the natives of Paraguay as a healing ointment and a hair tonic.

Right In the Pulpit Too.

"How did you like Dr. Fourthly last Sunday morning?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "Don't you think he indulged rather freely in mixed metaphor?"

"Goodness! I didn't notice. Did he have it right there in the pulpit? This will be a terrible blow to Josiah. He thinks so much of the doctor!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Like Clockwork.

Young Housewife (enthusiastically)—My house runs like clockwork.

Old Housewife—So does mine, but I never look to see whether the clock is keeping good time or not.

Evening.

Bickers calls his office garb his evening suit because it places him on a level with the other clerks.—Boston Transcript.

When you wish to convey the subtlest and most delicate flattery to a man ask him for advice. It isn't necessary to follow it.

His Value as a Witness.

"As I understand it, you want me to go on the stand and swear to the truth of your contention."

"Heavens and earth, no! I want you to swear against me. Why, there are five members of the jury who know your reputation well."—Chicago Post.

His Compliment.

Katherine—My nose turns up so dreadfully!

Cholly—Then it shows very poor taste in backing away from such a pretty mouth.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

As Usual.

"How much do you expect to spend for your wife's birthday present?"

"About half as much as I shall."—Judge.

Mixed Metaphor.

"Brethren," said an earnest exhorter to a body of religious workers, "brethren, remember that there is nothing which will kindle the fires of religion in the human heart like water from the fountains of life."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 29.

Text of the Lesson, I Chron. xxviii, 1-10. Memory Verses, 9, 10—Golden Text, Prov. iii, 5—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Our lesson is entitled "David's charge to Solomon," but that is covered by verses 9 and 10; the verses preceding give David's charge to Israel through her representative men; but the complete charge both to Solomon and to the people includes at least the last two verses of this chapter and the first five of the next. The address to both concerns very largely the temple which David had it in his heart to build and for which he made abundant provision, but concerning which God said unto him, "Thou shalt not build an house for my name because thou hast been a man of war and hast shed blood" (verses 1-3).

Many things suggest themselves to the mind of a child of God which seem both to the believer and to his intimate friends to be good and right, but the suggestions are not of God. On the other hand, God sometimes tells a believer to do that which seems contrary to the common sense and good judgment both of himself and his fellow believers. Even Nathan, the prophet, thought that David's purpose to build a temple was all right, and he at first encouraged him in it (I Chron. xvii, 1, 2).

The apostle Paul thought that he ought to preach the word in Asia and in Bithynia on his way west during his second tour, but the Spirit forbade him to do so at that time (Acts xvi, 6, 7). And what could seem more contrary to all sound judgment of men than to build a great vessel with no water in sight, to expect a sea to divide, a river to stop flowing, a city's walls to fall down by unseen hands, five loaves of bread to feed 5,000 men or to roll away a stone from a tomb and expect a corrupting body to come forth in health? But these are only parts of His ways, and how little a portion we hear of Him? (Job xxvi, 14; see also R. V.) In creation and in redemption God in Christ was the only worker, and in the daily life of each believer it must be His working which worketh in us, or it will prove to be wood, hay and stubble, which must be burned up (Phil. ii, 13; Col. i, 29; I Cor. iii, 14, 15).

God is ever working all things after the counsel of His own will, according to the eternal purpose which He purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord (Eph. i, 11; iii, 11). Abel and Seth, not Cain; Isaac, not Ishmael; Jacob, not Esau; Judah, not Reuben or the others; David, not Eliab; Solomon, not Nathan, are the chosen sons of men through whom the Son of Man is to come who will Himself be the true Temple and Tabernacle (John ii, 19-21; Heb. viii, 1, 2); also the chief corner stone of the building now being completed (Eph. ii, 19-21), and the son of David to sit on David's throne and reign over the house of Jacob forever (Luke i, 31-33).

The throne of David at Jerusalem is the only throne on earth that has ever been called the throne of the Lord (verse 5; chap. xxix, 23; II Chron. ix, 8), and Jerusalem is the only city on earth that will be called "the throne of the Lord" (Jer. iii, 17), and the only thing that I have found in Scripture that God says He will do with His whole heart and soul is that He will place Israel in their own land, give them one heart and one way to fear Him and make them His people in the sight of all nations (Jer. xxxii, 37-42). It is part of His eternal purpose, and He will do in spite of all the caviling and unbelief of Jews and gentiles.

Let us give special attention in the remainder of our meditation to the charge to Solomon and take what we can of it to our own hearts. On April 23, 1886, verse 9 was made a very special blessing to my soul as I rode on the train from Scranton to Philadelphia. A memorandum on the margin of my Bible reminds me of this, and the blessing lasts to this day. There is nothing greater than to know God (Jer. ix, 23, 24; John xvii, 3; xiv, 9; Phil. iii, 10; II Pet. iii, 18), to know Him as our Father through Jesus Christ, for no man knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him (Matt. xi, 27). There are no children of God, according to the Scriptures, except those who are born of God by receiving Jesus Christ as their Saviour, who also created all things (John i, 1-13). Then to serve Him with a perfect or whole heart and a willing mind, remembering that He searcheth and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts of our hearts—this is life in earnest. Concerning the perfect heart see Gen. xvii, 1; Heb. xiii, 20.

As truly as the palace which Solomon was to build was not for man, but for the Lord God, so the daily life of every believer is first of all for the kingdom of God and His righteousness (chap. xxix, 1; Matt. vi, 33). Let the words "Take heed; be strong and do; be strong and of good courage and do; fear not, nor be dismayed," and the other words of verses 10 and 20 be compared with Deut. xxxi, 6, 8; Josh. i, 5-9; Hag. ii, 4, 5, and then humbly but honestly appropriate as your very own God's special personal message to your own soul, and, like David, you will find your affection set upon the house of your God, and with all your might you will prepare the way of the Lord, and others will be led to rejoice and offer willingly to do likewise (chap. xxix, 2, 3, 9). Both in salvation and service all is of God. The greatness, the power, the glory, are all His. All riches and honor come from Him; all power and might are His, and all He asks of us is to be wholly and willingly His for His pleasure and seek Him and His will only and always.

A Typographical Tragedy.

"You have some professional humorists working on your linotype machines, haven't you?" asked the poet.

"Haven't noticed that any of them have a failing that way," answered the editor.

"Well, you're a poor observer. Do you read your own paper?"

"Occasionally."

"Did you read my poem, 'To Agatha,' in yesterday's issue?"

"N-no."

"I thought not. In the poem I wrote a line which read, 'I love you better than I love my life.'"

"That was a neat line."

"And one of your linotype humorists made it read, 'I love you better than I love my wife.'"

"Er—"

"Exactly—my wife. And my wife, not being acquainted with the failings of these key thumpers, thinks the poem was printed exactly as it was written."

Man's recuperative power after an injury is in an inverse ratio to his social advancement.

DON'T FORGET THEM.

The Party Call and the Bread and Butter Letter.

Do not forget your party call and your bread and butter letters, says the Boston Advertiser. They are in their way just as important as the party and the visit themselves and mean much to your hostess.

"Five weeks ago," said a woman to me the other day, "I gave an evening affair to which fifty guests were invited. Out of these only one has paid me a party call. Of course I know that it is not indifference or ingratitude that has caused the omission, but I cannot help feeling it a little." The bread and butter letter, too, is not a mere functory matter, but a real demand with which we should comply. Every hostess is interested in the welfare of the guest who has lately been sojourning under her roof and whom she has just speeded with good will on her way. She wishes to know if the guest has arrived home safe and well, and not to comply with such wish shows one lacking in common courtesy. Yet it is a mistake which excellent people often make. Few people forget to call upon a bride, but how many remember the call due the bride's parents as the persons who extended the invitation to the wedding? Yet one is as binding as the other, except of course in cases where the bride's new home is at a great distance from that of her girlhood.

A Famous Knocker.

In the door of the north porch of Durham cathedral is a very ancient and grotesque mask of bronze, the empty eye sockets of which are thought to have been either filled with crystal eyeballs or to have had a lamp burning behind them.

This cathedral was in mediæval days a famous sanctuary where any culprit charged with crime could find inviolable shelter, kindly entertainment for thirty-seven days and then if still unjustified or unpardoned safe escort to the coast and passage oversea. The only payment demanded was a full confession and a solemn oath never to return to England.

From a chamber over the north porch a monk watched continually to give immediate entrance to any fugitive, and as soon as this knocker on the door was grasped the rights of sanctuary were insured. The chamber was destroyed about a hundred years ago, but the famous Norman knocker still hangs in its place.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Young Men of Today.

The young men of today are too finicky—too much given to self analysis, too self pampering. Their shoes and neckties cost more each year than did the entire wardrobe of their grandfathers. They feel a sense of degradation in small beginnings and plodding, and they wait for success ready made to come to them. There is not a young man in the country who would imitate Ben Franklin and march through the streets munching a loaf of bread while looking for employment. He dares not, indeed, because society has become also finicky, and he would be arrested as a tramp. The young man of today wants capital. He cannot be president of a bank or judge of a court the first week he is from school, and he feels like the famous Eli Pussley, that he has "no chance."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Blue Mountain Tea.

The foliage and flowers of all the goldenrods, says the Philadelphia Press, are imbued with an astringent principle and are moderately stimulant, so that their suitability for the manufacture of a domestic tea was recognized by the American colonists as long ago as when George III. was king over them. One species, the fragrant leaved goldenrod, known sometimes as Blue Mountain tea, possesses in addition the flavor of licorice. Drunk piping hot in the wilderness it makes a pleasant feature in the camper's limited menu. This especial kind of goldenrod begins to bloom quite early in the summer and is easy of recognition.

The Earthworm.

Among agricultural workers perhaps the earthworm receives the least attention. Its value to the land is seldom appreciated. It bores through the soil, making little tunnels in every direction, thereby admitting the air and moisture not only to the soil, but through the soil to the subsoil. During the process of boring it eats its way along, thereby grinding up the little particles of earth, rendering them finer and in better condition to retain moisture.

Asserted His Freedom.

"Well," said Tom sleepily to his roommate, "did you solve that puzzle?"

"No," snapped Dick as he got ready for bed.

"Huh! You said you'd solve it if you had to stay up all night to do it."

"Well, I didn't have to stay up all night. This is a free country."—Philadelphia Press.

Sand.

Boy—My mother says there was a pound of sand in the last box of prunes you sent up.

Grocer—Well, you tell your mother that was the best scrubbing sand. She is a good customer, and I threw it in.—Philadelphia Record.

Troubles of Her Own.

"I asked her if she would scream for her mother if I kissed her."

"What did she say?"

"She said her mother was fully capable of doing her own screaming."—Houston Post.

In Trade.

"Didn't you have a pleasant voyage?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," replied Miss Greatblood, "except for the vulgar trade winds we encountered."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The World Went On.

Arter bein' laid up fur two weeks wid a sprained ankle I got out to find de world turnin' round jest de same an' to feel hurt dat it hadn't stopped. Dat's a way de world has, however, an' perhaps it don't do no harm to find out how mighty little we amount to.—Detroit Free Press.

An Author Explains.

Mrs. Marigold—How do you happen to be so much brighter than other people, Mr. Author?

Mr. Author—Well—er—you see, the criticisms of my books make me smart.—Kansas City Journal.

Hard to Collect.

"The world owes me a living," said the young man.

"I suppose so," said the old one, "but you are not so fortunate as to be a preferred creditor."—Judge.

He who tries to prove too much proves nothing.—French Proverb.

Great men are the commissioned guides of mankind, who rule their fellows because they are wiser.—Carlyle.

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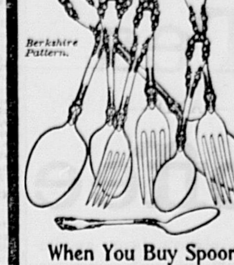

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The Kickapoos.

The Kickapoo Indians have a very peculiar marriage custom. They simply select their wives, and if the selection is mutual they reside together as man and wife, and nothing is said. There are no scandals among these people. Husbands and wives are true to each other, and the quiet understanding is considered as sacred as our marriage vows. There are few acts that can be termed criminal among this small band of Indians. Murder is seldom heard of, and death is the penalty for the crime. Robbery from each other is unknown. All their possessions could be piled together in the street, and no one of them would think of taking the property. Their religion is the same as Columbus found among the Indians when he first landed in America. They believe that there are two spirits—the great, good spirit and the bad spirit. After death the wicked are supposed to fall victims to the bad spirit. The religious worship is carried on every day. It consists of dances and singing and beating of tomtoms. They are very delicate regarding their belief and seldom take a stranger into their confidence.—Kansas City Journal.

Complicated Relationships.

"It's astonishing when you come to think of it how the simplest appearing marriages may have complicated results," said a philosopher the other day. "Of course when a man marries a young girl and his son marries the girl's mother the possible offspring have all sorts of relationships with their parents. But take a simpler case. A chap I know married his first cousin's daughter some years ago and has two children. Those olive branches are first cousins once removed to their grandfather and second cousins to their mother on the father's side and first cousins twice removed to their father on their mother's side. Then each is second cousin once removed to himself. A similar state of affairs occurs of course in the case of children of married first cousins.

"I think I've proved my theorem, haven't I, that complicated results often follow simple enough causes?"

Market Values of Dead Rats.

A New England senator tells a story of a certain wealthy business man in Providence, R. I., whose reputation for tight fistedness in business matters is a matter of common knowledge even in neighboring states.

Not long ago the man of strict business principles engaged a professional ratcatcher to undertake the task of ridding his warehouse cellars of the troublesome rodents that infested them.

The ratkiller presented his bill, showing that the Providence man was indebted to the former in the sum of $10.

"Good gracious," exclaimed the tight fisted man as he glanced at the bill, "$10!" Then after a second's pause he anxiously asked:

"Don't I get anything for the rats?"—New York Tribune.

The Secret of Harmony.

Young Mrs. Mead, whose experience of married life had been brief and happy, had just engaged two servants, a man and his wife, for work at her place.

"I am so glad you are married!" she said to the man, with whom she had made terms. "I hope you are very, very happy, and that you and your wife never have any difference of opinion."

"Faith, ma'am, Oi couldn't say that," replied the new servant, "for we have a good manny, but Oi don't let Bridget know of thim, and so we do be getting along well."

A Spider Balloon.

Tremendous spiders can be seen in the forests of Java, the webs of these creatures being so strong that it sometimes requires a knife to cut through them.

A Texas spider weaves a balloon four feet long and two feet wide, which it fastens to a tree by a single thread, then marches on board with its little ones, cuts the thread, and away goes the air ship to some distant place to make a new home.

Bitter.

"No," said Mr. Crabbe; "I certainly won't buy you that extravagant bonnet. Isn't there anything else you'd be satisfied to wear?"

"Oh, yes!" replied his wife. "I saw a very plain and cheap one today that I'd be delighted to wear."

"Indeed! Well?"

"Well, it's a widow's bonnet."—Philadelphia Press.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12. 7.37, 8.14, 8.21. 9.00, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25. 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston** ,9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua ,Manchester and Concord,N.H.at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

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Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 , p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, [illegible] Arlington with the cars of the West End [illegible] Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and [illegible].

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street. near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

THE MODEL AT VIVON'S

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

The model at Vivon's had fainted.

It was in the middle of the [illegible] sitting, the very apex of int[illegible]sity in the lesson. Little Vivon moved lightly and restlessly here and there from one easel to another, his small, black eyes mere high lights of sparkling eagerness under their heavy brows. He smoked his short, thick pipe and glanced from the charcoal studies to the slim white figure on the platform.

The sunlight poured full into the long, bare atelier. Suddenly the model swayed ever so slightly and sank to the floor.

Some of the girls gave quick, frightened cries, and Jean Laurier glanced up with a smothered exclamation of angry dismay over his unfinished sketch. From the first easel to the right of the platform the American student Hal Crane, sprang to the platform and raised her head on his arm. It was such a young head. The loose, warm tinted hair lay softly against his shoulder, and he noticed for the first time how thin the small, piquant face was.

Vivon hopped excitedly the length of the room and waved his small plump hands for order.

"It is nothing," he said. "She is fatigued, it is so warm. Can you carry her, M. Crane?"

Could he carry her? Crane smiled grimly as he raised the slender figure in his arms. Why, his little sister Bess, back in Crawfordsville, Mo., was heavier than this. He followed Vivon from the atelier away from the battery of amused, curious eyes to the artist's private den.

"Ma foi," laughed petite Yvette, her eyes narrowing critically, "that was not bad, that last. I think I shall faint, too, and let le gros Crane waltz me off in his arms."

Laurier leaned lazily over her shoulder and scrawled a rough caricature on the corner of her paper.

"Like that?"

She boxed his ears soundly and reached a greedy little hand after the box of bonbons Elsie Ticot was passing. The model was forgotten.

"Lay her there." Vivon nodded to a corner divan in the inner studio heaped high with pillows, sketches and costumes. Crane ruthlessly pushed the latter off with his foot to make room for his burden. He laid her down gently and held to her lips the glass of water Vivon brought.

"It is just faintness, yes?" asked Vivon anxiously.

Crane stared thoughtfully at the white face among the pillows. He had been hungry once back in the first days of the battle. The little home in Crawfordsville had sent him out to the great city of his dreams, and only long afterward had the fight been his own. He thought he recognized the look that comes to those who are tracked by the wolf.

"I think that she's just about starved," he said bluntly. "Get some wine or brandy or something."

Vivon obeyed. The Americans had a way that made men obey.

"Who is she?" asked Crane when he had managed to get a few drops of brandy between the pale lips.

"One of Ribaut's models," Vivon answered nervously. The sounds from the atelier were not conducive to peace of mind. Yes, she was a new one. Ribaut had sent her to him yesterday, and he had engaged her for the poise, the grace, the turn of the head, that line from the tip of the ear to the slope of the shoulder. She did not pose for the life classes, merely for drapery and the poise effective. And the name—it was in his notebook.

He took it out and read from the latest entries:

"Virginia Wade."

"American?" asked Crane, using more brandy as he saw a flutter of the eyelids.

"But, yes." Vivon shrugged his shoulders. "When they come over and are poor they must do something. Some are so proud they hide away and starve, and some put up the grand fight."

"Where does she live?"

Crane glanced up. The little artist had gone back to the atelier as a fresh crash sounded, with Yvette's peal of laughter ringing above it.

When the girl's eyelids opened he smiled down at her in a friendly fashion.

"Feel better?"

"I guess so." She hesitated and added, with a scared look in her dark blue eyes, "Did I faint in there?"

"Oh, yes; that was nothing. Lots do." Laurier had said the American had reduced cheerful lying to an art. "It's so hot there in the mornings, you know."

There was a quiver of hopeless disappointment around the curves of her mouth, and he knew what troubled her. There was a five franc piece in his pocket. He laid it unblushingly on the tabouret beside her.

"Vivon said that was yours. He couldn't wait, but he said to come tomorrow, and this is for the two sittings."

Her eyes brightened with surprise, and he knew his surmise had been right.

"I must go home," she said, trying to rise from the cushions.

"Wait while I get a carriage." Crane started for the door decidedly. "I'll send one of the girls to help you."

She thanked him with a smile that made him whistle as he went down two flights three steps at a time. When he returned he carried her down to the carriage with a masterfulness that asked no permission, and she did not demur when he took the seat beside her.

It was not hard to find her "sky parlor," as Crane called it mentally, off the Rue des Sœurs Claires. He called there the next evening, and she met him at the head of the dusty landing with a shy dignity and led the way into her attic apartment as if it had been a Louis Quinze reception room in pink and gold. A young girl, younger even than herself, sat in an easy chair by the window and smiled up at him.

"This is Lucille, my sister," Virginia said simply. Crane's quick eyes noticed the slim pair of crutches leaning beside the chair. He knew why she had posed at Ribaut's and Vivon's, why she had not hidden her poverty and starved in silent pride.

The next time he came he brought flowers for Lucille, and a new grateful friendliness flashed in the other's blue eyes.

It became a regular thing, that walk home from Vivon's to the Rue des Sœurs Claires. She showed him some of her sketches, and Crane promptly took a bunch under his arm and hawked them around the art stores with a devout persistency his own had never known. Before a month had passed she had picked up odd work coloring pen and ink proofs for one of the weeklies, and at last there came a day when she left Vivon's for good, and the future was full of hope.

"And we shall see, la-la-la; we shall see now," laughed Yvette. "He is in earnest, le gros Crane. The wedding bells will go ding-a-ling, and the little white faced Virginia will have roses in her cheeks."

"It's all your doing," Virginia told him that night when they parted at her door. "I was worn out and heart sick that day when I fainted, and you cheered me, and—and"— She faltered and held out her hand to him. There was a five franc piece in it. "Please take it back," she said. "Vivon told me, and I think it was just splendid of you."

Crane flushed hotly, but he took it. He knew her pride and that to her it was a debt of honor.

"And after today, what?" he asked. "I shall miss the walk home, and you will forget Vivon's and me."

She bent her head low over the bunch of pink roses he had given her for Lucille, and something in her silence gave him courage.

"Virginia, if you would only give me the right to sweep you and Lucille away from this, the sky parlor and the struggle that never ends! I'm strong and have gained a footing, and you could study then"— he rambled on with boyish helplessness. "I've loved you ever since that day at Vivon's when your head lay on my shoulder, and I wanted to lift you up and carry you away from it all—Laurier and Yvette and old Vivon and all of them. You seemed so different and little and alone."

She was silent still, and he waited. Out over the city some bells were ringing slow, sweet chimes, and the sparrows were fluttering sleepily around the eaves of the sky parlor over their heads.

One of the roses fell at her feet, and he raised it tenderly.

"Do you think I had better go?" The dark blue eyes looked up at him at last, and he bent toward her eagerly. "Virginia, sweetheart?"

She held the roses close to her lips and smiled at him over them.

"Won't you come up and tell Lucille?" she said softly, and he followed her up the long, dusty stairs to the sky parlor.

Music as Medicine.

From the days of Saul and David music has no doubt been the means of alleviating, if not of actually curing, many serious cases of mental disease. Modern experience has proved this conclusively, and many instances may be quoted from ancient history.

Pythagoras commended music in the treatment of the insane, and Thales, when a pestilence ravaged Sparta, found in music his most powerful means of combating it. Henocrates soothed maniacs by it, and Theophrastus held that even the bites of venomous reptiles were rendered less fatal by subjecting the victims to the influence of melody.

When Philip of Spain was in a morbid and desponding condition, Farinelli, the vocalist, was sent for by the queen, with a party of musicians, to sing and play in the adjoining room. The effect was a speedy and rapid cure.

Both Buckman and Hafeland relate instances in which music has cured cases of St. Vitus' d[illegible] and Becker and Schneider dem[illegible] practically its influence in different cases of hysteria.

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THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

The Conscientious Citizen.

"This conscience doth make cowards of us all," said the thoughtful and sanctimonious citizen as he stepped off a Druid Hill car.

"Yes?" said his friend.

"Now, if there's one thing I'm conscientious about it's about extravagance."

"Yes, I noticed that," murmured the friend.

"This morning I started downtown in plenty of time to have walked to the office. A car came by me, and, largely through force of habit, but more through man's natural laziness, I hopped it."

"Yes?" said the friend.

"I hadn't any more than got on that car than my conscience began to upbraid me for the unnecessary extravagance in little things. It kept worrying me so much that I was just impelled to atone for the reckless step by beating the conductor and thus saving my nickel after all, since which time my conscience has been perfectly clear."—Baltimore American.

Oysters.

As a matter of interest there is but one species of oyster, Ostrea virginica, along the eastern coast of North America. The western coast has at least five species, but only two of these are of importance, and these do not compare with the eastern shellfish. Thus it is apparent that a Blue Point, a Providence river and a Chesapeake bay oyster are one and the same thing so far as species is concerned. The difference is merely in food supply and conditions in growth.

The oyster is rich in phosphates, but is almost entirely lacking in fat making, muscle building material and those elements which go to make up physical force and vitality. While it is wholesome and easily assimilated, the actual food value of the oyster is not sufficient to rank it with our great food fishes—the cod, haddock, mackerel, etc.—Good Housekeeping.

A Chinese Fish Story.

The fish editor of the Courrier de Tientsin is going strongly at present. Gloat over this, O ye disciples of Munchausen, and cull a passing pointer, O ye followers in the footsteps of Ananias:

"Some days ago an enormous fish thirty-six feet long was caught in the vicinity of Peitang, near Tangku. It was cut up and sold in the surrounding villages. The carcass of the fish was probably poisonous, as 300 inhabitants who had eaten of it are dead and many others are ill."

What royal fiction such a man would scribe about the sea serpent!—Shanghai Times.

Where He Failed.

"Offenbach," said a musician of wide experience, "once had an unusually good valet. The man could shave, cook, tailor, market, doctor horses—do, in a word, a thousand things. Offenbach nevertheless discharged him.

"'Why,' his friends said, 'did you dismiss a servant so apt?'

"'Oh, because,' said Offenbach pettishly, 'in beating my clothes outside my door he would never keep in time.'"

A Friendly Suggestion.

"I'm at a loss to know what to make of my only son," said the trust magnate. "He seems to have no brains for business."

"Permit me to hand you a suggestion," rejoined the merchant prince. "Make a society leader of him."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Not Twins.

She—I hear the stork brought something to your house the other day.

He (proudly)—Yes, indeed.

She—Of course it's just too cute.

He—No, it isn't two cute, thank goodness! Only one.—Philadelphia Ledger.

That Painful Cough.

"No matter what you go to see a doctor about he is bound to end on your lungs."

"How is that?"

"Well, he always makes you cough up."—Exchange.

The Safer Method.

"Say," began the first man, nibbling his pen, "how do you spell 'gibbering'—with a 'g' or a 'j?'"

"I don't spell it at all," replied the other. "When I want to call a man that sort of an idiot I just say it. I'm not fool enough to put it in writing."—Washington Star.

THE GERM THEORY.

De Foe Gave a Hint of It in the Early Eighteenth Century.

De Foe's "Journal of the Plague Year," published in 1722, contains two passages which grope toward bacteriology. De Foe himself pretends to disbelieve the theories. But his way is to seem to doubt what he is really eager to advance.

Having shown that contagion was almost certain in the case of people living in the same house, but often avoidable by segregation and precaution against physical contact, De Foe says:

"This put it out of question to me that the calamity was spread by infection—that is to say, by some certain steams or fumes, which the physicians call effluvia, which effluvia affected the sound who came within certain distances of the sick. Others talk of infection being carried on by the air only by carrying with it vast numbers of insects and invisible creatures, who enter into the body with the breath or even at the pores with the air and there generate or emit most acute poisons or poisonous ova or eggs, which mingle themselves with the blood and so infect the body."

In another place is this passage:

"I have heard it was the opinion of others that it (the disease) might be distinguished by the party's breathing upon a piece of glass, where, the breath condensing, there might living creatures be seen by a microscope of strange, monstrous and frightful shapes, such as dragons, snakes, serpents and devils, horrible to behold. But this I very much question the truth of, and we had no microscopes at the time, as I remember, to make the experiments with."

John Stuart Mill.

Describing his impressions of John Stuart Mill, Sir Leslie Stephen said: "I heard him speak in the house of commons. Instead of an impassive philosopher I saw a slight, frail figure trembling with nervous irritability. He poured out a series of perfectly formed sentences with an extraordinary rapidity suggestive of learning by heart and when he lost the thread of his discourse closed his eyes for two or three minutes till after regaining his composure he could again take up his parable. Although his oratory was defective, he was clearly speaking with intense feeling and was exceedingly sensitive to the reception by his audience. Some of his doctrines were specially irritating to the rows of stolid country gentlemen, who began by listening curiously to so strange an animal as a philosopher and discovered before long that the animal's hide could be pierced by scornful laughter. To Mill they represented crass stupidity, and he became unable either to conceal his contempt or keep his temper."

The Songs That Reach the Heart.

At a time when the fashionable opera was in highest vogue Jenny Lind came to America and achieved her greatest triumph by singing such simple airs as "Comin' Through the Rye." They touched a popular chord, and it vibrated throughout continents. It is the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. And just as the simple songs of Burns gave pleasure without militating against the culture of a taste for the higher creations in vocal music, so the enjoyment of the simple melodies which we know as ragtime are harmless and without danger of taking the place of the more elevated style of music. We cannot play tragedy all the time, but must have the melodrama and the farce as the lighter features of the stage. And so in music, literature and art the philosophy applies with the same force.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Assayed.

She had a silvery laugh and golden hair. He had plenty of brass. He knew she was engaged to another man, but believed he could copper the other fellow's bets. But one day he met her on the golf links. Her arms were bronzed and her teeth gleamed as pearls when she smiled at him.

"Your lips," he said, "are like rubies and your eyes are like great diamonds."

"And your nerve," she tittered, "is like steel, but you haven't got enough tin."

It was then that the iron entered his soul. "Alas," he sighed, "she can never be mine!"—Judge.

Baiting a Gossip.

Miss Kidder—They've only been married six months, but whenever her husband goes away on a business trip she's delighted and prepares to have a good time.

Miss Meanley—Aha! Do you know, I suspected something like that. I always said—

Miss Kidder—Yes. You see, he takes her with him.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Regardless of Expense.

"There is a firm which doesn't spare any expense in conducting its business," remarked Straightman.

"I should say they don't," replied Neverpeigh. "They have had a $3 a day man after me for a week to collect a bill I owe them for $2,"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Hardships of Begging.

Lady—Begging must be hard.

Tramp—It is, lady. This is the sixth time I have had to eat soup today.—Fliegende Blatter.

Lots of Heroes.

Sillicus—Have you noticed that most heroes are married men?

Cynicus—Sir, every married man is a hero.—New Yorker.

You may not be able to remove a wrinkle, but you may remove a frown and so change your wrinkles into rivulets of laughter.—Schoolmaster.

Drinking.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes," he sang beneath her casement.

"I wonder if I need my glasses?" pondered the maiden as she attired herself to go down.—Puck.

Even More.

Forrester—Does your wife mean everything she says?

Lancaster—Yes, and lots of things she doesn't say.—Life.

Barbers In Europe.

"A sure way to break yourself of the habit of going to a barber shop to get shaved is to travel in Europe," said a man who has traveled. "I remember that when I first went to Europe I thought that I would never be able to learn to shave myself and that I was helpless so far as this was concerned. I didn't finish my trip through Europe before I took up shaving, and now I shave myself all the time. The barber shops in Europe, except in England and a few of the larger cities, are the worst of their kind in the world. There are no modern conveniences and mighty little of a sanitary nature. The chairs are uncomfortable, and the barbers are indifferent about how they shave you or what they do with you. They place a big bowl in your lap, and when they have finished with you the supposition is that you will wash your own face in the bowl. There is none of the little luxuries we have over here in the way of bay rum, witch hazel, hot towels, hot water, etc. The American barber shops are the neatest and cleanest in the world, without exception."—Washington Star.

Mexico's Hot Pepper Sellers.

The hot pepper seller of Mexico is a merchant who derives his livelihood from the fact that the Mexican must have his peppers, whatever else he may deny himself. They are brought to his door by the countryman, or he may go to the market place and find them spread out for sale on matting. The market man, while dressed inexpensively as far as his bodily garb is concerned, wears in nearly every instance an elaborate head covering.

Some of these Mexicans own hats that cost as much as the rest of their wardrobe. The pride of the white man in his panama is not to be compared to that of the Mexican in his sombrero. It is a racial characteristic which finds its counterpart in the apron of the Portuguese onion seller. Her occupation may be lowly, but her apron might be that of a woman of higher degree. Plush edged with fur is not uncommon.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Lilies.

Two thousand years ago it was supposed that water lilies closed their flowers at night and retreated far under water, to emerge again at sunrise. This was Pliny's view, and it was not impeached until the English botanist John Ray, in 1688, first doubted its veracity.

The great lily of Zanzibar, one of the grandest of the lily family, opens its flowers, ten inches wide, between 11 in the morning and 5 in the afternoon. They are of the richest royal blue, with from 150 to 200 golden stamens in the center, and they remain open four or five days.

It is not generally known that there are lilies that have nocturnal habits—night bloomers as well as day bloomers. They are very punctual timekeepers, too, opening and closing with commendable regularity.

Cats Fond of Olives.

"I have often wondered if all cats like olives," remarked a Germantown woman who is very fond of the feline tribe. "All mine do, and I have six. Olives are usually an acquired taste with the human race, but cats seem to take to them naturally; at least mine do. An olive will set any one of them into paroxysms of joy. They will leave milk or fish or any other article of food for it, purring and rolling over it much as though it might have the intoxicating effect of catnip before they finally eat it. I have often tried olives on other cats in the houses of friends and have found them equally appreciative, only they prefer their olives cut up into pieces."—Philadelphia Record.

Glassmaking In Japan.

The art of making glass was introduced into Japan about 150 years ago by a Hollander, who settled at Osaka. For several generations the knowledge of the process was confined to a single family, and it was not until about 1879 that the employment of coal instead of charcoal and the construction of brick chimneys enabled the manufacturers to introduce improvements which placed the industry on a substantial basis. Osaka has continued to be the center of the industry and now manufactures for export besides supplying the home demand.

An English Borough.

In the days of "rotten boroughs" in England that of Gatton Park is said to have been the worst. It had only one qualified voter, and yet it returned two members of parliament. Of course with this right the property was very valuable, and in 1830 it was purchased by Lord Monson for $500,000. Two years later it was disfranchised.

A Domestic Incongruity.

Naggsby—You say that is a picture of the comptroller of the currency and his wife?

Waggsby—Never! I said that was the currency and that that is his wife with him, but controller of his wife—never!—Baltimore American.

Ayer's
We know what all good doctors think of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your own doctor and find out. He will tell
Cherry Pectoral
you how it quiets the tickling throat, heals the inflamed lungs, and controls the hardest of coughs.
"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is well known in our family. We think it is the best medicine in the world for coughs and colds."
KATIE PETERSON, Petaluma, Cal.
25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Hard Coughs
One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will hasten recovery. Gently laxative.

The housewife who does not use
Cleveland's Baking Powder
is at a disadvantage. She cannot get the same perfect work from any other.

The London Bus Driver.

Catch a driver when a clumsy drayman has fouled his wheels or blocked his way or when a rival bus has stolen a march on him. Then you will understand the Londoner's boast that the cockney is the readiest, the wittiest, of all his majesty's subjects. The tongue is not his only weapon. I remember once starting from the Mansion House on a bus the driver of which had been maddened by some remark of the conductor on the bus just in front of him. The two belonged to rival companies and were traveling the same route. They talked it over with pungency and zest from the Mansion House to St. Paul's. At the top of Ludgate hill, one of the regular stopping places, the driver made up his mind he could stand it no longer. He got down from his seat and pommeled the conductor heartily for two minutes. It refreshed him so much that at the next stopping place he did it again. By the time Charing Cross was reached it had become a habit with him. Whenever the buses stopped there would be a brisk setto, the intervals between the halts being filled with an exchange of prophecies as to what would happen at the next.—Sydney Brooks in Harper's Magazine.

The Gardener In Old Rome.

He literally grew colonnades; he fashioned obelisks of box, cypress or ilex. He not only flattered his lord and master by inscribing his name in odoriferous herbs or gorgeous flowers that startled the garden with occasional tours de force, but he actually trimmed trees into family portraits or even those of historical characters. He transformed bushes and thick foraged shrubs into the fantastic likeness of ships, lions, bears and birds. And these rather degenerate "conceits" and extravagances met with profound appreciation and were rewarded with increase of wages by the same individual who, having tired of mere gladiatorial fights with wild beasts in the Coliseum, only derived real thrills from such uncanny performances as fights between women and dwarfs or women with each other. Pliny says the gardeners were the best paid of all workers.—Ct. Clair Baddeley in Nineteenth Century.

It Went Unpunished.

This story is told of the late Dr. Holland, better known as "Timothy Titcomb." During the service of one of the large churches in Springfield, Mass., a heavy electric storm came up, and one of the gentlemen of the choir set out to secure an omnibus to take the ladies home. Among the fair singers was a certain Miss Etta S., and as Dr. Holland was gallantly helping her into the vehicle a terrific clap of thunder startled them, upon which he remarked, "'Ett' in terror packs home in a bus" (Et in terra pax hominibus). To close this strange tale it may be well to add that the doctor was not immediately struck by lightning, but died years afterward peacefully in his bed.

Odd Things.

The origin of the sentiment, "Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, old authors to read," is somewhat obscured. Bacon found that Alonso of Aragon was wont to say in commendation of age that age appeared to be best in these four things. John Webster (1638) went further in declaring, "Old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest," and that "old wood burns brightest, old linen washes whitest." Goldsmith in "She Stoops to Conquer" says, "Old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine." There are many variant quotations.

Made the Cannon Balls Fit.

The first battle of the war of 1812 was fought at Sacket's Harbor, July 9, 1812, and consisted of an attack made upon the village. The inhabitants had but one gun of sufficient size and strength to inflict damage, a 32 pounder, for which they had no shot. This difficulty was overcome by the patriotism of the housewives, who tore up carpets from the floors and with strips wound the small balls to fit the cannon.

Shooting Crocodiles by Lamplight.

In the West Indies crocodiles are often shot at night. The hunter, with a lantern, sits in a canoe in one of the creeks which the crocodiles infest. The crocodiles are attracted by the light and swim toward the canoe. Their eyes shine out in the darkness and form good targets for the hunter's bullets. Sometimes a dozen crocodiles are shot in a night.

Poetry.

"Are you fond of poetry?" asked the young man with curly hair.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "poetry has done a great deal to make life easier. It gives people an opportunity to use quotations instead of being original and tiresome."—Exchange.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, DEC. 4, 1903

TEN REASONS WHY WOBURN SHOULD VOTE NO-LICENSE

1. For the sake of Public Morals Arrests in the no-license year of 1901, 439; in 1903, already over 800 Comment unnecessary.

2. For the sake of the Physical Appearance of the city.

The saloon is a blotch on the face; it is distress to the eye, an offense to the nose.

3. For the sake of the Home-life of the city.

What can a home be with a drunken man in it?

4. For the sake of the Youth of the city.

What can be the effect on young minds of familiarity with drunkenness, foul talk and profanity on our streets?

5. For the sake of our Reputation Abroad.

Do we like to have Woburn known as a "Rum City?"

6. For the sake of Residential Growth.

Can we expect respectable people to seek a home with us so long as we tolerate such a nuisance in our midst? We have not grown with the saloon; suppose we see what can be done with out it?

7. For the sake of Those Already Here.

Does it not cheapen the life of us all to think that our city is the resort of the baser elements in our neighboring towns and cities?

8. For the sake of Material Prosperity.

Can it help our merchants to have a large part of the daily wage of many citizens turned into the saloon? Can such drainage increase purchases for home comforts?

9. For the sake of Lightening the Tax Burden.

The saloon makes the expense more, and the valuation for the tax levy less.

10 For the sake of Good Government.

Is any fair-minded citizen satisfied with our present municipal government? Do you think the influence of the saloon upon it has been beneficial?

Do you want something better? If so, vote for "MENDUM AND NO LICENSE."—X.

THE ELECTION.

Woburn's annual city election is to be held next Tuesday. Extensive preparations have been made for the important event, but they are not all finished yet, considerable hard work is still to be done, not the least of which will be to get the voters out on election day. This, however, will not be so difficult a task as it has sometimes been; at least, such seems to be the present prospect.

The main issue involved in the coming contest is License or No License, although the election of Mayor is receiving anxious attention in all quarters of the city. The present outlook is brilliant for the success of the anti-license ticket. Shrewd figurers set its majority at 300. A mighty popular wave in favor of it has struck the city and men are flocking to its standard as never before, and from homes little suspected by the license party. The people are fully aroused on the subject; they have had an object lesson on license the current year that has had telling effect on their consciences and will direct their votes on election day. With a full vote, which must be got out, No License will win by a handsome majority next Tuesday. It is in the air!

In the person of Samuel W. Mendum, Esq., the Republicans and Citizens have a candidate for Mayor without spot or blemish. He is able, clean, popular. His nomination was the spontaneous act of the best political elements in this community, of whose hearty support at the polls he is eminently worthy. Mendum's political skies are bright, and his friends say he will get there with both feet.

The Republican—Citizens candidates—Hill, Converse, Cassidy—are all right.

Now, get out every voter in the city who believes in temperance, righteousness, and good government, next Tuesday and victory will perch on the banner of "MENDUM AND NO LICENSE."

WHAT MENDUM SAYS.

A letter of acceptance of the unanimous nomination for Mayor by the Republican Party and Municipal League from Samuel W. Mendum, Esq., was, on account of Thanksgiving, received too late for publication in the JOURNAL last week, and lest it might seem to be like "a day after the Fair" the bulk of it is omitted in this issue.

Mr. Mendum treated the license question under three heads: Moral, Political and Commercial; and it is needless to say that he hit the nail square on top in every statement he made.

The closing paragraph of the letter is so directly to the point and so full of truth and sound sense that we not only reproduce it in these columns with pleasure, but advise every voter to ponder it seriously and let it influence him to go to the polls on Dec. 8, and cast his ballot for "MENDUM AND NO LICENSE:"

"Woburn was once known as 'Beautiful Woburn.' The Creator has given great natural beauty to our locality. Let no-license become our permanent municipal policy, and Woburn will retrieve her good name. Our wage earners will be freed from the temptation of the local saloon, thus having more money and time for their families, desirable people from other localities will be attracted to settle here, property values will appreciate, trade will increase, our municipal politics will be purer, and Woburn will acquire as good a standing as any city or town in suburban Boston."

GET OUT A FULL VOTE.

"General Apathy" isn't in command of the "No License" forces in Woburn this year; nevertheless, every friend of the cause must be at the polls and vote "No" next Tuesday.

Success depends on a full vote. Bring 'em out!

THAT MEETING.

Chairman Riley of the Republican Ward and City Committee, and Mr. Edward Q. Brackett, Secretary of the Municipal League, were completely amazed at the size of the turnout of stalwart citizens at the meeting in Republican Headquarters last Friday evening and the enthusiasm then and there exhibited over the question of "MENDUM AND NO LICENSE."

The clergy were there in force and full of ginger; many business men were scattered among the 200 people present; hardy workmen were in the crowd; Lawyers and Doctors took a hand in the proceedings; and every man of them was a "No" voter clean up to the handle.

Smart speeches were made all along the line. A campaign organization was perfected, of which Hon. George F. Bean, Lawyer and ex-Mayor, was chosen Treasurer, who in an incredible short space of time, secured subscriptions to a campaign fund amounting to $250, with promises of all the money needed for the good work.

A committee was raised to write and distribute an address to the voters of the city, and other important steps taken to win a glorious victory for No License next Tuesday.

THE ST. CHARLES BOYS.

The St. Charles Catholic Total Abstinence Society, and the Ladies Auxiliary connected with the same, are working like beavers for the success of "No License" at the polls next Tuesday. The Society is composed of the flower of the Catholic young men who work all the year round for temperance, and the Auxiliary is composed of many of the smartest young women in that church and are exerting a splendid influence on the community in favor of sobriety and pure lives. These large and prosperous organizations will make themselves felt for good at the polls on Dec. 8.

DON'T GET TIRED.

The ballot will be a long one, but don't let this deter one single advocate of No License from going to the bottom of it and placing a cross opposite the word "No."

Last year No License was defeated by the almost criminal negligence of its professed friends; they failed to do their duty. They had much to answer for.

Don't fail this year to go to the bottom of the ballot and vote "NO"

ANOTHER GRAND RALLY!

A Men's Mass Meeting in the interests of "No License" will be held in the M. E. church Monday evening, Dec. 7, at 7.30 P. M.

The committee expect to have as the principal speaker, Rev. L. B. Bates, D. D., father of Governor Bates.

All men are cordially invited. This is not primarily a political meeting; the issue to be discussed is a moral one.

Let every man be present!

Y. P. S. C. E.

The Christian Endeavorers of the several churches in this city have joined hearts, hands, energies, and purses in aid of the good cause of No License, and are doing a mighty work. They have nailed their flag to the masthead.

GRAND RALLY.

There is to be a grand "Mendum and No License" Mass Meeting at the Republican Headquarters tomorrow, Saturday, evening at 8 o'clock.

"RALLY ONCE AGAIN!"

☞ Political campfires are burning brightly all over the city. The people are wideawake and full of enthusiasm, and the campaign is rushing on splendidly. The Republican Ward and City Committee have opened Headquarters at Woodberry's Corner where Chairman Riley, Secretary Harrington and other members of the Committee, are on hand to welcome, advise and encourage the many cullers of No License and good Municipal Government at all hours. Chairman Riley, who is putting in his best licks, gives out encouraging reports of the situation, and honestly believes that "MENDUM AND NO LICENSE" will win the fight next Tuesday.

The Citizens Municipal League have Headquarters in Mechanics Building and there too Secretary Ed. Q. Brackett is on deck, chockful of ardor, confidence and fight. Mendum spends considerable time there and his cheerful smiles and good words strengthens the hope and faith in his followers.

The Democrats have established Headquarters on Main street, opposite that of the League, and are making the fight of their lives.

Everything is going on swimmingly, and a big vote is expected next Tuesday.

☞ Candidate Mendum's campaign Headquarters are in Mechanics Building, Main street, and are brilliantly illuminated at night. The rooms have become a great resort for the best men in the city, who are cordially received and entertained by Mr. Mendum and his Staff. "Mendum and No License is the Slogan."

☞ At a largely attended meeting held at the Park Street church, Boston, on Nov. 19, for the purpose of organizing a club, or society, with a view of unifying the Congregational churches of Boston, Mr. Elwyn G. Preston of this city was elected to a seat on the Board of Directors of church union.

☞ Mr. Andrew R. Linscott has returned to the Rumford School, of which he has been Principal for many years. Rest has restored him to a condition of pristine vigor, and to the gratification of all hands he resumes the ruler and rod at the Rumford.

☞ William S. York is the Republican Aldermanic candidate for reelection in Ward 4. He has filled the position so far this year with ability and credit, and it is generally supposed that he will be returned to the Council by a handsome majority, as he deserves to be.

☞ Ald. Arthur H. Linscott is about the right sort of timber for President of the City Council next year. He would make an excellent presiding officer.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

FLOOR COVERINGS

Assortment—COMPLETE
Prices — — —RIGHT
Work — — —PROMPT

It is generally known that we are ***Distributors of Floor Coverings*** of every description, and we desire it to be equally well known that we have all grades of ***Upholstery Fabrics, Lace Curtains, Furniture Coverings, etc.***

The advice of an interior decorator is at your service, if desired. Goods displayed either in our show-room or at residences. Estimates furnished for covering single pieces of furniture or for completely decorating either a single room or an entire house.

For eighty-six years, under the same firm name, we have distributed to the public, to our neighbors, to our friends, Carpets and Rugs, and until we added Interior Decorations and Upholstery Fabrics our sole and entire business has been Floor Coverings.

Does not this record make for intelligent confidence on your part?

Pray Building, Washington St., opposite Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

New Line of FALL GOODS
—AT—
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

NOTE PAPER

Have you seen our new lot of Irish Linen? Delicate tints and silk finish. This is the newest thing in writing paper. 30c. box. Other styles of Box Paper from 10 to 25c. Extra large Writing Tablets 9c. each. All paper at the Lowest Possible Price.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
GREEN STAMPS.

A UNION RALLY.

There will be a Union Service in tha M. E Church Sunday evening at 7 P M The following addresses will be delivered:

"Who's to Blame?" Dr. Stephen A. Norton.

"Relation of the Church to the Present Campaign." Rev. W. H. Scott.

"The Inhumanity of the Liquor Business." Rev. Norman E. Richardson.

"Ten Reasons for Voting No Licence." Rev. H. C. Parker.

"The Home and the Saloon." Rev. Geo. H. Tilton.

☞ Business men, and men who want to see the affairs of the Board of Public Works carried on in a business-like manner, are giving their influence, and will cast their ballots, for Mr, Elisha F. Hayward to succeed the present incumbent on the Board whose term expires this year, and who refused to take another nomination. Better business methods in the Board are a prime necessity, and practical men are looking to Mr. Hayward to introduce and execute them. He will receive a vote that will elect him.

☞ The Middlesex Bar Association gave their annual supper at Youngs Hotel, Boston, on Wednesday evening. The Woburn Bar was represented on the occasion by City Solicitor Norris.

☞ It is expected that James R. Wood, George F. Hosmer, and other stalwart Republicans, will give a good account of their stewardship in Ward 5 on election day.

☞ The Republicans of Ward 1 have no candidate for Alderman. They didn't think it worth while to nominate one.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Phalanx—Fair.
Champney—Art Ex.
O. Gillette—Watches.
Journal—Parlor Stove.
Unitarian Parish—Fair.
City—List of Candidates.
Pettengill & Co.—Carlisle.

— Vote!

— Vote NO!

— Vote Early!

— Vote Everybody.

— Vote for "Mendum and No Licence!"

— Anti-Saloon Rally at Lyceum Hall this evening.

— District Nurse meeting this evening in Unitarian vestry.

— Call at the JOURNAL office and see about buying a parlor stove.

— The next lecture in the Burbeen Course will be given on Dec. 15.

— Furnaces, stoves, grates, etc. for sale cheap at C. M Strout & Co's.

— Gillette gives both green and blue trading stamps. 379 Main st., Woburn.

— Susan A. Russell of Hingham has been appointed a teacher in the Cummings school.

— Miss Grace Heartz passed a pleasant Thanksgiving with her folks on Bennett street.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— Leonora M. Lake lectures on "No License" at Lyceum Hall at 8 o'clock this evening, Dec. 4.

— The advertisement of O. Gillet in this paper is worthy of careful study. It tells the whole story.

— The Christian Endeavorers have bought up every billboard in the city to advertise "No Licence."

— Mayor Feeney and Col. Oakes are to open the grand Mechanic Phalanx Fair next Monday evening.

— "Christmas comes but once a year," and three weeks from today is the appointed time for its appearance

— The work on the M. E. church gymnasium is nearing completion. The dedication will take place before Christmas.

— No one should fail to go to Lyceum Hall this evening and hear Leonora M. Lake lecture on "No License."

— The Western Union Telegraph station has been removed to the ticket office of the Woburn Centre B. & M. R. R. station.

— On Thursday next, Dec. 10, the flowers in "Elizabeth's German Garden" will be in full bloom at the Unitarian church.

— Don't fail to attend the Grand "Mendum and No License" windup at the Republican Headquarters tomorrow evening, Dec. 5.

— If you buy your watch at Gillette's this Xmas you have a chance of winning $50 in cash. Call and we will tell you how to get it.

— No matter which side wins, John H. Finn will continue to be City Clerk just as long as he wants it. All hands will agree to that statement.

— Mr. Fred J. Brown is a good candidate to vote for next Tuesday. He is the Republican and Citizens candidate for Alderman-at-Large.

— The first real snowstorm of the season came down on us last Wednesday night and Thursday, Dec. 3. It made quite decent little sleighing.

— Read and take to heart "Ten Reasons why Woburn should vote No License" in this issue of the JOURNAL They tell the whole story in a nutshell.

— "My Girl From Dixie" at the Columbia Theatre, Boston, this week and next. Matinees on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. It is a big thing.

— W. R. C 84 gave the finest kind of a dancing party last Wednesday evening. There are no better women anywhere than those that compose Corps 84.

— A large number of our smart young men and women came back from the Colleges of the land to eat their Thanksgiving dinners with "The Old Folks at Home."

— Miss Cora B. Harvie came all the way from Chicago to spend Thanksgiving with her mother, Mrs. Susan E. Harvie, the Montvale teacher, and her friends here.

— Mr. Charles R. Rosenquist, the Republican and Citizens candidate, will make a mighty good Alderman. He is honest and capable, and one of the best men in town.

— Whitcher is cutting again as the reader can see by glancing at his ad. in this issue. It is a good chance to buy a Christmas present at a cheap rate as we are informed that the regular price will prevail after this month.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Mr. Bryan McSweeney is local agent for sound, firstclass Fire and Life Insurance Companies. Apply at 7 Munroe street.—5

— The cold air did not prevent people from going to church last Sunday to hear what the ministers had to say about carrying the city for No License next Tuesday.

— The Unitarian Parish Fair is to be held next Thursday and Friday, Dec. 10, 11. It is intended to be a large and important event For particulars see advertisement.

— The Democracy are not freezing to Candidate Carroll for the Board of Public Works with a tenacity that gives much hope for his election. The leaders are lukewarm in his cause.

— Voters ought not to forget, for one moment, the great importance of electing suitable members of the School Board. Hill, Converse and Cassidy are the right candidates to vote for.

— The Christian Endeavorers are making themselves a patent factor (pardon the expression, please), in this campaign for righteousness and that, allow us to suggest, is a hopeful sign.

— There is no mistake about it, the Phalanx have underweigh the largest Fair ever run in Woburn, as a glance at the programme in this paper plainly shows. Let everybody help the Boys along.

— The paper on "Modern Athens" by Miss M. Adeline Hinckley, teacher in the High School, before the Woman's Club, was said to have been entertaining, instructive, and in every way admirable.

— Mr. Fred E. Cottle, the large and prosperous leather manufacturer of this city, not in the Trust, has been critically ill, but is now, his many friends will rejoice to learn, out of danger and rapidly improving.

— Mrs. Frances W. Hill is one of the most capable and reliable members of the present School Board, and her reelection is as good as assured. She is a woman of education, culture, and sound common sense.

— This is the last month of the year 1903, and the first one of winter. The flight of time is measured differently by youth and age; with one the seasons lag slowly; with the other they fly like a weaver's shuttle.

— The Social Workers of the Montvale Congregational church are to hold a Fair on Tuesday evening, Dec. 8, at the church. The entertainment, a good one, will begin at 8 o'clock. but the doors will be opened at 6.

— On next Monday evening the Phalanx Fair will give a grand street parade, Four Companies of Infantry commanded by Major W. W. Stover, Posts 33 and 161, Sons of Veterans, and Woburn Brass Band are to participate in it.

— The wideawake Christian Endeavorers have distributed 2900 "No License" buttons among the bright boys and pretty girls of this city for campaign purposes, and there is a demand for 500 or 600 more. "Keep the Ball Rolling!"

— Leonora M. Lake, the well known temperance and anti-license lecturer, popular in Woburn, is to address the people of this city on the license question in Lyceum Hall at 8 o'clock this, Friday, evening, Dec. 4. Everybody cordially invited to attend.

— Rev. Henry B. Williams of fayetteville, N. Y., has accepted a call from the First Baptist Churh of Woburn to become their pastor, and is expected to arrive here and assume charge about the 20th of this month. He will preach his farewell sermon at Fayetteville on Dec. 13.

— The Mendum and Feeney forces must not lose sight of the stubborn fact that they will have the Social Labor party and its candidate for Mayor, Peter Neilson, to reckon with next Tuesday. That party is not insignificant in this city, and Neilson is personally popular.

— Have you guessed on that diamond ring at Gillette's, every customer has a guess at every purchase no matter how small the purchase or how often, you have a guess at every purchase for a $75.00 diamond ring. Osborn Gillette, wholesale and retail jeweler, Woburn and Boston.

— Just think of it! There are to be 8 tables at the Unitarian Parish Fair next Thursday and Friday, Dec. 10, 11, namely: Fancy and Bag, Candy, Art, Calendar, Handkerchief, Household and Sample. They will be loaded down to the gunwales with everything that mortal man, woman or child can wish for.

— One day last week while Mr. Samuel Cummings, a member of the firm of Cummings, Chute & Co., dealers in wood, coal, hay, etc, was pulling a bale of hay from a load the wire band broke and he was precipitated, with great violence, backward to the ground, a distance of 30 feet, and received serious injuries.

— Benjamin Champney, the artist, has a card in this paper which will prove of interest to our readers. His proposition is to give the public an opportunity to examine and admire the work he accomplished with pencil and brush last summer, and no doubt a great many people of artistic taste and temperament will gladly avail themselves of it.

— Our former respected townsman, Mr. Fred W. Ruggles, of the firm of Ruggles & Turnbull, proprietors of Lookaway Inn at Pine Point, Prout's Neck, Scarboro, Maine, is in this city for a fortnight's visit among old friends, including the JOURNAL man. He reports everything lovely at the Inn, and the Scarboro people making heaps of money at clam-digging.

— Here is Patriotism for you! Miss Alice G. Preston, who is 81 years old, and rising, came all the way down from her home, 19 Vernon street, last Monday, and registered to vote for members of the School Board next Tuesday. The women of that extreme age who would do as much for the ticket are, like Campbell's "angel-visits, few and far between."

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— A committee of the W. C. T. U., a loyal band of worthy women, held a meeting in the vestry of the First Baptist church at 6.15, last Sunday evening to do things towards strengthening the hands of the "No" workers at the coming election. It was characterized with enthusiasm and a determination to leave no stone unturned for the success of "No."

— Republicans and Citizens of Ward 3 should turn out en masse, put shoulder to shoulder, and elect Mr. Ward W. Hart to the Board of Aldermen. He is worthy of a full vote. Mr Hart is one of the best and most successful business men in Woburn, and is voted A1 by all classes in the community. He would bring business methods to the City Council.

— At the end of a fortnight's successful hunt in New Hampshire Mr. James E. Boutwell returned a few days ago with $40 worth of furs. He killed 4 foxes, and partridges and other game galore, and his late fall hunt among the hills and through the woods of the Old Granite State, with one of the best dogs in New England, was highly satisfactory.

— At 8 p. m., Friday, Dec 4, in the vestry of the Unitarian church, a mass meeting will be held to discuss the question of a District Nursing Association for Woburn. Those who have proved the worth of the work elsewhere, among them Dr. Alfred Worcester of Waltham, will be present to address the meeting. Prominent Woburn men have also promised to speak. All are cordially invited.

— The grand Fair of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx is to open in Armory Hall on Monday, Dec. 7, and to run all next week. The object of the Managers and Committees has been, and is, to make it abundantly worthy of public patronage, and in this respect they believe success has crowned their efforts. The Fair will be a large one, attractive, and profitable to patronize. And, then again, the Company is an old organization, highly respectable, and a credit to our city.

— Mr. J. E. Herrick, Jr., the contractor and builder, has bought the old abandoned Electric Light grounds and buildings on Prospect and High streets and is improving the same for residential purposes. All the buildings and sheds have been torn down, except one that is to be converted into a storehouse, and on the sites are to be erected nice, modern dwellinghouses. It is the design of Mr. Herrick to change the locality into a pleasant and desirable residential quarter of the city.

— A fine concert will be given at the First Congregational church on Friday evening, Dec. 18 by the "Estonia Artists" a company now under engagement by the Eaton Entertainment Bureau of Boston and made up as follows:

Miss Jenny Trecartin, Soprano.
Miss Rose Weidhorn, Violinist and Harpist.
Miss Annie Louise Berry, Pianist.
Mr. Walter David, Impersonator.

A most enjoyable evening is in store for those who attend. Concerts given by this company have been received with great favor wherever presented. The fact that Miss Trecartin, whose exceptional ability as a singer is fully recognized in Woburn, is a member of this company is a guarantee of the quality of work they do.

— Mr. F. P. Brooks, the druggist whose stock of goods was badly used up in the Main street fire early last Friday morning, was highy pleased with the fair and honorable treatment he received from Messrs. Goddard & Son in the adjustment of his losses. While looking carefully after the interests of the Company in which Mr. Brooks was insured, the Goddards did the square thing in examining the injured stocks and fixing the amount of damages and losses to be paid the proprietor. The business was closed up to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Brooks, for which he is pleased to give Goddard & Son due credit. That is just what everyone says who has insurance dealings with that old and reliable Agency.

— Last Monday Messrs. Goddard & Son adjusted the damages to the stock of Mr. F. P. Brooks, the druggist, by the fire on Nov. 27, to his complete satisfaction, and fixed on the amount to be paid by the Insurance Company, which was fair and just. On Tuesday Mr Brooks made up his mind to sell off the entire stock, injured and uninjured, at half price, and less, and to replace it with a new one throughout. He makes that announcement to the public, with the assurance that rare bargains may be secured on the goods, many of which were but slightly damaged by water, and some not at all; but all will go at perfectly satisfactory figures. This cutdown sale affords a good opportunity to buy fine papers, fancy goods, pure confectionery, books, pictures, etc., for holiday presents, such as is seldom met with. Mr. Brooks's store is open for business and he is having an excellent trade at his greatly reduced prices for goods.

— The days will reach their shortest, 9 hours and 4 minutes, on Dec. 20, and continue at that length 4 days, or until Dec. 25, when they will begin to lengthen.

Albert A. Ferrin.

This well known and highly respectable resident of Woburn died at his home, 27 Green street, on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 2, 1903, at the age of 57 years. Several months ago he suffered a shock of paralysis, and has been confined to the house ever since, gradually nearing the end.

Mr. Ferrin was for several years Chief Engineer of the Woburn Fire Department, in which office he did good work. His youth was passed in South Boston, and he graduated from the Boston Latin School. He was a machinist by trade, but the latter years of his business life, before taking public office, were spent at steelplate printing in connection with his father-in-law, the late William M. Miller. He had many warm friends who deeply regret his death and their loss.

The funeral was held in the Unitarian church yesterday afternoon, Rev. H. C. Parker officiating.

Chief Engineer Littlefield and nearly all the Fire Department; Odd Fellows, and other organizations, attended the funeral. The I. O. O. F. ritual was used.

Programme.

Monday evening, Dec. 7. Military and opening night. Street Parade, Woburn Brass Band, Co. E. 5th Reg't. of Medford, Capt. J. C. D. Clark, Co. A. 6th Reg't Wakefield, Capt. J. H. McMahon, Co. H. 6th Reg't Stoneham, Capt. W. D. Desmond, Co. G. 5th Reg't Woburn, Capt. T. McCarthy, Commanded by Maj. W. W. Stover, 1st Lieut. H. D. Warren Battalion Adj. Opened by Lieut. Gov. Curtis Guild, Jr.

Tuesday, Dec. 8, Vaudeville and Election returns. Post 33, 161, S. of V.

Wednesday, Dec. 9, Flag drill by 32 young ladies of Stoneham, Commanded by Lieut. T. A. Ireland Co. H. 6th Reg't.

Thursday, Dec. 10, Howard's American Biograph moving pictures.

Friday, Dec. 11, Vaudeville.

Saturday, Dec. 12, Auction Sale and announcement of prize winners of voting contests.

Boston Theatres.

THE GLOBE.

Managers Weber and Fields have launched another eminently successful production in "An English Daisy," which was given its first presentation upon any stage in America at the Globe Theatre on Tuesday night. It was an instantaneous hit. From the rise of the curtain until the conclusion of the performance, the audience was kept in a continuous state of merriment. The action of the play is located in Ostend, Belgium, which is one of the most favorite watering places in the world. The plot of the piece is a well connected and consistent story. The play is superbly mounted; the music is most tuneful; the costuming beautiful and attractive; the scenery gorgeous, and the electrical effects brilliant. In the cast are such well known favorites as Mr. John C. Rice, Mr. Charles A. Bigelow, Miss Christie MacDonald, Miss Truly Shattuck, Mr. Geo. Beane, Miss Clara Belle Jerome, Mr. Louis Wesley, Mr. Templar Saxe and others of wide popularity. "An English Daisy" will be given every evening at 8, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 2.

Prepare
—FOR—
Christmas!

By buying your Gifts before the usual rush.
Come to us for everything in Furnishing Goods and Clothing.
Low Prices.
Good Assortment.
Courteous Treatment.
Cheerful Exchanges.

Hammond & Son,
Leading Clothiers,
Lyceum Hall Building,
403 Main St., WOBURN.

Life Membership $1.18.

Those desirous of enjoying the benefits of
THE TABARD INN LIBRARY
can become Life Members on payment of $1.18—Cut Rate during Dec.—and with it, a gift of one of the books is made to each new member.

Join Now--Station at Whitcher's

$3.00 WORTH OF STAMPS
—WITH A—
ONE DOLLAR PURCHASE!

Cut out the coupon below and present it at the store of
E. P. Fitzwilliam & Co.
373 MAIN STREET,
and with a One Dollar purchase you will receive Three Dollars worth of Stamps.

10 STAMP
GOOD FOR
$3 Worth of Stamps
With a $1.00 Purchase.
GOOD ONLY at the store of
E. P. FITZWILLIAM & CO.,
373 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Grand Military
FAIR!
Woburn Mechanic Phalanx
Co. G, 5th Regt., M.V.M.
ARMORY HALL, WOBURN
DEC. 7, 12, 1903
Season Tickets 50 Cents
Single Admission 15 "

Mr. Champney
announces that he will be pleased to show the result of his
Summer's Work
to visitors. Among the Pictures will be found suitable subjects for
Christmas Gifts
Hours: 11 A. M. and 2 P. M.
40 Pleasant St., Woburn

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio: First National Bank Building.
The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.
The National Graded Course Used.
The Virgil Practice Claviæ System.

MISS DORA A. WINN,
WILL RESUME
Pianoforte Instruction,
October 1, 1903.
6 Highland Street, Woburn.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

WANTED—A TRUSTWORTHY GENTLEMAN or lady in each county to manage business for an old established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly salary of $18.00 paid by check each Monday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Enclose addressed envelope. Manager, 360 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

OSBORN GILLETTE.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "God the Preserver of Man."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—2d Sunday in Advent.
Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "Let Your Light Shine."
Sunday School at 12 M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "The Revival We Need."
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Union Temperance Meeting at M. E. church.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening, at 7.30.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Church's Value to Society."
12 M. Sunday School.
3.30 P. M., Junior Epworth League.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
At 7 P. M., Union No License Rally. Addresses by Dr. S. A. Norton, Rev. W. H. Scott, Rev. H. C. Parker, Rev. N. E. Richardson and Rev. George H. Tilton.
Monday, at 7.30 P. M., Men's No License Mass Meeting.
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "Fallow Ground."
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Union Service at M. E. church.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Boston, at Carney Hospital, Nov. 22, Daniel McEackern, aged 13 years, 10 months, 20 days.

In this city, Dec. 1, Albert Ferrin, aged 57 years, 1 month, 27 days.

In Westboro, Mass., Nov. 26, 1903, Wallace Thaxter Davis, formerly of Woburn, aged 38 years and 8 months.

In this city, Nov. 28, Bernard Francis Curran aged 35 years.

In this city, Nov. 25, Patrick McCarthy, aged 75 years.

In Newton Centre, Mass., Dec. 3, 1903, Harriette Colgate, wife of John E. Gilcreast, Funeral Sunday, Dec. 6, at 2 P. M.

In this city, Nov. 29, Louisa Jones, aged 69 years.

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

Flannellette Wrappers

suitable for winter wear. Large full sizes.

Neat Pretty Patterns.

A large assortment.

Outing Flannel Night Robes and Petticoats for Women and Children.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

—OUR—

Tea

—AND—

Coffee

Trade has always been an important part of our business. We take great care in selecting our goods, believing that quality in Tea and Coffee is always appreciated, and we are prepared to meet any competition in this particular line.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

FIRE

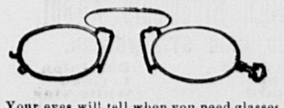
SALE

—AT—

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

361 Main St.

Houghton & Dutton,
BOSTON.
Optical Parlors 9th Floor.
A FEW EYE HINTS.



Your eyes will tell when you need glasses. Here are a few hints:—Headaches, Dizziness, sleepy feeling while reading, blurring of objects either at close range or distance, frowning or squinting, smarting or burning, requirement of stronger light while reading. Those are but a few of the symptoms.

When your eyes suggest trouble don't fail to consult our OPTICIAN and he will cheerfully advise you, as he has spent many years in study of this one subject.

OUR GUARANTEE IS
Entire Satisfaction at Lowest Prices.

N. B.—This department is under the personal supervision of Mr. Albert A. Carter, the wellknown optician of this city.

Ice Cream

Harlequin, Vanilla,
Strawberry,
Chocolate, Coffee,
Frozen Pudding,
Sherbets,

CRAWFORD'S
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

CORNELIUS L. BABCOCK,
INSURANCE.
LIFE, ACCIDENT, HEALTH.
Notary Public, Pensions, Real Estate.
79 Elm St., No. Woburn, Mass.

To Let.

Tenement No. 6 Church Avenue, eight rooms and bath-room.

Office—Dow's Building, steam heat.

Apply to A. J. FOSTER,
4 Church Ave.

Desk Room To Let

at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE, Nov. 16, 1903.

In accordance with the provisions of Section 212, Chapter 11, Revised Laws, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote for City Officers, will be held on

TUESDAY,

The eighth day of December, A.D.1903

in the following places, namely:—

Ward 1, Music Hall, Dow's Block, Main street.
Ward 2, Armory, Montvale Avenue, entrance from Prospect street.
Ward 3, Auditorium, Montvale Avenue; entrance opposite Prospect street.
Ward 4, Auditorium, Montvale Avenue; entrance opposite Prospect street.
Ward 5, Porter Hose House, Thorn street.
Ward 6, Vidette Hose House, Main street.
Ward 7, Cummings Hose House, Willow street.

The Polls will be Open at six o'clock in the morning and closed at four o'clock in the afternoon,

and all such citizens will, in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for a Mayor, eight Aldermen-at-Large, and one Alderman for each of the several Wards; also, for one member of the Board of Public Works, for the term of four years; also for three members of the School Committee for the term of three years.

All such male citizens will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes "Yes" or "No" in answer to the question: "Shall license be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this city, for the year beginning May 1, 1904?"

All female citizens, qualified to vote as the law directs, will in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes on a separate ballot, for three members of the School Committee.

All votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers, and in answer to the aforesaid question must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and City Council.

Attest:

JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alfred F. Motschman and Sarah A. Motschman, his wife, in her own right, to John B. Lewis, Jr., dated March 31st, A. D., 1897, recorded with Middlesex North District Deeds, Book 283, Page 485, said mortgage being duly assigned by said John B. Lewis, Jr., to Martha Motschman by assignment dated October 19, 1903, recorded with said Middlesex North District Deeds, Book 359, Page 253, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the first lot hereinafter described situated in Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

MONDAY, the fourteenth day of December, A. D., 1903,

at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain tract of land with all the buildings thereon, situated in the easterly part of said Wilmington on the County road leading from the Col. William Blanchard place to Henry Sheldon's and known as the Neck road, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at a stake and stones at land of Jonathan H. Buck; thence westerly by said Buck's land to a stake and stones at land formerly of Horace Sheldon; thence easterly by said Sheldon's land to a stake and stones at said County road; and thence southerly by said County road to the point of beginning, containing two acres and thirty-five poles.

ALSO, another lot of land adjoining that above described and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner at land of Gertrude Rand and the land above described; thence the line runs southwesterly by an open tract and land of said Rand to land of Henry Shelden; thence in a southeasterly direction by a ditch and land of Shelden to land of Henry Buck; thence in a northeasterly direction by an open tract and land of said Buck to a stake and stones at land first above described; and thence northwesterly by said land first above described to the point of beginning, being the same premises conveyed to said Sarah A. Motschman by Hattie L. Blaisdell by deed dated March 31st, 1897, recorded with said Middlesex North District Deeds, subject to any existing rights of way.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes. $200.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of said sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

MARTHA MOTSCHMAN, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.
J. G. MAGUIRE, Attorney.
Woburn, Masss., November 19, 1903.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Mary L. Allen, Administratrix of the estate of George W. Allen, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, deceased, intestate, under a license dated March 24th, A. D. 1891, granted by the Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, to said administratrix to mortgage the premises hereinafter described, to L. Waldo Thompson, said mortgage being dated April 3, A. D. 1891, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2032, Page 334, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same will be sold at public auction at the office of John G. Maguire, number 420 Main street in said Woburn,

On SATURDAY, the twelfth day of December, A. D. 1903,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows, viz: a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows:- Beginning at the corner of Green and Vernon Streets as now laid out; thence running east of south by and with said Vernon Street one hundred and thirty nine feet more or less, to a stake: thence south of west by land of persons unknown one hundred and fifteen and two tenths feet, more or less, to a stake; thence west of north by land now or late of Ellis and of others one hundred and fifty feet, more or less, to said Green street; thence north of east by and with said Green street one hundred and fifteen feet, more or less, to the point of beginning, containing 15,680 square feet of land, more or less; being the same premises described in deed from Charles H. Williams to George W. Allen dated October 23d 1886, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 1773, Folio 405, and another piece acquired by the above mentioned George W. Allen by the changing of the location of said Green street.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles, and municipal liens, if any.

A deposit of $100.00 will be required of the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at office of said John G. Maguire, 420 Main street, Woburn.

L. WALDO THOMPSON, Mortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., November 19, 1903.

Pure Water!

One of the principal essentials in preserving health.

Cadwell's Crystal Spring Water

One of the purest and best in New England. Address

C. H. CADWELL,
Woburn.

UNITARIAN

Parish Fair

—ON—

Thursday AND Friday
Dec. 10, 11, 1903

Great Attractions!

Fair opens at 4 P. M.
SUPPER at 6 30 Thursday, Dec. 10.
Friday, Doors open at 4 P M.
ENTERTAINMENT at 8 P. M.
Curtain Raiser, Reading, Impersonations.
DRAMATIC: "A Dog that will Fetch will Carry."
A REAL GYPSY ENCAMPMENT where baskets will be made while you wait, and PALM READING.

Admission to Fair,	**10c**
SUPPER	**25c**
Entertainment	**15c**

Waltham Watches
AT WHOLESALE

A Ladies' size Waltham, in a gold filled case, warranted 20 years, stem wind and set, **$9.90**
A Ladies' full Jeweled Waltham, in gold filled case, warranted 20 years, stem wind and set, **11.75**
A Ladies' Waltham, in a Solid Gold Case, stem wind and set, fully warranted, **17.50**
Gents' size Waltham, in a gold filled case, warranted 20 years, stem wind and set, **9.45**
A seventeen Jeweled Gents' size in a gold filled case, warranted 20 years, stem wind and set, patent regular, fully adjusted Railroad Watch, the regular retail price $22, our wholesale price, **15.90**

If you pay any more than these prices to anyone you pay too much.

We can't give you the prices on all our Watches, but call and see them for yourself. We have over 20 Watches to select from.

We are selling a Parlor Clock, black marbleized, gilt trimmed, strikes hour and half hour on two bells, a beauty, the regular price is $6·00, our wholesale price **$3 85.** 25 different patterns.

We carry all the best make of goods such as the Seth Thomas and Ansonia Clocks, Elgin and Waltham Watches, Simons and Sterns Chains, 1847 Roger Brothers' and Wm. Rogers' Silver Ware. There is none better than these goods we carry, and no one's prices so low. Our diamonds are not cut glass but the real article, and flashy too; they flash all the colors of the rainbow.

BOTH GREEN AND BLUE STAMPS
OSBORN GILLETTE
Wholesale and Retail Jeweler
WOBURN and BOSTON

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

COURT OF LAND REGISTRATION.

To Mary W. Lyons and Edward S. Lyons of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, and the heirs, devisees or legal representatives of William Sturgis formerly of Boston in the County of Suffolk and said Commonwealth, deceased, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by the South Framingham Co-operative Bank, a duly existing corporation, having an usual place of business at Framingham in said County of Middlesex, to register and confirm its title in the following-described land: a certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situate in said Woburn and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises at the westerly side of Warren street and on the southerly side of Porter street; from thence the line runs southerly by and with said Warren street thirty-two and 1-10 (32.1) feet to Main street; thence southwesterly by and with said Main street ninety five and 4-10 (95.4) feet to land now or formerly of Charles Porters; thence westerly on and by said land of Charles Porter fifty-six and 2-10 (56.2) feet to land now or formerly of John P. Crane; thence northerly on and by said land of John P. Crane, sixty-seven and 5-10 (67.5) feet to said Porter street; thence easterly by and with said Porter street one hundred and one (101) feet to the point of beginning. Containing 7811 square feet, be the same more or less.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Court of Land Registration, to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the twenty-first day of December, A. D., 1903, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of November, in the year nineteen hundred and three.

Attest with Seal of said Court. [SEAL]
CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

YOU CAN KEEP OUT A LOT OF COLD BY USING OUR

STORM WINDOWS

WE HAVE A LAGE STOCK.

E. A. CARLISE & POPE CO.
2A Sudbury St., Boston.
DOORS. WINDOWS and BDINDS.

A Nursery Necessity

CABOT'S
Sulpho-Napthol
TRADE MARK.

is AN IMPORTANT FACTOR in maintaining clean and sweet nurseries and children. Unequalled for the child's bath and for the germicidal washing of all vessels, etc., used in the nursery.

Get the genuine. Look for above Trade-Mark. Avoid IMITASIONS

Postponed!

Auction of H. Allen Sheldon, Wilmington, Mass., is postponed to TUESDAY, Dec. 8, 1903, at 10 A. M.

Good House To Let.

I offer to rent No. 9 Wyer's Court. It contains 8 good rooms; is neat, nice, warm, handy and convenient. It is right every way.

Apply to Mrs. A. J. PLUMER,
53 Bow St., Woburn.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Jacob Linscott, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ANDREW R. LINSCOTT, Adm.
No. 2 Poole St., No. Woburn.
Nov. 17, 1903.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Woburn, Mass., Dec. 2, 1903.
City Clerk's Office.

I certify that the following is a true list of all the candidates duly nominated to be voted for at the Municipal Election to be held on Tuesday, December 8, 1903.

JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

FOR MAYOR.

Vote for one.

John P. Feeney,....Democratic Citizens, Nomination Paper, Democratic.
27 Scott street.
Samuel W. Mendum,..Citizens Municipal League, Nom. Paper, Republican.
16 Arlington Road.
Peter Neilson,.....Socialist Labor Party, Nomination Paper.
74 Broad street.

For Aldermen-at-Large.

Vote for eight.

Henry L. Andrews,............Republican
62 Prospect street, Ward 2.
J. Joseph Aylward,...........Democratic
13 Willow street, Ward 7.
Fred J. Brown,...............Republican
36 Arlington Road, Ward 1.
Willard F. Carleton,..........Democratic
119 Montvale avenue, Ward 2.
George S Cutler,..............Republican
538 Main street, Ward 3.
Judson C. Dickerman.........Republican
10 Minot street, Ward 6.
Mark C. Feich,................Republican
26 Beach street, Ward 4.
John S. Jaquith,..............Republican
72 Garfield avenue, Ward 2.
John A. Johnson, ...Socialist Labor Party, Nomination Paper.
14 Spring Court, Ward 2.
John W. Kogan,..Socialist Labor Party, Nomination Paper.
12 Crane Court, Ward 2.
W. Frank Maguire,............Democratic
113 Montvale avenue, Ward 2.
Thomas F. McCormick,........Democratic
60 Montvale avenue, Ward 4.
James L. McDermott,....Socialist Labor Party, Nomination Paper.
5 Bennett street, Ward 1.
James F. McKenna,............Democratic
101 Main street, Ward 2.
John J. Mead,.................Democratic
454 Washington street, Ward 5.
Dennis F. Murphy,............Democratic
35 Union street, Ward 4.
Iver Poulson,....Socialist Labor Party, Nomination Paper.
14 Auburn street, Ward 2.
Charles R. Rosenquist,........Republican
36 Green street, Ward 2.
William H. Smith, ...Republican
16 Sherman Place, Ward 4.
Neil J. Young,................Democratic
22 Stoddard street, Ward 1.

For Board of Public Works.

For four (4) years. Vote for one.

John J. Carroll,....Democratic Citizens Nomination Paper, Democratic.
27 Arlington street.
John J. Gately,...Socialist Labor Party, Nomination Paper.
99 Prospect street.
Elisha F. Hayward,...........Republican
4 Fairmount street.

For School Committee.

For Three (3) years. Vote for three.

Edward F. Cassidy,...........Republican, Democratic.
111 Montvale avenue.
Charles C. Clarke,............Democratic
22 Central street.
Albert F. Converse,..........Republican
189 Salem street.
Frances W. Hill,..............Republican
827 Main street.
Grace L. Norris,..............Democratic
544 Main street.
William H. O'Brien,........Social Labor Party, Nomination Paper.
144 Montvale avenue.

For Aldermen, from Wards.

WARD 1.
Vote for one.
Henry E. Flynn, ...Democratic
9 Pickering street.

WARD 2.
Vote for one.
Bernard J. Callahan,.........Democratic
16 Carter street.
James R. Kendall,............Republican
45 Mt. Pleasant street.

WARD 3.
Vote for one.
Ward W. Hart,................Republican
5 Plympton street.
Jeremiah A. O'Donnell,......Democratic
23 Scott street.

WARD 4.
Vote for one.
Chester L. Fish, ...Democratic
19 Davis street.
William S. York,.............Republican
2 Second street.

WARD 5.
Vote for one.
James Corrigan,...............Democratic
15 Felton street.
Thomas McCarthy,.............Republican
Munroe avenue.

WARD 6.
Vote for one.
Arthur H. Linscott,.........Democratic, Republican.
23 Ward street.

WARD 7.
Vote for one.
Peter E. McHugh,............Republican, Democratic.
27 Houghton street.

On the License Question.

To vote on the following mark a Cross (X) in the square at the right of YES or NO, as you desire to vote.

Shall licenses be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors?	YES	
	NO	

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after October 19, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica and Lowell at 5.45 a. m. hourly until 9.45 p. m; also 11 p. m, for Burlington and Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 55 a. m., hourly till 9 55 p m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn and Boston or Lowell 6 30 a. m., and hourly untill 10 30 p. m., also for Woburn 11.30 p. m.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6 55 a. m., hourly till 11 55 p. m.,

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly until 12.15 midnight connecting with B & M trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 00 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

Sunday—First car leaves Woburn 6 45 a.m., hourly until 10 45 p. m, Billerica 7 39 a. m., Lowell, 7. 55 a, m.

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Christmas Tree.

DISTRIBUTION OF 300 PRESENTS BY THE BOSTON HERALD.

Three hundred beautiful gifts will be made to children by The Boston *Sunday Herald* for the solution of the prize puzzle which will be printed in the issue of Dec. 6. The puzzle is within the capabilities of the average child, and can be considered healthy amusement. The prizes are very handsome and many of them useful. Buy The *Sunday Herald* of Dec. 6.

Climatic Cures.

The influence of climatic conditions in the cure of consumption is very much overdrawn. The poor patient, and the rich patient, too, can do much better at home by proper attention to food digestion, and a regular use of German Syrup. Free expectoration in the morning is made certain by German Syrup, so is a good night's rest and the absence of that weakening cough and the debilitating night sweat. Restless nights and the exhaustion due to coughing, the greatest danger and dread of the consumptive, can be prevented or stopped by taking German Syrup liberally and regularly. Should you be able to go to a warmer clime, you will find that of the thousands of consumptives there, the few who are benefited and regain strength are those who use German Syrup. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At A. W. Whitcher's drug store.

WINCHESTER.

The football chaps who attacked our policemen on Thanksgiving Day were fined $10 each in the District Court the next day. They appealed.

Our eminently worthy and greatly esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. George H. Gilbert, has been living a quiet and inoffensive life this fall, so far as I have been able to learn. It is surmised that he is patiently waiting for a bit of good sleighing to give those fast trotters of his a fair chance to show what they can do, and to take the conceit out of some of our snobbish horsemen who plume themselves on the ownership of fast nags. Whoa, Emma!

Several kinds of athletic sports are indulged in here this season, of which, it can be truthfully said, bowling, or 10-pins, takes the lead. It is a rare game, and I know of no one half so health-giving. Many of our most prominent citizens are members of bowling leagues and clubs, and hardly a night passes that some of them are not seen on the alleys, here or elsewhere. Whist, billiards, pool, football, etc., are also given attention to; but the best physical and intellectual results are derived from 10-pins.

A Human Picture Book.

A remarkable case of tattooing came to light in Professor Hebra's lecture room in a hospital in Vienna some years ago. The man was the subject of a lecture, and one of the spectators at first mistook him for a bronze statue. He was tattooed from head to foot, and not a quarter of a square inch of his entire person was intact. The skin presented an appearance resembling the tracery of an exceedingly rich cashmere shawl. The coloring was done with indigo principally, with enough red inserted here and there to give it effect. His name was George Constantine, a Greek by birth, who with a band of robbers entered Chinese Tartary to commit depredations. The gang was captured, and this man, with others, was ordered by the ruler to be branded in this manner. On the palms of his hands letters were tattooed which explained that he was "the greatest rascal and thief in the world." It took three months to tattoo him, the indigo being pricked into the skin. The designs represented elephants, lions, tigers and birds, with letters worked in between. A couple of dragons ornamented his forehead. He said his body swelled up very much at the time and ever since had been sensitive to changes in the weather.

The Care of "Black Sheep."

Many families have the misfortune to include one member who, perhaps from some congenital defect, is not trustworthy. Yet they hate to give him up, and, hoping as he goes from one disaster to another that he will yet learn his lesson, they keep on finding chances for him to throw away. To raise such a person is simply to add to the height from which he must fall. To protect his reputation is simply to furnish him with means to deceive whoever trusts him. The sooner he gets down to the level he belongs in the better for himself, his friends and society. Help him on, but not up. Pay his board, but don't find him a job where he can betray confidence. Keep him out of the poorhouse and out of jail if possible, but most of all keep him out of mischief by making serious mischief inaccessible to him. To put a defective, irresponsible man who is used to ease and the comforts of life into social and commercial competition with persons of his own social grade is to invite disaster. Let him be known, if he is known at all, for what he is and thereby minimize the risk involved in his existence.—Harper's Weekly.

Afternoon Tea.

"High tea" is said to be of American origin. The earliest mention of it, according to Dr. Murray, goes no further back than 1856. In fact, tea as an afternoon meal is not much older. It is thought to have originated in 1837 in the house of Mme. de Circourt, a Russian lady, whose salon in Paris was at that time much frequented by the most intellectual society of the day. The fashionable dinner hours were then getting late, and she introduced a 4 o'clock light meal, at which tea was served. Fanny Kemble in "Records of a Girlhood" attributes the introduction of the afternoon meal into this country to the then Duchess of Bedford. Fanny Kemble paid a visit to Belvoir castle in March, 1842, and she relates how a mysterious invitation was received to the duchess' private rooms, where she found a small group of friends partaking of tea in a private and rather shamefaced way, and dates the 5 o'clock meal from this time. But it was several years later that the practice became general.—London Chronicle.

Drivers Who Throw Their Horses.

"There ought to be a license system or some scheme to prevent such a fellow driving a horse," declared a lover of horses as a heavy truck horse fell in Broadway the other day. "That ignorant blockhead made that horse fall. He turned the animal so quickly that he simply threw it off its feet. Now several score of trucks will be blocked until the horse gets on its feet, and then the driver will take it out of the poor animal by jerking at the bit or beating it.

"A man wouldn't trust an automobile to a fellow who didn't know how to run the machine, and the law would not allow him to, but he will trust his horse to a boy who hasn't the first idea of handling a horse. Half the drivers of trucks and delivery wagons need some elementary lessons in how to drive, and most of the accidents on the streets are due to their ignorance and stupidity."—New York Press.

Generous Utah Woman.

A woman doctor went to Utah to practice. She was a pleasant lady as well as skillful, and her patients were very fond of her. "How I wish," said one of them, "that I could convert you to our religion! If you would only marry my husband and come and live with us"—

The doctor fled in horror to another friend to whom she told the story. Her self respect began to revive and she felt comforted, seeing how the eyes of her listener blazed.

"I don't wonder you feel as you do," replied the friend indignantly. "The idea! Why, that Mr. —— is perfectly horrid! What you want to do is to marry my husband and come and live with us."—Plattsburg (N. Y.) Tribune.

The First Ice Cream.

A French chef, who prepared the dish for the Duc de Chartres in 1774, is said to have made the first ice cream. Lord Bacon was aware of the process of congelation by means of snow and salt, but to him it was a scientific fact of greater or less interest, and he had no idea of the delightful possibilities of this process on various eatables.

Iced drinks and water ices were known to the Parisian epicures a century and a half earlier, the dainties having probably come from the far east by the hand of some traveler who had tested sherbet. The English knew or cared nothing for such artificial refreshment till the present century. Even now they do not regard the "iced pudding" with especial favor.

Appropriate.

One day while his apparatus for deep sea soundings by means of steel pianoforte wire was being constructed Lord Kelvin entered Mr. White's shop in Glasgow along with the great Dr. Joule, celebrated for his determination of the mechanical equivalent of heat. Joule's attention was called to a bundle of the pianoforte wire lying in the shop, and Thomson explained that he intended it for "sounding purposes." "What note?" innocently inquired Joule and was promptly answered, "The deep C."

The House of Crony.

In France the family of Crony Chanel boasts of descent in direct line from Adam's third son, Seth. They say at the time of the deluge Noah took their family title deeds into the ark. At their chateau may be seen a picture of that event, wherein one of the drowning men waves a scroll above his head on which is inscribed, "Save the title deeds of the house of Crony."

Throat Trouble.

"You look bad, old man. What's the matter?"

"Throat trouble."

"I didn't know you were subject to it."

"Yes, I am. This throat belongs to the newcomer in the next house, who practices singing at all hours of the night."

Creations Worth Having.

A jewelry store is the natural place to seek for gifts of lasting value. There are so many things here that are beautiful, useful, and will hold their worth always. The kind of things that will give pleasure.

Repairing in all its branches promptly executed and satisfaction guaranteed.

Acknowledging past favors we hope by honest and square dealings to merit a continuance of the same.

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Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

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PARLOR STOVE
Address X Woburn JOURNAL.

Waiting For the Note.

An English churchman tells the following: "At one of our cathedrals the minor canon was ill and could not sing. A suffragan bishop had a good voice and volunteered to sing the litany. 'Go,' he said to the verger, 'and tell the organist that I will sing the litany and ask him to give me the reciting note.' 'Please, sir,' said the verger to the organist, 'the bishop has sent me to you to say he will sing the litany.' 'All right,' said the organist. Seeing the verger remain, he said, 'You need not stay.' 'Please, sir, the bishop asked me to ask you if you would give him a something—I didn't quite catch—note.' 'You mean the reciting note.' 'That's it, sir; that's it.' Seeing the verger still remaining, he said, 'You need not stay.' To which the verger said, 'Please, sir, shall I take it to his lordship?' "

A Japanese Wedding.

A Japanese wedding is a quaintly pretty ceremony. The bride, dressed in a white silk kimono and white veil, sits on the floor facing her affianced husband. Near them are two tables, upon one of which are two cups, a bottle of sake and a kettle with two spouts. On the other are a miniature plum tree, typifying the beauty of the bride; a miniature fir tree, representing the strength of the bridegroom, and a stork stands on a tortoise, signifying long life and felicity. The bride and bridegroom drink alternately from the two-spouted kettle in token that they will henceforth share each other's joys and sorrows. After the wedding the bride's veil is laid away to be used as her shroud when she dies.

Her Husband Was Not In.

"Husband in?" asked the gas collector cheerfully.

"No," answered the woman, "he isn't at home."

"Expecting him soon?" asked the collector.

"Well," the woman replied thoughtfully, "I don't know exactly. I've been lookin' for him seventeen years, and he hasn't turned up yet. You travel about a good deal, and if you see a man who looks as though he'd make me a pretty good husband tell him I'm still awaitin' and send him along."

Heinz Pickles
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Are signs of coming cold. Steam or Hot Water Heat will guard us from it. They do their work with cleanliness, economy and efficiency.

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Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

THE BLUES

Don't Wait Until Your Sufferings Have Driven You to Despair, With Your Nerves All Shattered and Your Courage Gone.

When a cheerful, brave, light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the BLUES, it is a sad picture. It is usually this way:

She has been feeling "out of sorts" for some time; head has ached, and back also; has slept poorly, been quite nervous, and nearly fainted once or twice; head dizzy, and heart beats very fast; then that bearing-down feeling. Her doctor says: "Cheer up; you have dyspepsia; you will be all right soon."

But she does not get "all right." She grows worse day by day, till all at once she realizes that a distressing female complaint is established. Her doctor has made a mistake.

She has lost faith in him; hope vanishes; then comes the brooding, morbid, melancholly, everlasting BLUES. **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** instantly asserts its curative powers in all those peculiar ailments of women, and the story recited above is the true experience of hundreds of American women, whose letters of gratitude we are constantly publishing.

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak and sick and discouraged, exhausted with each day's work. If you have some derangement of the female organism try the remedy that has restored a million women to health

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"I cheerfully recommend **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** to my suffering sisters as a perfect medicine for all female derangements. I was troubled with displacement of the womb and other female weakness. Had headache, backache, and such bearing-down pains I could hardly walk across the floor, and was very nervous.

"A friend advised me to try your medicine, which I did, and after using the first bottle I began to improve. I took in all twelve bottles of Vegetable Compound, one box of Liver Pills, also used the Sanative Wash and was cured, and have no return of my troubles. I am as well now as I ever was. I am more thankful every day for my cure.

"I know that your medicine will do everything that it is recommended to do for suffering women."—MRS. DORA ANDERSON, North Muskegon, Michigan.

"I want to tell you what your remedies have done for me. Before taking them I used to have a continuous headache, would be very dizzy, would have spells when everything seemed strange, and I would not know where I was.

"I went to our local doctor. He gave me some medicine, but it did not seem to do me any good, but after taking **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** I began to improve at once.

"I can honestly recommend your remedies to all suffering women, and advise all to give it a trial."—MRS. HENRY SELL, Van Wyck, Wash.

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.

If there is anything in your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. She will hold your letter in strict confidence. She can surely help you, for no person in America can speak from a wider experience in treating female ills. She has helped hundreds of thousands of women back to health. Her address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice is free. You are very foolish if you do not accept her kind invitation.

MARCIA'S ORDEAL

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Marcia came up the walk with a sigh of relief so intense it was almost a sob. All afternoon she had been braving it out, forcing herself to smile and chatter dutifully, listen respectfully to Calverley strictures upon the world—her world—and life in general and make the requisite automatic responses.

Aunt Calverley was no blood kin, only her father's stepsister, but all the more punctilious and difficult because of it. Twice a year she came in state to spend the night and day after at Greenways. The visits always left Marcia and her mother uncomfortable, but this was the first whose legacy had been true heartache.

"Don't look so, daughter. I don't believe it," Mrs. Alston said, drawing Marcia down beside her upon the piazza bench. She was small and fair and blue eyed, all unlike her daughter. Even Aunt Calverley admitted grudgingly that Marcia was Alston through and through. That meant she was beautiful.

"As handsome as an Alston" had been a saying of the countryside this hundred years. As a race the Alstons were slim and supple, dark eyed, dark browed, with fine olive skin and clear, healthy scarlet showing richly in lips and cheeks; light stepping too. Marcia in especial had the motion of a flower swaying in gentle breezes. There had been something of natural irritation, but no surprise whatever, when Ivor Morris fell in love with her at first sight.

There could be no doubt of it. He called the very next day and the next and the next, then upon the fourth; planned a picnic in the grounds of High Brook, his ancestral estate. He was but newly come to it. The big house had been shuttered and shrouded almost twenty years. That was his excuse for asking his new friends to make merry with him outdoors. Though he was far too well bred to devote himself conspicuously to Marcia when thus playing host, by a sort of tacit consent she was pushed forward to be the head and front of everything. The next day he vanished unaccountably, but in a week he was back again and evidently more in love than ever. He managed somehow to see Marcia every day for a month; then came another absence and in the midst of it Aunt Calverley.

Aunt Calverley was bursting with news. Mrs. Alston was certain of it the minute she set eyes on her. There was a certain swelling as of pride in her own discerning mixed with ostentatious pity for the blindness of her kinfolk. Still she told nothing out of the common until after the midday dinner, when she had begun veering delicately to the subject of her departure. Although the length of her visit was always as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians, she felt sadly slighted if in the last hours of it she was not begged to make it longer. Mrs. Alston had just said, with a commendable show of heartiness, "I'm sure there's nothing to call you home—you had just as well stay with us until Monday," when the revelation came.

"I hope I shan't never be foolish enough to wear out my welcome anywheres," Aunt Calverley returned viciously. "I know you two will be wantin' to go right off and see your new neighbors. Of course you know Ive Morris is fetchin' home his wife and twins. Don't tell me you hadn't heard? And him here so much! Well, I am astonished. But men air queer—specially the Morris men. How else did the old major have six sons and just this one grandson? And Ive's father was the wildest of the lot. Maybe that's why I mistrusted his son so from the very first. You won't make me believe he's bringin' the wife of his own good will and pleasure. I believe there's been trouble between 'em, and she's brought the gentleman up with a round turn. How do I know? You know he has got Peggy Henderson to keep house for him. On the way here I stopped at High Brook to ask Peggy if she reckoned I could get her daughter Fanny to come and quilt for me next fall. Peggy was so flustered I couldn't hardly get a sensible word out of her. Ive had sent her a telegraph: 'Comin' home Saturday. Prepare adjoining rooms for Mrs. Morris and twin children' "—

"Why didn't you tell us yesterday? I would love to have made a cake for those children. Peggy Henderson's cake is always as heavy as she is." Marcia interrupted so gayly her mother gave her a look of adoring pride. "Now it's too late," Marcia ran on. "Do stay over Sunday, Aunty Calverley. The Morrises will surely come to church. I'd like to know what you think of her."

But there was no luring Aunt Calverley away from talk of Ivor Morris. His sins, actual and potential, beguiled her into staying until sundown, although she had to drive ten miles.

Marcia endured it all wonderfully—just how she never quite understood. She did not break down even at her mother's wistful comforting—only locked her fingers hard and said, gazing far away into the glowing sunset: "Why shouldn't it be true, mamsie? Ivor Morris has looked love at me and spoken it, but never a word of marriage"—

"He—he—called me 'mother' the very last time I saw him," Mrs. Alston said tremulously. "I tell you he is not wicked"—

"No; perhaps only weak," Marcia said, drawing her mother within her arms. "He worships beauty, and I am truly very pretty, mother. He is impulsive too. I know for the time he loves me with all his heart. Maybe he has loved his—I mean somebody else—with all his heart. Maybe also he will keep on doing it all his life. And I love him, mother. But he has saved and spared me this much—he has never given me the chance to tell him so. Now I know why. Let us both be grateful and show it by helping to make things easy for him. People will gossip wildly over this unheard of wife. We must pretend to have been in the secret."

"Can you do it? Are you strong enough?" Mrs. Alston said, drawing Marcia's head within the hollow of her arm.

Marcia nestled closer and said clearly: "I must be strong enough, mamsie. You must be strong enough. We will begin by going to church tomorrow. That will be the hardest thing. Oh, how I dread facing all those curious eyes!"

"No more than we do. Therefore all of us must stay away," Ivor Morris said, coming around the corner of the piazza. Madeira vines grew so rank there they hid everything. Ivor's eyes danced a bit, but his mouth was grave and even set. He half led, half dragged, a very pretty woman, whom he seated unceremoniously beside Mrs. Alston. "We walked across the woods, Melainie and I, on purpose to ask your good offices. Melainie is Mrs. Morris, but not my wife. That honor belongs to my cousin Graham, who didn't know he was a Morris until six weeks back. It seems his mother, when very young, married privately my wild Uncle Royal, disagreed with him and ran away from him before Graham was born. The day after she left Uncle Roy broke his neck in the hunt, but it was months before his widow knew it. When she did know she married an old lover, who adopted her son and brought him up as his own. I am, it seems, very like my uncle. When she saw me the first time, just after I came here, she broke down and told me the whole story. She did not know how much of the Morris fortune was entailed or that in proving Graham the eldest heir male I was half beggaring myself. All that has, however, settled itself. Graham is a trump. He will take over High Brook on account of the twins. Still I'm not so bad a match I don't dare ask Marcia to marry me. I've been on the point of doing it fifty times at least. But who could be brutal enough to ask a princess to exist on nothing a year?"

"Don't scold him, please. I have done that already," Melainie entreated prettily, holding Marcia's hand. Marcia stood very straight and asked severely, trying to frown on Ivor as she spoke: "How long had you been behind those vines? Did you dare eavesdrop?"

"Certainly. I love to confound proverbs," Ivor said audaciously. "Listeners do sometimes hear good of themselves. But I know it was wrong. I'll do any penance you may set me after"—

"After what?" Marcia asked as he stopped tentatively, his eyes entreating.

"After the wedding day, sweetheart," he said. Then, heedless of others present, he took her in his arms.

Wiles of the Medicine Man.

Here is a brief account of the wiles of the southwestern medicine man as described in George Wharton James' story, "The Indians of the Painted Desert Region:"

The ways of the Havasupai medicine men are similar to those of fakirs in all lands and ages. I have seen Rock Jones after examining a patient jump up and excitedly exclaim: "I can see into your head and all through your brains, down your throat and into your stomach, through your kidneys, bladder, intestines, and you are sick, very sick, very heap sick. But I am a good medicine man. I can cure you sure; I can cure you quick. But you must promise to give me $5. Don't forget I must have $5."

In one case with which I was familiar the medicine man declared that the heart of one sick man had gone away to the topmost peak of one of the canyon walls. It would cost several dollars to charm it back, but he could do it. Yielding to the pleadings of the man without the heart, he began to exercise his charms and incantations, and the next day he came in and declared he had seen it return during the early morning hours and his patient would recover. His prognostication was correct. The man was soon well and strong and paid his six dollar fee for having his heart returned to him with due gratitude and thankfulness.

An Unusual Suicide.

That it is possible to commit suicide by simply holding one's breath has been clearly proved by a despondent Norwegian, who killed himself in this very unusual manner. When he determined to die he closed his mouth and nostrils and by mere force of will prevented his lungs from doing their proper work.

This case is the more remarkable as there has long been a popular notion that no human being could by mere will power stop the action of the lungs for more than one or two minutes. For this reason it attracted much attention, and a French writer, commenting on it, says:

"To persons of good taste who are weary of life this method of committing suicide will certainly commend itself, one reason being because the body is not disfigured thereby and another because the act can be committed in any place and at any time. It is true that sensitive or nervous persons will never be able to kill themselves in this manner, for, simple as it seems, the act of retaining one's breath until death comes can only be performed by one who is either unusually phlegmatic or endowed with a very strong will."

A Good Excuse Lacking.

"I wish I had a rich father."

"Why?"

"Then I'd have some excuse for being so worthless."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Dangerous.

A New York clergyman, who was one of the guests at a beautiful seashore home, was asked to supply the pulpit one Sunday. He had done so the year before, during his visit, and the congregation had been large.

On Saturday afternoon, as he sat in his room, he heard two of the grooms talking as they returned to the stable after having delivered two riding horses at the front door.

"I don't know but I'll go to 'ear 'im at the hafternoon service," said one of them.

"There! I knew you'd come around," said the other in a tone of approval. "He's a well meaning man, and, as I told you, I've heard his twice, and what harm has it done me?"

Thin Lips Better Than Thick.

In order to articulate well one must be able to move the lips with the greatest facility. A person with thick lips cannot move them quickly; there is too much of them, and the muscles which move them are clogged and have no fair chance of performing their work. Thin lips are easily worked, so as to allow the mouth to be quite free for the emission of the sounds that make words, and consequently the possessor of them can speak fluently. A mustache and a beard which covers the under lip to the mouth are both a hindrance to clear speaking. They impede the articulation in the same way as thick lips, and the words get partly lost.

The Ingenious Magpie.

The magpie is nothing if not ingenious. He always barricades his bulky nest with thorn branches, so that to plunder it is by no means an easy matter, but when circumstances oblige the "pie" to build in a low bush or hedge—an absence of lofty trees being a marked feature of some northern localities—he not only interlaces his home, but also the entire bush, in a most formidable manner. Nor does he stop here. To "make assurance doubly sure" he fashions a means of exit as well as an entrance to the castle, so that if disturbed he can slip out by his back door, as it were.

An Odd Gypsy Custom.

In Hungary, when the question of the baby's future comes up for discussion among the gypsies, there is no time wasted in argument. A blanket is held by the four corners and the baby is thrown into the air. If it comes down on its little stomach it is a sign that it is going to be a musician; if it falls on its back it is to be a thief, and the education of the child is begun as soon as possible in one of these two time honored professions.

Press On.

"Press on" solves the problem of all heroes. It is the rule by which to judge of all wonderful success and all triumphal marches to fortune and honor. It should be the motto of all—"Press on." Never despair. Never allow yourself to be discouraged, however stormy the heavens or dark the way or heavy the difficulties or repeated the failures.

Awful.

Mrs. Proudman—Our Willie got "meritorious commendation" at school last week.

Mrs. Bull—Well, well! Ain't it awful the number of strange diseases that's ketched by school children.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

TRADE MARK.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

BABIES IN ARABIA.

The Way the Unfortunate Mites Are Clothed and Doctored.

They (Arabian babies) are rubbed with brown powder as soon as they are born, and their eyelids are painted; then instead of being dressed in soft flannels they are wrapped in calico and tied up like a bundle so tight that they cannot move hands or feet; then tight hoods are put on their heads with blue beads sewed on the front to keep off the evil eye. These babies cry a good deal, and I should think they would. They cannot move, and flies and other insects crawl over them and bite them, and the sand gets in their eyes and hurts them.

When a baby is about six weeks old a sacrifice is offered, and the baby's hair is cut and weighed, and the same weight in silver is given to the poor. If he hasn't more hair than some of our six weeks' babies its weight in gold or even diamonds might be given and not make the poor much richer or the parents much poorer. The mother puts charms on his neck and arms, and a verse from the Koran is written and put in a little silver or leather case and hung about his neck to keep off evil.

If he is sick this is his medicine: A verse from the Koran is written with ink on paper; then the ink is washed off, and the inky water is given him to drink. I wish you could see the funny little cradles these babies sleep in. They are made of date sticks fitted together. The rockers are almost flat, so when the poor thing is rocked he is so shaken up that it is a wonder if he is not seasick. I am sure any good American baby would rebel at such treatment.—Record of Christian Work.

Origin of the Tent.

An ancient Talmudic legend relates that Adam on his expulsion from paradise encountered a cutting north wind, against which his scant girdle of fig leaves proved poor protection. As he wistfully cast his eyes over the desolate plain of Shinar he perceived at a great distance a dead thorn bush. Running thither, he crouched behind it, and while still shivering he saw a wild ass come by. And Adam cried to the beast to lie down alongside and keep him warm. But the ass spake out ("for asses sometimes spake in those days as since," saith the commentator), and derided him for not having a warm coat of fur, whereupon Adam waxed wroth and slew the ass with a piece of the thorn tree and, with teeth and nails stripping off the ass' coat, wrapped it around himself. But toward noon, the sun growing hot and a scorching wind arising, Adam conceived the happy thought of hanging the skin over the bush and reposing in the shade thereof. It was done, the tent was invented, and civilization began.—Outing.

Mrs. Stanton and Bad Children.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton was fond of children, though not of bad ones.

Once in Boston she was calling on a young woman whose little son, a particularly vicious urchin, played about her while she conversed.

The child would pull his mother's hair, kick and thump her, nor did he hesitate to try now and then these tricks upon Mrs. Stanton.

She said calmly, "You are a bad boy, aren't you?"

"He is a bad boy," his mother in a sad, hurt tone confessed.

"I prefer bad children, though," said Mrs. Stanton.

"Do you?" cried the young mother. "Why?"

"Because," said Mrs. Stanton, "they are usually sent out of the room."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Longevity of Animals.

Statistics of the longevity of animals may not be very accurate, but they are interesting reading. Among the larger species of cattle there is some approach to uniformity. Thus for the horse and donkey the extreme limit is about 35 years and for horned cattle about 30. For the dog it is given as 25, while sheep, goats, pigs and cats are grouped at 15. Among birds the disparities in length of life are very remarkable. While a goose may live to be 30 years of age, a sparrow 25 and a crow 100, ducks, hens and turkeys die of old age at 12. The palm for longevity is divided between the elephant and the parrot, which both often pass the century. The swan and the eagle also are very long lived.

Twelve Miles an Hour.

At the beginning of the last century the royal college of Bavarian physicians sought to forbid steam railway travel because it would induce delirium furiosum among the passengers and drive the spectators crazy, while an English quarterly said that it would as soon expect the people to suffer themselves to be tied to one of Congreve's rockets as to trust themselves to the mercy of a locomotive going at the prodigious rate of twelve miles an hour.

HOW TO GO NUTTING.

Looping the Boughs Is an Effective Way to Strip a Tree.

Not a few are the devices of skilled nutting. How often shall we see the novice crushing the green bur with a stone—and the chestnut by the same blow—or with many pains from the sharp spines trying to open the bur by hand. The nutter who is better versed has the trick, not mastered until some practice, of a peculiar quick tap of the heel—something between a blow and a cut—which at one deft side stroke lays open the nuts for the hand. The old device of jarring by a heavy stone the tree bole—especially the slim secondary trees of the deeper woods—may be trite, but not its refinement of taking a smaller stone and by a series of quick taps on the trunk "snapping" the upper branches.

Less known and more effective is another good plan. Its elements are a good arm, a ball of strong cord and, attached, a half pound stone, more or less, according to the weight of the string. The theory involves the casting of a weight over a bough of the nut tree and shaking it briskly when looped by the cord. The practice is that many a youngster who deems himself a crack thrower on the ball field will find some lessons to be learned in the precision of "looping" a chestnut branch and in the retarding power of an ascending cord tied to a projectile. Again, with usage comes the art of so releasing the cord from an upper bough as to loop the bough below and, with acquired dexterity, strip half a dozen branches after a single cast.—Clarence Deming in Outing.

A Blackened Character.

The city of Pueblo, Colo., is on account of its smelting and refining works one of the smokiest cities in the world. At times the sun is quite obscured, and the light is much like that which precedes a glowering thundershower.

One winter a traveler stepped from a train at Denver and, walking up to a policeman, asked him the way to a certain hotel. The officer cast a scornful eye upon the man, who was covered with soot and grime, so that he looked like a chimney sweep, and laconically inquired of the stranger if he was a coal miner.

"No," said the dirty one; "I am not a coal miner nor a charcoal burner; neither am I in the coal dust business. More than that, I am not a negro minstrel."

"What are you?" asked the policeman.

"Lean down," said the man, "and I will whisper to you. I am a millionaire in sore distress. I have been through a snowstorm in Pueblo."

The Magnetic North.

The belief in the constancy of the magnetic compass to the north pole has not the least foundation in fact. At every different place on the globe it points in a different direction, and only one or two of them are due north. Besides, it is always changing. In London, for instance, it points to a place about 17 degrees west of north.

In 1825 it was still farther away, being then 24½ degrees, or a quarter of the way around to the west. In the year 1580 it pointed 11 degrees east. Then it began to move north till 1659, when it pointed due north. But it remained thus only for a moment, passing around to its greatest deflection in 160 years.

Again it turned in 1820 and is still moving nearer the north. It will not reach that point for nearly a century and a half, and so it will go on backward and forward forever.

No Vowels In It.

Many places have curious names, but apparently there is only one place which has a name without any vowels. That place is the little hamlet of Ws, near Paris. Ws being an unpronounceable name, the inhabitants of the hamlet have transformed it into "d'Us," but this change has not been sanctioned legally, and on all the official records the name Ws still appears. The hamlet has 117 inhabitants, and its sole attractions are the Chateau d'Osny, which has been for many years in the possession of Edmond About's family, and the Chateau de Vigny, which is one of the best specimens of the renaissance style of architecture.

Honor to Whom Honor Is Due.

"And now, gentlemen," says the chairman of the committee on awards at the millinery exhibition, "the question before us is to whom shall the chief prize go? Of the many pattern bonnets submitted that of Miss Meekleigh is far and away the most artistic."

"But," persists a more experienced member, "the bonnet exhibited by Mme. Sokkettuum is far and away the most expensive."

A few minutes later the medal was pinned on Mme. Sokkettuum.—Judge.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 6.

Text of the Lesson, I Kings iii, 4-15. Memory Verses, 12, 13—Golden Text, Prov. ix, 10—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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The statement in verse 3 that "Solomon loved the Lord" is about the best thing that could be said of him, but it is not so grand as that in II Sam. xii, 24, 25, "the Lord loved him," nor is it so great as the significance of his name Jedidiah, the beloved of the Lord. Our love to God is so poor compared with His love to us that it is neither worth singing about nor talking about; it is too often something like Solomon's, who, though he walked in the statutes of David, his father, yet sacrificed and burned incense in high places and made affinity with Pharaoh. There is little whole heartedness for God notwithstanding II Chron. xvi, 9.

The ark of God was in a tent which David had pitched for it in Jerusalem, but the tabernacle and altar of burnt offering were at Gibeon (II Chron. i, 3, 4), and thither Solomon and all the congregation had gone to offer sacrifice, and there the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night, and God said to him, Ask what I shall give thee. The Lord's appearing to His servants is a most interesting and inspiring study from the time when He clothed Adam and Eve (Gen. iii, 21) and onward, but as in the olden time so now His usual method is to reveal Himself by His word (I Sam. iii, 18). The Lord's offer to Solomon at this time reminds us of Est. v, 3, 6; I Kings, x, 13; Luke xviii, 41; Matt. vii, 7; xxi, 22; John xiv, 13, 14; xv, 7; Isa. xlv, 11, l. c. But what do we know of the power of such words? How much do we ask and receive, or what do we know of the great and mighty things of Jer. xxxiii, 3?

Solomon's reply to God begins with an acknowledgment of great mercies to his father and to himself, a thing most appropriate in all our approaches to God (Prov. iii, 6; Phil. iv, 6). Notice the words "thou hast" in five different connections in this prayer—thou hast showed, kept, given, made, chosen, giving all the glory to God in all these things. We are reminded of David's prayer in I Chron. xxix, 10-19, where he acknowledges so humbly his own nothingness and God's greatness and bounty, using the pronouns Thou, Thy, Thine, Thee, at least twenty times. Our highest place is lying low at our Redeemer's feet, glorying not in wisdom nor might nor riches, but in knowing Him who is in Himself all wisdom and wealth and power (Jer. ix, 23, 24).

His conscious weakness and ignorance Solomon sets forth in the words "I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in" (verse 7), reminding us of Jer. i, 6. If he had always remained consciously weak and had leaned wholly on the Lord how different would his record have been! Uzziah, one of his successors, was marvelously helped till he was strong, but then his heart was lifted up to his destruction (II Chron. xxvi, 15, 16). Not in pride, but only in humility, can we walk with God (Mic. vi, 8, margin).

His request as given in verse 9 is stated in II Chron. i, 10, as follows: "Give me now wisdom and knowledge that I may go out and come in before this people." Wisdom is the principal thing, better than rubies and all other things that might be desired, and can be obtained when men honestly desire it (Prov. ii, 3-6; iv, 7; viii, 11). It can be had for the asking, but it must be sincerely asked for (Jas. i, 5). It is part of the fullness that dwells in Christ for His people (Col. ii, 9; I Cor. i, 24, 30).

Because Solomon made such a request and did not ask for himself riches or long life the Lord was pleased to grant him what he asked abundantly and also an abundance of the things he had not asked for. It is written that "God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much and largeness of heart even as the sand that is on the seashore," but this strange measure of wisdom is explained by the fact that Judah and Israel are spoken of as being many, as the sand which is by the sea in multitude (I Kings iv, 20, 29). Solomon was thus promised wisdom for every individual case he might have to deal with, and an illustration is given in the record which follows our lesson.

As to Solomon's request pleasing the Lord, our Lord Jesus said of Himself, "I do always those things that please the Father," and the Father testified of Jesus, "This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (John viii, 29; Matt. iii, 17; xvii, 5). When we are so fully yielded to God that we can truly say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," He who always pleased the Father in the mortal body prepared for Him will also please the Father in our mortal bodies (Gal. ii, 20; II Cor. iv, 11; Heb. xiii, 20, 21; Rom. xii, 1, 2).

Although this was a dream, yet it was a real communication from God, who in former times often revealed Himself in visions and dreams, as He did to Jacob, Joseph, Nebuchadnezzar, Daniel, Joseph, the husband of Mary; Pilate's wife and others (Num. xii, 6-8; Job xxxiii, 15). Even to this day God does sometimes reveal His will in a dream or vision concerning special guidance in unusual matters or to a seeking soul among the heathen who have not heard the gospel; but, as a rule, He speaks by His word to those who have His word and never in conflict with it. Before the ark at Jerusalem Solomon offered up burnt offerings and peace offerings, the former typifying our Lord Jesus offering Himself wholly to God and the latter our fellowship with God through Jesus Christ.

Holiday Gifts That Last.

When you purchase a present, select something that will last, or the person receiving it is likely to soon forget the giver. Artistic designs, beautifully finished together with great wearing qualities are combined in the

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Cough Gently.

Few people know how to cough properly. In fact, it never occurs to the ordinary individual that there are a right way and a wrong way of doing it. Yet it is a matter of no small importance. If every sigh means a drop of blood out of the heart, as people say, every cough means some greater or less proportion of time knocked off one's life. Most people cough as loudly and forcibly as they can. Some chronic coughers seem a bit proud of the terrible noise they make. But it is a rather costly noise, for the simple reason that it tears and inflames the lungs.

The lungs consist of an extraordinarily delicate spongelike tissue, which sometimes gets inflamed and choked with phlegm. When we try to get rid of this substance we cough. But, obviously, if we remove it violently we must necessarily injure the delicate lung tissue. Therefore train yourself to cough as gently as possible. After a little practice you will find it quite easy to do so. In that way you will do a minimum of mischief to the lungs and add years to your life.

Plant Misers.

All leaf buds, whether underground or on the bare branches of winter, are plant savings put aside from the superfluity of summer against the proverbial rainy day. The starch of which such organisms consist is to the plant what his savings are to the prudent man, and the common potato is one of the greatest misers of the vegetable world in this respect, for almost the whole of the tuber is made up of starch food, left as a legacy to the young plants represented by the "eyes." This is true of all plants that grow from bulbs.

Some go further, for they run a savings bank in the shape of a taproot, which, if left undisturbed, grows larger year by year, to be drawn upon in seasons of drought when other means of subsistence are exhausted. Among these are primroses, carrots, beetroot and turnips, and with these three last this faculty of saving has been developed by man to make the plants a source of profit to himself.

Executive Ability.

Little Elmer—Papa, what is executive ability?

Professor Broadhead—The faculty of earning your bread by the sweat of other people's brows, my son.—Puck.

Genius finds its own road and carries its own lamp.—Willmott.

Business Cards.

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Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the same by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

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Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

Mr. Lecky's Torrent of Speech.

A very brilliant Irish lady some years ago arranged that Mr. Lecky should meet an able and famous Irishman of very advanced opinions in politics. It was intended that they should exchange views, and the Irishman had a good deal to say about Mr. Lecky's later work and was well able to put what he had to say in the most effective language. The door opened and Mr. Lecky was announced. He was introduced to the Irishman, and before the latter had time to say anything the historian began a political harangue which he kept going without cessation the whole time he was there. The Irishman at first tried to break in with a word, but he was swept away, as it were, in the unceasing flow of Mr. Lecky's language; so after a time he sat in amused bewilderment, waiting until nature gave out. But when Mr. Lecky felt he was getting exhausted he rose from his chair, shook hands with the hostess and her guest, keeping on talking all the time. They came out with him to the top of the staircase, but could not get a word edgeways even then, as he talked all the way down to the door and was even in an unfinished sentence when the door was shut behind him. They looked at each other and roared.—Freeman's Journal.

The Soldier Ant.

The lion is the king of beasts, but all of his magnificent strength and ferocity would avail him nothing when he faced a mere ant. But this ant is not the usual kind which peacefully goes about its domestic duties day by day. It is the terrible driver or soldier ant, said to be the most invincible creature in the world.

Against these tiny enemies no man or band of men, no lion or tiger nor even a herd of elephants, can do anything but hurriedly get out of the way. Among the Barotse natives a favorite form of capital punishment is to coat the victim with grease and throw him before the advancing army of soldier ants. The quickness with which the poor wretch is dispatched is marvelous when it is considered that each ant can do nothing more than merely tear out a small particle of flesh and carry it off. Yet in a surprisingly short time the writhing victim will have been changed into a skeleton.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a, m., and every hour until 9,30 , p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.35, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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241 Main St., Woburn

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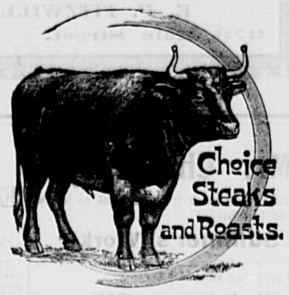

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415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6 52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8 07 A. M.; every half hour to 2 37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12 07; then 12 30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

What the World Said

By ALLAN P. AMES

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"In this matter," said Easton, "there are three opinions to consider."

"One is enough for me," said the girl.

"Your own, I suppose."

"Of course. I presume one of the others is yours. Whose is the third?"

Easton gave a long, sweeping stroke that sent the canoe darting far through the waters and laid the dripping paddle across the gunwale. "The third," he replied, "is what the world says."

"And who cares for that?" spoke the girl lazily from her cushions near the bow.

"Public opinion is something none of us can afford to ignore," said the youth gravely.

"But this is not a public matter. The extent of my liking for you is something just between ourselves."

"Our world tonight, Anne, is not the world of last winter. It's smaller—just the little colony at this end of the lake, in fact. That's the way we men feel, at any rate. We come here to get away from the world of work, and we want to keep wholly within this little pleasant sphere of our own. Now, you can't say that nobody about here has noticed my devotion. If you should inquire I'll bet you'd find that most of your friends can enumerate the times that I've proposed in the past month. Oh, they know all about us, and they're intensely concerned. You can't have forgotten what an active interest you and I took in your sister's affair."

"We were only rude children then."

"Summer days like these make children of us all. I've been growing younger ever since I knew you. Now, I have a childlike faith in the world's good judgment. Can't you let it settle this question for us?"

"Do you value its opinion above mine?" asked the girl, with a smile he might have seen had the moon been larger.

"Oh, no; only, you see, your opinion in a measure is neutralized by mine. Here's a disinterested third party. Why not submit the question to him? I am convinced that you should marry me. You say you shouldn't. The rest of mankind are comparatively unimportant, but let's leave it to them. Isn't that fair?"

"Would you have them vote it at next election?"

"No, no. I am in earnest, Anne. If all our friends thought as I do, wouldn't it make any difference to you?"

"But I don't know what they think. I've never asked them. Have you?"

"Certainly not," answered Easton indignantly. "But I know a way of learning—to a certain extent."

"What's that?"

"Listening."

"At keyholes and open windows, I suppose."

"No, I don't feel quite young enough for that. Besides, it isn't necessary. See here."

Easton left his perch on the stern, worked his way to the center of the canoe and picked up a small megaphone. "Put the little end to your ear," he said, handing it to his companion. "Here's another just like it for me."

"Why, Joseph Easton! I'm ashamed of you! Do you often do things like this?"

"Never did it before. This is a very exceptional case."

"You're sure to hear something about yourself you won't like."

"No danger," he replied cheerfully as he raised the funnel to his ear. "Don't they say all the world loves a fellow in my condition?"

Then, while the girl sat watching him, with her own megaphone untouched in her lap, he listened first in one quarter, then in another. Sound travels surprisingly far at night on a calm body of water. To the unaided ear nothing was audible but the chirping of insects upon the shore and the lapping of ripples along the keel. Nevertheless at the fourth trial Easton's attitude betokened that his megaphone had intercepted some sounds more intelligible.

"Pity you're missing this," he chuckled presently. "Better follow me."

"Can you really hear somebody talking about us?" asked Anne, interested in spite of herself.

"Seems to be a couple of girls discussing you," said Easton. "And very nicely too. Excellent sense those people have. Hush—

"Now they've switched off on me," he added, after a pause.

Anne could restrain herself no longer. "It isn't so wrong for me to listen when they are speaking of you," she said finally. The next moment two megaphones were leveled into the darkness.

This is what came through them:

"Roving fancy, did you say? Indeed he had. I never saw a man change as he has since last summer. He showed a preference for Anne then, but he was willing to glance at the rest of us occasionally. But now—well, it's a case, all right."

Easton turned triumphantly to see what effect this had upon his companion. To all appearances she was listening shamelessly, intent to catch every word. When he returned to his megaphone another feminine voice was speaking:

"Least doubt about it. But I shall always have one exquisite joke on Anne and Joe if they marry, as everybody thinks they will. As long as he remains truthful the poor fellow never can tell her that she's the first girl he ever kissed."

"Bella! I'm shocked! What right have you to say that?"

"The best right in the world. The first girl he ever kissed is me"—

"Splash! went Anne's megaphone into the water. The youth whirled about to find himself confronted by a pair of quivering shoulders and the back of a head that was a whole encyclopedia of outraged feeling. The megaphone bobbed against the side unnoticed.

"Anne, dear," he cried, "don't mind those busybodies. It's only Bella Mainard. You can't care what she says."

"Oh, I don't; I don't!" came back in smothered tones. Then—"Spiteful thing! She wanted you herself. I always knew she did!"

"Wanted me?" echoed the youth. "Wanted!"—slowly realizing the import of the past tense. At the imminent risk of capsizing the frail craft, he crawled forward, placed a hand on each shoulder and gently turned her face toward him.

"Anne," he said, "you do care!"

For answer the face was hidden against the front of his coat.

"If you had only listened longer," observed Eaton, when conversation again became an adequate mode of expression, "you might have heard the Mainard girl tell when it was I kissed her."

"I don't want to know," said Anne. "Your past is your own. Your present is mine."

"And my future," he added fervently. "But I don't mind in the least telling you how this happened. It was at a children's party. I was six and she was nine, I think."

The Original of Major Pendennis.

Miss Horace Smith once told me a story. It was long and complicated, but she assured me she had told it to my father, the late W. M. Thackeray, just before he wrote "Pendennis," and that it had partly suggested the opening chapters. It concerned a family living in Brighton, somewhere near Kemp Town. There was a somewhat autocratic father and a romantic young son who had lost his heart to the housemaid and determined to marry her. The father made the young man give his word of honor that he would not marry clandestinely and then, having dismissed him, rang for the butler. To the butler this Major Pendennis said, "Morgan," or whatever his name was, "I wish you to retire from my service, but I will give you £200 in bank notes if you will marry the housemaid before 12 o'clock tomorrow." The butler said, "Certainly, sir," and the young man next morning was told of the event which had occurred. As far as I remember, a melancholy and sensational event immediately followed, for the poor young fellow was so overwhelmed that he rushed out and distractedly blew his brains out on the downs behind the house, and the butler meanwhile, having changed his £200, sent a message to say that he had omitted to mention that he had a wife already and that this would doubtless invalidate the ceremony he had just gone through with the housemaid.—Mrs. Richmond Ritchie in Cornhill Magazine.

Beating the Expressman.

They haggled for ten minutes over the cost of moving. The woman claimed that the job was worth only $2, including a tip. The expressman insisted upon getting $2.25. At last the woman won out.

"All right," said the man, "if you won't pay any more you won't." So he piled the trunks, the books and the bookcases into the wagon and drove away.

The woman was jubilant. She told everybody in the house she was leaving about how she had at last got the best of that autocrat, the New York expressman, and when she got to the home of the friend with whom she was going to live boasts of her achievement still trembled on her tongue.

"What do you think?" she began triumphantly.

"Excuse me a minute," said her friend. "Before you go on I want to tell you about that expressman. He got your things here without a scratch. He was so very nice and careful that I gave him a quarter. He asked for it. He said you expected me to give it to him; that you would have given it yourself only you were short of change and couldn't spare it. I hope it was all right. Now, go ahead and tell your story."

"I don't think I have one to tell," said the woman weakly. "You have spoiled the point."—New York Press.

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THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Spoiled by Success.

Julius Chambers related in the Reader how in 1887, while he was editing a paper in Paris, he conceived the idea of putting on his editorial staff an old beggar woman who had two wooden legs and who was a well known sight on the boulevard. So he paid her a regular salary and had brilliant interviews written with leading men and women of Paris, which he published over the signature "The Little Old Woman on Two Sticks." He says: "It soon became a matter of pride among English and Americans to know the wretched creature who had become so famous. Money was showered upon her by American and English visitors who had not fathomed the humor of the situation and veritably accepted the inference that the beggar was on speaking acquaintance with all the notables of Paris. The episode finally developed into a farce because the old woman's vanity was roused by the attention notoriety brought her. She could not read English, knew nothing about the contents of the articles and actually flattered herself into the belief that she possessed physical attraction for the generous hearted men who gave her alms or patted her tenderly on the shoulder. Like many another useful member of society, she was spoiled by success and one day struck for higher wages."

A Thrifty Bride.

"It's a pity," said the man in the rough brown suit, "that Johnson married at the very beginning of his business career. I am afraid that young wife of his, with her love for pretty clothes, will be a millstone around his neck."

"Don't you believe it. She'll make him president of a bank one of these days," said the man in the new derby, who had been spending the week end at the small suburban home of the aforementioned Johnson. "Every towel and napkin I saw in the house had the name of some hotel stamped on it, and so did the spoons, by Jove! She had gathered them up on their wedding journey."—New York Press.

The Democratic Apple.

A southern editor says this in praise of the apple: "The apple is the most democratic of all fruits. The pomegranate is priestly, the grape is royal, the orange is luxurious, the peach and pear are plutocratic, but the apple belongs to the populace. It is symbolic of the country store and the corner grocery. It breathes the free spirit of the American township and village. It has a flavor of old New England and yet a pungency as of the south and middle west. It is mild, palatable, nourishing and promotive of good fellowship and long life."

Oriental Rug Dyes.

In his monograph, "The Oriental Rug," Mr. W. D. Ellwanger, writing on the crucial matter of the dyes used, says:

"One expert Armenian has a sure test for mineral dyes in his tongue. When in doubt he cuts a bit of wool from the rug, nibbles it a minute or so and then pronounces his sure verdict. But the test is a delicate one, and the fruit of knowledge is presumably bitter."

The Nice Thing He Said.

"I'm not given to flattery," drawled Mr. Staylate. "I don't make a point to say nice things to girls"—

"No? I'm sure that was a nice thing you said to me earlier in the evening," replied Miss Bord, with a yawn.

"What was that?"

"You remarked that you didn't have long to stay, you know."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Unabashed.

Irate Patient—I want you to get out of here and never darken my door again. If I had a sick cat I wouldn't send for you!

Imperturbable Physician—Of course not. You'd send for my brother, the veterinary, who lives over on the street next to the one I live on. Here's one of his cards.—Baltimore American.

A Possible Contingency.

"Remember, my boy," said the old man to his son, who was about to join the army, "never talk back to your officers."

"But, father," inquired the young American anxiously, "supposing they talk back to me?"—Syracuse Herald.

His Rebate.

"Why do you always occupy two seats?"

"To even things up," replied the street car hog. "Half the time I don't get any seat at all."—Town Topics.

One hundred dollars' worth of butter bears off from the soil less of its valuable elements than 5 cents' worth of hay.

GUMMING THE STAMPS.

Precautions Taken to Insure Uniformity In the Work.

The precautions taken to insure uniformity in the gumming of postage stamps are the most interesting part of the work. Each morning when the workmen report for duty they get a series of blanks, which they are to fill out during the day as their work progresses. The government keeps a most careful account of every ounce of gum given them and every sheet of stamps they handle. The system is an absolute check on the stamp sheets, but was designed to insure the use of the proper quantity of gum in proportion to the stamp sheets.

When they start work in the morning, each of the men is charged with 1,000 sheets of stamps and twenty-six pounds of gum. He must spread that amount of gum over the given number of sheets. Exhaustive experiments and exact scientific calculations have determined the proportion of gum and paper. Rigid and continuous inspection and the keeping of a running account with each operator in the gumming room make it almost impossible to neglect any sheet or to dispose of the gum except by spreading it with absolute uniformity over the sheets. The little vats which hang over the rollers contain delicate instruments which show the temperature at which the gum is kept and its specific gravity. From time to time the superintendent of the gumming room inspects these instruments. He requires an absolute temperature of 80 degrees and a specific gravity of 29.—New York Tribune.

How Work Kills Music.

Did you ever hear of a telegrapher who could play the piano? If so, how many? Not how many pianos, of course, but how many telegraphers. Telegraph operators find that after they have worked at a key for several years their forearms and their fingers lose that flexibility that is essential to musicianly work on the piano. As many of the men are fond of music and have pianos of their own they find it hard to be cut off from the enjoyment of the music they could make for themselves if it were not for the strained conditions of the muscles.

There are few other lines of work that incapacitate a man for picking out the sharps and flats, but the telegraphers say that they know few men in their ranks who can use a piano with any effect.

When they sit down before one, their first move is the old impulse that operating the key gives them. They want to use that finger that they use in sending messages, and they find it difficult even after they struggle for a long time to make themselves players of more than ordinary attainments.—Chicago Tribune.

Etiquette by Precedent.

For example of how men may live and act according to precedent there can be no better reference than to the lord chamberlain's office in London. There in quiet rooms day after day men learned in state etiquette, court dress and royal functions reach down heavy volumes to see what was done on such and such an occasion. Beautiful pictures showing with minute exactness the details of the court costume under various circumstances are ready to their hands.

Is the shah of Persia coming? Is the kaiser soon to arrive? Is the king going to receive the monarch of Siam? Is one of the royal princesses to be married? When any of these events happens, the officials at the lord chamberlain's office know exactly what to do. And if some point should crop up which has not been raised for a century or more they have the faithful official records as to what was done on the last like occasion.

A Curious Clock.

In one of the chief watchmaking establishments in Zurich there is to be seen a remarkable curiosity in the way of watch or clock making. The timepiece is in the form of a ball, which moves imperceptibly down an inclined surface without rolling. The length of this inclined surface, which is sixteen inches long, is accomplished from top to bottom in twenty-four hours. Then the ball only needs lifting to the top again. This extraordinary timepiece has no spring and therefore needs no winding. The hands are kept in motion by the sliding along an inclined plane.—London Globe.

Before Marriage.

Fuddy—There would be fewer unhappy marriages in the world if men and women would try to find out each other's disposition during courtship instead of doing their best to deceive one another.

Duddy—Yes, I guess there would be, as you say, fewer unhappy marriages. In fact, there would be fewer marriages of any kind, I guess.—Boston Transcript.

In the Dark.

"So he kissed you, did he?"

"Yes."

"I'm astonished!"

"So was I. You see, he met me in a dark corner of the piazza, and"—

"Oh! In a dark corner! That explains it."—Chicago Post.

Do Right Now.

All the gospel in the world can be boiled down into a single precept—Do right now. I have observed that the boy who starts in the morning with a determination to behave himself till bedtime usually gets through the day without a thrashing.—Charles Dudley Warner.

Poetry.

Weaver—Poetry is something that is born in some one. It cannot be acquired. The making of poetry is a gift.

Beaver—So is the disposing of it, so far as I have had any experience.

Cheering Report.

The Rev. Dr. Fourthly—How is your new choir getting along?

The Rev. Dr. Goodman—Peaceably, I am happy to say, as yet.—Chicago Tribune.

To be perfectly just is an attribute of the divine nature. To be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of man.—Addison.

Captain Bartlett's Three Cheers.

A series of Revolutionary scenes were given in a London theater some months after the close of that memorable war. On the one side was the English army in full red coated uniform, with every button in its exact place. Opposite them was the American army, composed, as the theater bill stated, of "artisans, cobblers and tinkers," arrayed in their working dress, with buttons of every size and hue.

When the curtain dropped, Captain Bartlett of Plymouth, Mass., the captain of a ship then in port, stood up in his seat in the pit and in a voice as if given from a quarter deck in a squall called, "Three cheers for the artisans, cobblers and tinkers who were too much for King George and his redcoats," and with a wave of his hat he gave these with a will. For a short time there was silence in the theater, followed by an enthusiastic, John Bull, appreciative cheer for the pluck and assurance of the Yankee captain, who became the lion of the city, receiving invitations to clubs and free tickets to theatrical and other entertainments while he remained in port.—Boston Transcript.

A Legend of Nantucket.

About Vineyard sound there are numerous legends of a famous Indian giant. It is said that the rocks at Seaconnet are the remains of his wife, whom he threw into the sea there. He turned his children into fishes and emptying out his pipe one day formed Nantucket out of its ashes. This latter story of Nantucket's source must account likewise for the well known story of that old Nantucket captain who was accustomed to make his reckonings by tasting the earth brought up on sounding. One day the lead was dipped in some earth brought on board ship from the island, and the captain, after tasting, leaped from his berth in great excitement, exclaiming, "Nantucket's sunk, and here we are right over old Marm Hackett's garden!" Naturally he would recognize the taste of tobacco ashes.

Cairo Street Warnings.

In oriental countries the recklessness of drivers of vehicles and their disregard for foot passengers are very marked, but in Cairo they have a series of curious cries with which they warn a footman. They specify the particular part of his anatomy which is in danger, as thus: "Look out for thy left shin, O uncle." "Boy, have a care for the little toe on thy right foot." "O blind beggar, look out for thy staff." And the blind beggar, feeling his way with the staff in his right hand, at once obediently turns to the left. "O Frankish woman, look out for thy left foot." "O burden bearer, thy load is in danger." "O water carrier, look out for the tail end of thy pigskin water bottle."

How the Gorilla Walks.

The gorilla has not only a crouching habit, but he walks on all four of his legs and has the motion of most quadrupeds, using his right arm and left leg at the same time, and alternates with the left arm and right leg. It is not exactly a walk or a trot, but a kind of ambling gait, while the chimpanzee uses his arms as crutches, but lifts one foot from the ground a little in advance of the other. He does not place the palm of the hand on the ground, but uses the back of the fingers from the second joint.

An Anachronism.

An American lady visited Stratford-on-Avon lately and "gushed" even above the usual high water mark of American fervor. She had not recovered from the attack when she reached the railway station, for she remarked to a friend as they walked on to the platform, "And to think that it was from this very platform the immortal bard would depart whenever he journeyed to London!"

Dances Sold by Auction.

A custom that has existed for several centuries is still maintained in some towns on the lower Rhine. Early in the year, on auction day, the town crier or clerk calls all the young people together and to the highest bidder sells the privilege of dancing with the chosen girl, and her only, during the entire year that follows. The fees flow into the public poor box.

Careless.

Jackson Trays—My wife found a half dozen poker chips in my pocket this morning.

Severn Supp—Whew! What did she say?

Jackson Trays—Lectured me on my carelessness in not having cashed them in.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Just the Sight of Him.

Fan—Reggie has been engaged to any number of girls, but he always gets out of it.

Flo—How?

Fan—Oh, he merely goes and asks the father's consent, and that settles it.

Ayer's
For hard colds, bronchitis, asthma, and coughs of all kinds, you cannot take anything better than Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral
Cherry Pectoral. Ask your own doctor if this is not so. He uses it. He understands why it soothes and heals.
"I had a terrible cough for weeks. Then I took Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and only one bottle completely cured me."
MRS. J. B. DANFORTH, St. Joseph, Mich.
25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Coughs, Colds
You will hasten recovery by taking one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime.

Cleveland's
Baking Powder
is a pure, cream of tartar powder,—no alum. It does perfect work every time,—no failures. The housewife who uses
Cleveland's
Baking Powder
knows the pleasure of serving the finest hot-breads, cake and pastry.

The Last Straw.

It was Saturday night, and owing to the temporary absence of his wife it fell to Mr. Brown to attend to the usual process of giving his eight-year-old son a bath and putting him to bed. He had left his evening paper with a man's reluctance and had hurried matters along with more speed than the little chap was accustomed to. However, he endured it all without a protest until it came to the prayer. It was his habit after "Now I lay me" to ask the divine blessing upon a long list of relatives and friends, calling each by name.

"Please God," he began, "bless papa and mamma, grandpa and grandma and Aunt Edith and Uncle George and"—A pause. His father, thinking to curtail the list of beneficiaries, softly insinuated an "Amen." Not heeding the interruption, the little supplicant drew a long breath and continued, "And Aunt Alice and Cousin Annie and—and"— Again his father said "Amen."

This was more than flesh and blood could stand, and, lifting his little head, he exclaimed, with tears of indignation, "Papa, who's running this prayer; you or me?"—Harper's Monthly.

Bravery Immortalized.

At an entertainment at which Nelson met Benjamin West just before he went to sea for the last time he remarked to the artist, "I never pass a printshop where your picture of the 'Death of Wolfe' is in the window without being stopped by it." West, of course, acknowledged the compliment, and Nelson went on to ask why he had painted no more like it. "Because, my lord," answered the artist, "there are no more subjects." "Blank it," said Nelson, "I didn't think of that," and asked him to take a glass of champagne. "But, my lord, I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me with another scene, and if it should I shall certainly avail myself of it," the painter observed. "Will you," said Nelson, pouring out bumpers and touching his glass violently against West's—"will you, Mr. West? Then I hope I shall die in the next battle." He sailed a few days later, and West painted "The Death of Nelson."—London Chronicle.

Like the Lost Pins.

"Where do dogs which are out of style go to?" asked a dog fancier. "We have rages of poodles, pugs, coach dogs, St. Bernards, bulldogs and greyhounds, and so on. And, yet, as each has his day the others disappear, and the one predominating style has the walk. Where do the others go to?

"You can't make over a bulldog into a poodle; you can't reduce the size of a St. Bernard. And yet as dog fashions call for a certain kind of a canine he can be had in numbers sufficient to supply all demands. I deal in dogs, and yet the problem puzzles me.

"I only know that when pug dogs are the correct thing I have a large number. When the demand falls off, I find I am stocked with another breed.

"What becomes of the others?"—New York Times.

The Memory Machine.

Amnesia, or loss of memory, is chiefly interesting to the psychologists as throwing some light on the nature of memory itself. A perfect act of memory consists of three distinct acts—preservation or fixation of certain states of the nerve cells, reproduction of these and, perhaps most remarkable of all, recognition of them as reproductions in their relations. Morbid states of the memory may refer to any of these phases of an act which is as marvelous as anything in nature. There are about 3,000,000,000 nerve cells in the surface of the human brain. They never die in health, and they are never replaced or added to. This is memory's machine.

The Dilettante Society.

An interesting old organization which formerly existed in London—the Dilettante society—originated with certain gentlemen who, having traveled in Italy, tried to encourage at home what they had enjoyed abroad. This society of lovers of the fine arts lasted 130 years. Walpole does not seem to have looked upon it with a very favorable eye, for he says, "The nominal qualification was to have been to Italy; the real one was being drunk."

Animals and Seasickness.

A French authority on seasickness makes the statement that cattle and giraffes are almost immune. Monkeys suffer considerably, but are cured by eating a raw onion. Horses suffer much, and some of them die from its effects. Tigers and elephants are also easily affected, whereas ice bears, accustomed to the movement of ice floes, are never so happy as when on shipboard.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, DEC. 11, 1903.

THE CITY ELECTION.

After one of the hottest political campaigns that has ever been prosecuted for the posession of Woburn's City Hall the battle was fought out at the ballotboxes last Tuesday, and judging from the fact that the Law and Order party celebrated their victory in the evening by ringing church bells; and the Democrats by a parade with a brass band and red lights, it seems as though it must have been pretty nearly a draw game.

The Republicans and Citizens won a splendid victory on the license question defeating "Yes" by 205 majority. This was, after all, the real bone of contention, being of far more consequence than any other question at issue, especially in view of the fact that the large anti majority indicates that "No License" will be the fixed policy of the city for years to come. It proved conclusively that a majority of the voters of Woburn are opposed to licensing dramshops. They, also, elected their candidate, Mr. Elisha F. Hayward, for the Board of Public Works, the most responsible office, after that of the Mayor, in our city government. Those, with Henry L. Andrews for Alderman-at-Large, and Arthur Linscott, Alderman for Ward 6, and the unquestionable moral effect of their large vote and no license victory will have on the community, are the Republican fruits of the election. Mr. Mendum's gallant fight and astonishingly large vote fully demonstrated the wisdom of the Republicans in choosing him for their standard bearer.

On the other hand, the Democrats reelected Mayor Feeney by 102 majority on a vote for him of 50 less than last year, and a reduced majority of 200; all of the City Council, with the exceptions named; their School Board candidates; and that was all.

The Republicans and Citizens were handicapped in two important particulars, which will be discussed by the JOURNAL later on.

☞ Without blankets, hovering and shivering around scanty fires on the battlefield of Fredericksburg, late at night, on Dec. 13, after the gallant 32d M. V. Regiment had received its "baptism of fire and blood," its officers pledged themselves that, if they ever got out of the War alive, or as many of them as survived, a memorial reunion of the Regiment should be held in Boston on every anniversary of that day so long as any remained to meet. This has been done every Dec. 13, since. Tomorrow, Dec. 12, at 1 o'clock p. m., in pursuance of that mutual pledge the annual reunion of the 32d will be held at the American House, Boston. Governor Long, Secretary Olin, General Blackmar, and other distinguished gentlemen are to be guests. Major Bancroft, Capts Tidd, Tay, and other Woburn Veterans will attend.

☞ Apply at once to D. J. Flanders, General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company for information concerning a midwinter Canadian excursion to begin on Dec. 28, and for tickets which will be sold on that day and subsequent days to the 31st inclusive. The price of tickets for this grand excursion will be reduced nearly one half, and the offer of the Company affords a splendid opportunity to visit one of the most interesting and attractive sections of country on this side of the Atlantic. Canadian winter sports are at their height during January, and Agent Flanders gives the Yankees a chance to see them at Montreal, Quebec, and other principal cities, at a price for tickets that brings them within easy reach of everybody.

☞ There is to be a recount on the vote for members of the School Board. It is demanded by the people.

☞ Mr. Mendum shows a sound head and heart by taking his failure to capture the office of Mayor in a manly manner.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

E. F. Johnson—Citation.
Hammond & Son—Extra.
Mrs. S. S. Jones—Sleighs.
A. P. French—Foreclosure.
1st Nat. Bank—An. Meeting.
Clarkson & Cooper—Salesman.

— There was a fine old drenching rain storm last Wednesday evening.

— Pajamas for night wear $1.00, $1.50, $2.50 per suit at Hammond's.

— William C. Bailey of Arlington Road has gone West on a business tour.

— Men's silk hosery $1.00, $1 50, $2.00 at Hammond & Son's. A nice present.

— The Democrats had Seventy one men working for them at the election last Tuesday.

— "Ideal Woburn" is under examination, with what result nobody under heaven can tell.

— The Officers of Hope Rebekah Lodge will be elected Tuesday evening December 15th.

— Several of the City Hall incumbents are on the anxious seats. "Turn the rascals out!"

— Suspenders in boxes 25c, 50c, $1.00, $1 50 at Hammond & Son's. Just right for Christmas.

— The Boston Ice Company had six men at work last Thursday flooding Horn Pond, for ice cutting.

— The W. R. C. 84, will hold a whist party in Post 33 G. A. R. Hall, Monday evening, Dec. 14.

— "Al." P. Barrett put in some good work for "Mendum and No License" during the campaign.

— Last week Rev. William O'Brien was a guest of Mr. William O'Brien and family of 20 Church avenue.

— Gage & Co. has something to say in the JOURNAL this week which is of lively public interest. Please read it.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Both men's and ladies umbrellas $1.00 to $5.00 at Hammond & Son's, made by the best makers in America.

— A freight shed is to be added to the No. Woburn B. & M. Railroad Station. That pleasant village is forging ahead.

— Hope Rebekah Lodge is increasing in numbers right along. It is a strong, hard working, and efficient organization.

— The Johnson Brothers, large owners of business real estate in this city, are rebuilding one of their stores on Main street.

— Capt. G. W. M. Hall, son-in-law of Capt. William Woodberry, a Boston teacher, died at his home in Allston last Sunday.

— If the voters had seen fit to make it Hill, Converse and Norris for the School Board last Tuesday everything would have been lovely.

— By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that the First National Bank people will soon hold another annual meeting.

— An entertainment is to be given by the W. H. S. class '03 in Lyceum Hall on New Years evening. All aboard for this entertainment!

— The Fair of the Social Workers of the Montvale Congregational church last Tuesday evening was highly successful, even if it was election night.

— Our merchants are shipping in and piling up big stocks of holiday wares, and looking for a brisk and profitable trade in Christmas gift goods.

— Winfield R. Lang's law office is at 874 Tremont Building, Boston, where his "shingle" may be seen plainly lettered on the lintel of the door.

— The Stonehams beat the Woburn Polo Team at Stoneham last Tuesday night. The Woburns beat the Chelseas at Auditorium in this city Wednesday evening.

— The No License meeting at the M. E. church last Sunday evening was a very large affair in every respect—large in attendance, enthusiasm, and addresses.

— Mrs. Sarah S. Jones advertises some good sleighs, one double-seated, for sale cheap. Call on her at 26 Salem street and learn all about them and prices.

— At a meeting of the City Council Dec. 7, it was voted increase the pay of the Chief Engineer of the Fire Dept. to $500, and that of Assistant Engineer to $350.

— Treasurer Jones of the Savings Bank conquered a bad cold last week and was at the Bank after a short housing. By the way, grip colds are having quite a run here just now.

— Mr. Joseph McGoff is thinking of getting a Boy's Rolo Polo League started. Teams from Lynn, Salem, Chelsea, Stoneham, East Woburn, and Woburn will make the league.

— This evening will witness the capsheaf of the grand Unitarian Fair at the church. Great supper, fine entertainment, Gypsy Camp, and heaps of other splendid things, tonight, Dec. 11.

— Dr. Daniel S. Jones, V. S., is in the enjoyment of a firstrate professional practice, and is said to be very successful. He received a thorough education in the Toronto, Canada, Veterinary College.

— Prof. Charles S. Fay is to deliver the next lecture in the Burbeen Course next Tuesday evening, Dec. 15. His subject will be "The Canadian Rockies," to be profusely and beautifully illustrated.

— The Woburn Woman's Club have just issued their annual Club calendar. It makes a fine showing of membership, of work, and business. Evidently the Club intends to be up and doing this current year.

— Mr. A. Willoughby, an old time resident of Woburn, and one of its best citizens, returned to his home at Rockland, Maine, last Monday, after an agreeable visit of three weeks among his many good friends here.

— Ward 6 did nobly last Tuesday. It is a clean Ward, inhabited by intelligent people, and can invariably be relied and banked on for a good Republican vote. It has a reputation for honest politics to be proud of.

— The Ladies' Industrial Society of the First Baptist Church will have their annual supper Thursday, Dec. 17, at 6 30. It is expected that the new pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, will be present. Everybody invited. Tickets 25 cents.

— Mr. F. P. Brooks, the burned out druggist, has had a rushing sale of "fire" goods for a couple of weeks. His "half price" policy has been entirely successful, and a few more splendid bargains may be had at his popular store.

— Two weeks from today comes "Merry Christmas" and the Editorial stockings are being darned and enlarged by "toeing out," and otherwise, to hold the presents which the owner earnestly hopes may come his way on Christmas morning.

— Do not forget the concert by the "Etonia Artists" at the First Cong'l church on Friday evening, Dec. 18. Tickets have been placed at the very low price of 25 cents. On sale at stores of F. P. Brooks and A. W. Whitcher and at the door.

— The Christmas number of *Donahoe's Magazine* contains a good paper by our gifted fellow townswoman, Miss Gertrude Menard, entitled "Catholic Sailors' Club of Montreal." It is handsomely illustrated, and makes interesting reading.

— Rev. Fr. Keegan, pastor of St. Charles church, is strongly in favor of the District Nurse enterprise. He can always be relied on to help along and encourage every good work instituted for the benefit of the people at large, especially the poor.

— At 8.40 this morning, Dec. 11, a smart blaze in Holdridge's hardware store, 421 Main street, attracted a large crowd of people. It was caused by dropping a lighted match into cotton waste. The damage was large.

— The popular and efficient Secretary of the Woman's Club asks the JOURNAL to mention the whist party to be given by the Club in Towanda Hall on Thursday evening, Dec. 31, which request is hereby cheerfully complied with by this favorite local newspaper.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

FLOOR COVERINGS

Assortment — COMPLETE
Prices — — — RIGHT
Work — — — PROMPT

It is generally known that we are ***Distributors of Floor Coverings*** of every description, and we desire it to be equally well known that we have all grades of ***Upholstery Fabrics, Lace Curtains, Furniture Coverings, etc.***

The advice of an interior decorator is at your service, if desired. Goods displayed either in our show-room or at residences. Estimates furnished for covering single pieces of furniture or for completely decorating either a single room or an entire house.

For eighty-six years, under the same firm name, we have distributed to the public, to our neighbors, to our friends, Carpets and Rugs, and until we added Interior Decorations and Upholstery Fabrics our sole and entire business has been Floor Coverings.

Does not this record make for intelligent confidence on your part?

Pray Building, Washington St., opposite Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

HOLIDAYS

Are made happier by an OVERCOAT and SUIT OF CLOTHES from

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

For Christmas Presents

Perfume—See our extensive line of new perfumes. The newest and sweetest odors by the ounce. Elegant boxes from 25c. to $3.00

Note Paper—Pretty Boxes of Irish Linen and English Crase in delicate tints with silk finish.

Confectionary—Dainty silk covered boxes of the best makes.

All our goods are new and the prices less than Boston Prices.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
GREEN STAMPS.

— Mr. Bryan McSweeney is local agent for sound, firstclass Fire and Life Insurance Companies. Apply at 7 Munroe street.—5

— A large and appreciative audience listened to a remarkably strong and eloquent address on No License in this city last Friday evening. It had a telling effect.

— Captain John P. Crane intends to spend the balance of this winter on his old stamping grounds, Pinehurst, N. C., and enjoy life for all it is worth. He ought to have been Alderman for 1904, because he has a business head, a clean record, and is a firstclass man, anyway.

— Miss Annie Louise Berry, pianist and harpist of the "Etonia Artists" will act as soloist and accompanist at the concert to be given at the First Cong'l. church on Friday evening, Dec. 18. Miss Berry has the highest conception of her art, combined with wonderful taste.

— Last Monday we received from Mrs. Page Eaton, an esteemed Woburn woman who is passing the winter in Italy, a copy of the *Italian Gazette*, published at Rome, Florence and Venice, the leading American newspaper in that country, for which we return thanks.

— Mr. Walter David, impersonater, who has before delighted Woburn audiences, will be with the "Etonia Artists" in the concert to be given on Friday evening Dec. 18, at the First Cong'l. church. Mr. David's keen sense of humor and wonderful versatility will appeal to all.

— If the Gentle Reader would find out where Christmas "spices yield their rich perfume," and where the good things that go to make a complete and luxurious Christmas dinner are kept for sale, all he has got to do is to step into Willis J. Buckman's well kept store and there he finds them all.

— Our good friend and highly respected citizen, Mr. William T. Kendall, was not a candidate for Mayor of Ward 5, after all. On the other hand, he did a deal of good work for "Mendum and No License." He is a true-blue reliable Republican every day in the week, Sundays not excepted.

— Mr. Michael Mulkeen still holds the fort in the countingroom of the old Thomas Salmon store on Main street, where he has faithfully attended to the books and accounts for nigh on to a quarter of a century, and is looking as fresh and bright as a boy. Scalley couldn't keep house without Mulkeen.

— John W. Johnson, Esq., will sail from New York for Nassau, W. I., about Jan. 8 or 9, from whence, after visiting winter resorts on the Carribean Sea, he will go to Florida and spend some time in the delightful climate of the Lone Star State. Mr. Johnson expects to be gone about two months.

— Miss Jennie Trecartin, the popular soprano, will appear with the "Etonia Artists" in the concert to be given at the First Cong'l church on Friday evening, Dec. 18. Miss Trecartin's beautiful voice and charming personality will assure her a most cordial reception from a host of friends.

— A postal card from Prof. F. Percyval Lewis informs us that he and his mother are comfortably domiciled at Sudstrasse 88 Leipzig, Germany, and that he is putting into the study of music sheeting width, and warranted fast colors. Leipzig is a great musical city and centre of musical education.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— A pair of gloves (not "the mitten") is the right thing to give your best young man on Christmas. A splendid assortment from 50c to $5 00 can be found in the big stock of Hammond & Son.

— Miss Rosa Weidhorn, the Austrian violinist, whose brilliant work on the concert stage has won for her deserved applause, is one of the "Etonia Artists", who are to give the concert at First Cong'l. church, on Friday evening, Dec. 18. Miss Weidhorn is today one of the celebrated violinists of her sex.

— This evening will witness the crowning glory of the Unitarian Parish Fair at the church. There was a tremendous rush of people last evening, but it was nothing in comparison to what is in store for those who attend tonight. The entertainment alone will be worth many times more than the admission fee.

— One of the clerical speakers at the No License rally at the M. E. church last Sunday evening said in his speech that the Woburn JOURNAL never utters an uncertain sound on the temperance question; that it is "sound on the goose," and is flatfooted; which was the highest compliment that could have been paid us.

— Mrs. Jennings's Employment Office, 419 Main street, has long been recognized as the most reliable establishment of the kind in this section of Middlesex county. Her patrons come from the best class of people from all the neighboring cities and towns, as well as from Woburn families, and applicants for situations.

— The programme for the reciprocity meeting on Dec. 18, will consist of music by members of Wakefield's Cosmos Club, the story of a Waltham clubwoman's visit among the Esquimaux, and a paper entitled "Some Old Time New England Tramps" by the President of the Ladies' Literary Association of Randolph, Mass.

— Miss Margaret R. J. Reade, daughter of Ex-Postmaster Reade, comes home Saturday from Barre, Vermont, for a three weeks vacation. After twelve weeks she has been so successful that she has recieved an appointment for a year. She has also recieved a certificate entitling her to teach in the State of Vermont for five years.

— This city never experienced finer weather for an election than that of last Tuesday. It was clear most of the time; the temperature up and down in the forties; it was calm and cheerful; and there was no meteorological reason for voters staying away from the polls. We can't be convinced that the good Lord does not favor a good cause.

— The members of the Woburn Federation of Railroad Station Unions of Hackmen did a landoffice business last Tuesday and are now seriously contemplating a day off at the Beach in the near future. Besides hauling voters to the polls, it took them until midnight to convey to their homes those patriots and statesmen who had become disabled by the labors of the day.

— Houses let and rents collected by E Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— Probably a municipal campaign in this city was never before known when so much "literature" was distributed among the voters as during the one that closed at 4 o'clock last Tuesday afternoon. The amount was simply enormous, and in variety it was a wonder to behold. It must have cost a heap of hard cash, to say nothing of the immense racking of brains it involved.

— Our esteemed Brother in Bonds, Rev. T. Burton Smith, a good and worthy Methodist, is authority for the statement that Samuel W. Mendum, Esq., and Hon. William F. Davis, ex Mayor of Woburn, made rattling good speeches at the Men's Meeting held in the M. E. church in behalf of No License last Monday evening. They are abundantly capable of doing just that thing.

— The W. H. S. graduating class are to hold their Class Dance on Jan. 8, the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans in the "War of '12," when and where General Andrew Jackson won immortal fame by licking the British clean out of their boots, and for whom a considerable number of Southern Democrats, and some Northern ones, still vote for President every four years. The dance will be a fine one.

— By reading an article in another column of this paper taken from the Arlington *Advocate* it will be seen that the descendants of the men who were in the Lovewell Fight with the Indians at Fryeburg, Maine, in May 1725 and others, are moving to set up a memorial of that sanguinary conflict with the Redskins, and to that end will hold a meeting in Boston on May 8, 1904, for organization into an Association. The Woburn descendants of Seth Wyman, of the Richardsons and Johnsons, who were in the fight, ought to be interested in the plan.

— After all said and done, the public will be sorely puzzled to find a more suitable place to go to for Christmas presents than the store of Hammond & Son, the Leading Clothiers in this city and vicinity. The holiday goods to be found there, in large and varied stocks, are useful as well as ornamental, and we don't believe there is a clothing house in the country that sells them so cheap as they do, quality and style considered. It is a staunch and honorable old trading establishment, and Mr. Winthrop Hammond keeps abreast of the times—and a little ahead.

— The funeral of Mrs. John. E Gilcreast was held at her late home at Newton Centre at 2 o'clock last Sunday afternoon, and was attended by a large number of relatives and friends of the family. The deceased was the wife of Mr. John E. Gilcreast, son of Captain John Gilcreast of this city, Superintendent of the Woburn Gas Company, and the daughter of Mr. Charles H Colgate, formerly a resident of Woburn. She was an estimable lady and her loss is deeply felt and lamented by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Her bereaved husband and family connections have the heartfelt sympathy of all in their deep sorrow.

— Twenty feet of deep show cases filled with 50c neckties of the best New York and Boston makes, are on display at Hammond's. Just right for gifts.

— The W. C. T. U. will open a Loyal Temperance Legion in the vestry of the Swedish Church corner of Montvale and Greenwood avenues, Saturday afternoon, Dec. 19, at half past two. Mrs. E. S. Norton of Auburndale, will conduct the exercises. Boys and girls from six to fourteen years of age are earnestly invited. Parents are also welcomed. The boys and girls of to-day will be men and women of to-morrow, therefore in the right training of these lies our hope of good morals and just government for our city in future years. Parents please send your children; the instruction will be both interesting and profitable.—C. M. Warren.

— A movement for the organization of a District Nurse Association was successfully launched at the Unitarian church vestry last Friday by a company of about 120 believers, mostly women, the men being at political rallies finding out how to vote on the following Tuesday. Steps were taken towards perfecting arrangements for such an Association which, it is believed, will prove effectual. The District Nurse scheme has been tried in many communities hereabouts and proved of inestimable benefit to the sick and lame. There is no reason why it should not prove a success here in Woburn. The idea originated with the Woman's Club, the cardinal aim of which is to do good, and if it pans out all right, a large share of the credit will be due to its humane and philanthropic members.

— Initial Handkerchiefs are always an acceptable Christmas remembrance. Hammond & Son have some neat desirable styles at 15, 25 and 50 cents each.

Death of a Well-Known Salesman.

Wallace T. Davis, who was formerly a salesman for Converse & Pike, and the Tremont Rubber Co., died in Westboro on Thanksgiving day, Nov. 26, after an illness of several years.

Mr. Davis, who was but 38 years of age, had traveled in Maine, twenty-two years, having begun visiting that State at the age of 16. He was one of the best known and most popular of the traveling shoe salesemen, who ever went into the Pine Tree State. He was formerly President of the Maine Commercial Traveler's Association. He organized the Eastern Maine Benefit Association, and was its first President.

Mr. Davis, whose former home was at Bangor, Me., leaves a widow, and one child, who reside at Quincy, Mass.—*Boot & Shoe Recorder.*

Woman's Club.

At the last meeting held Dec. 4, at 3 P. M., the program was in charge of the Current Events Com., Mrs. W. C. Parker, Chairman.

Mr. F. Schuyler Matthews gave a very interesting talk on "Wild Birds and their Music," illustrated by beautiful paintings life size, colored true to nature and by the piano. The meeting Dec. 18, at 3 P. M., will be a Reciprocity meeting through the courtesy of members of Randolph, Wakefield and Waltham Clubs. A member from Waltham will give her personal experience on a trip to Labrador among the Esquimaux where a white woman never went before. There will also be a fine singer from Wakefield, and a paper on "Tramps" and other interesting features.

A social tea will follow.

A. C. K., Rec. Clerk.

ACCEPTABLE GIFTS
FOR THE MEN FOLKS.

Big Men and Will-Be-Men.

Buy in Woburn and save money, time and annoyance. The advantages are lower prices than Boston, rents can afford more courteous and interested clerks, greater promptness in serving your needs. Cheerful exchanges when necessary. Avoidance of jostling crowds. Combined with assortments large enough to satisfy any reasonable requirement, and in excess of many large Boston stores.

New, fresh, bright stocks of Neckwear at 25c., 50, $1.00, $1.50.
Suspenders, 15c., 25, 50, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00.
Collars, 15c., $1.50 per dozen.
Gloves, 25c. to $5.00.
Mufflers, 25c. to $4.00.
Handkerchiefs, 5c. to 50c.
Initial Handkerchiefs, 25c. and 50c.
Armlets, 10c. to $1.00
Ladies' Umbrellas, $1.00 to $5.00.
Men's Umbrellas, 50c. to $5.00.
Children's School Umbrellas, 50c. to 75c.
Boston Bags, 50c. to $5.00.
Suit Cases, $1.50 to $12.00.
House Coats, $5.00 to $10.
Bathrobes, $3.00 to $6.00.
Pajamas, $1.00 to $2.50, and hundreds of other articles.

Everything in Clothing that is new and correct to wear for Men and Boys.

We have made preparations for a "record breaking" Holiday business and invite your inspection.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers,
Lyceum Hall, Building, WOBURN.
ESTABLISHED, 1851.

KODAK

AT
Whitcher's
You will find what that
BOY
has been teasing for
CHRISTMAS

DAYS

That GIRL has done some teasing, also.
Brownie's $1, $2
Bull's-Eye $8.00
Folding Pocket $6 to $75

KODAK

$3.00 WORTH OF STAMPS
—WITH A—
ONE DOLLAR PURCHASE!

Cut out the coupon below and present it at the store of

E. P. Fitzwilliam & Co.
373 MAIN STREET,

and with a One Dollar purchase you will receive Three Dollars worth of Stamps.

GOOD FOR
$3 Worth of Stamps
With a $1.00 Purchase.
GOOD ONLY at the store of
E. P. FITZWILLIAM & CO.,
373 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Mr. Champney

announces that he will be pleased to show the result of his

Summer's Work

to visitors. Among the Pictures will be found pleasing subjects for

Christmas Gifts

Hours: 11 A. M. and 4 P. M.
40 Pleasant St., Woburn

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Jacob Linscott, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ANDREW R. LINSCOTT, Adm.
No. 2 Poole St., No. Woburn.

Nov. 17, 1903.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio · First National Bank Building.

The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.
The National Graded Course Used.
The Virgil Practice Claviæ System.

MISS DORA A. WINN,
WILL RESUME
Pianoforte Instruction,
October 1, 1903.
6 Highland Street, Woburn.

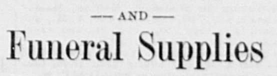
MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

RICHARD A. WHITE
Successor to E. A. Brooks,
Undertaker
— AND —
Funeral Supplies
Boarding and Livery Stable.
12 Park St., Woburn.
Telephone 54 - 3.



MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—3d Sunday in Advent. Morning Prayer at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "The Rewards of Righteousness." Sunday School at 12 M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Stephen A. Norton. 12 M., Sunday School. At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting. At 7 P. M., Service, Dr. March will preach. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening, at 7.30.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Element of Education in Christianity." 12 M. Sunday School. 3.30 P. M., Junior Epworth League. 5.45 P. M., Epworth League. At 7 P. M., Subject: "I am the Life." Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "All Things Given." 12 M., Sunday School. At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Left in Trust." Wednesday evening, Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Is the Universe, including Man, evolved by Atomic Force?" Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

Died.

Date, name and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 8, Rose Martin, aged 2 years, 5 months, 5 days.

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

Flannellette Wrappers

suitable for winter wear. Large full sizes.

Neat Pretty Patterns.

A large assortment.

Outing Flannel Night Robes and Petticoats for Women and Children.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

—OUR—

Tea

—AND—

Coffee

Trade has always been an important part of our business. We take great care in selecting our goods, believing that quality in Tea and Coffee is always appreciated, and we are prepared to meet any competition in this particular line.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

FIRE SALE

—AT—

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

361 Main St.

Houghton & Dutton,

BOSTON.

Optical Parlors 9th Floor.

A FEW EYE HINTS.

Your eyes will tell when you need glasses Here are a few hints:- Headaches, Dizziness, sleepy feeling while reading, blurring of objects either at close range or distance, frowning or squinting, smarting or burning, requirement of stronger light while reading. Those are but a few of the symptoms.

When your eyes suggest trouble don't fail to consult our OPTICIAN and he will cheerfully advise you, as he has spent many years in study of this one subject.

OUR GUARANTEE IS Entire Satisfaction at Lowest Prices.

N. B.—This department is under the pessonal supervision of Mr. Albert A. Carter, the wellknown optician of this city.

FOR XMAS.

What is more pleasing for a Christmas Gift than a pretty box of

FRESH CANDY.

CRAWFORD'S

No. 412 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE: 48-3.

CORNELIUS L. BABCOCK,

INSURANCE.

LIFE, ACCIDENT, HEALTH.

Notary Public, Pensions, Real Estate.

79 Elm St., No. Woburn, Mass.

Good House To Let.

I offer to rent No. 9 Wyer's Court. It contains 8 good rooms; is neat, nice, warm, handy and convenient. It is right every way.

Apply to Mrs. A. J. PLUMER,
53 Bow St., Woburn.

Desk Room To Let

at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

Waltham Watches AT WHOLESALE

A Ladies' size Waltham, in a gold filled case, warranted 20 years, stem wind and set, **$9·90**

A Ladies' full Jeweled Waltham, in gold filled case, warranted 20 years, stem wind and set, **11.75**

A Ladies' Waltham, in a Solid Gold Case, stem wind and set, fully warranted, **17 50**

Gents' size Waltham, in a gold filled case, warranted 20 years, stem wind and set, **9.45**

A seventeen Jeweled Gents' size in a gold filled case, warranted 20 years, stem wind and set, patent regular, fully adjusted Railroad Watch, the regular retail price $22, our wholesale price, **15.90**

If you pay any more than these prices to anyone you pay too much.

We can't give you the prices on all our Watches, but call and see them for yourself. We have over 20 Watches to select from.

We are selling a Parlor Clock, black marbleized, gilt trimmed, strikes hour and half hour on two bells, a beauty, the regular price is $6·00, our wholesale price **$3 85.** 25 different patterns.

We carry all the best make of goods such as the Seth Thomas and Ansonia Clocks, Elgin and Waltham Watches, Simons and Sterns Chains, 1847 Roger Brothers' and Wm. Rogers' Silver Ware. There is none better than these goods we carry, and no one's prices so low. Our diamonds are not cut glass but the real article, and flashy too; they flash all the colors of the rainbow.

BOTH GREEN AND BLUE STAMPS

OSBORN GILLETTE

Wholesale and Retail Jeweler

WOBURN and BOSTON

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

COURT OF LAND REGISTRATION.

To Mary W. Lyons and Edward S. Lyons of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, and the heirs, devisees or legal representatives of William Sturgis formerly of Boston in the County of Suffolk and said Commonwealth, deceased, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by the South Framingham Co-operative Bank, a duly existing corporation, having an usual place of business at Framingham in said County of Middlesex, to register and confirm its title in the following-described land: a certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situate in said Woburn and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises at the westerly side of Warren street and on the southerly side of Porter street; from thence the line runs southerly by and with said Warren street thirty-two and 1-10 (32.1) feet to Main street; thence southwesterly by and with said Main street ninety five and 4-10 (95.4) feet to land now or formerly of Charles Porters; thence westerly on and by said land of Charles Porter fifty-six and 2-10 (56.2) feet to land now or formerly of John P. Crane; thence northerly on and by said land of John P. Crane, sixty-seven and 5-10 (67.5) feet to said Porter street; thence easterly by and with said Porter street one hundred and one (101) feet to the point of beginning. Containing 7811 square feet, be the same more or less.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Court of Land Registration, to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the twenty-first day of December, A. D., 1903, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of November, in the year nineteen hundred and three.

Attest with Seal of said Court. [SEAL]
CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the devisees under the will and all persons interested in the estate of Sarah M. Fuller, late of Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, deceased, testate.

WHEREAS, Edward F. Johnson, executor of the will of said deceased, has presented his petition for authority to mortgage certain real estate therein described, of the estate of said deceased, to raise the sum of five hundred dollars, for the purpose of paying legacies and charges of administration:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of January, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Pure Water!

One of the principal essentials in preserving health.

Cadwell's Crystal Spring Water

One of the purest and best in New England. Address
C. H. CADWELL,
Woburn.

A Nursery Necessity

CABOT'S Sulpho Napthol

is AN IMPORTANT FACTOR in maintaining clean and sweet nurseries and children. Unequalled for the child's bath and for the germicidal washing of all vessels, etc., used in the nursery.

Get the genuine. Look for above Trade-Mark. Avoid IMITASIONS.

For Sale.

PARLOR STOVE

Address X Woburn JOURNAL.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after October 19, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica and Lowell at 5 45 a m hourly until 9.45 p m; also 11 p. m, for Burlington and Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 55 a. m., hourly till 9 55 p m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn and Boston or Lowell 6 30 a. m., and hourly untill 10.30 p. m., also for Woburn 11 30 p. m.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6 55 a. m., hourly till 11 55 p. m.,

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly until 12.15 midnight connecting with B & M trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 00 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

Sunday—First car leaves Woburn 6 45 a.m., hourly until 10 45 p. m, Billerica 7 39 a. m., Lowell, 7. 55 a, m.

C. W. B HARRISON, Supt.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS

Made into handsome and durable

RUGS

For full particulars address

C. A. NICHOLS,

Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

YOU CAN KEEP OUT A LOT OF COLD BY USING OUR

STORM WINDOWS

WE HAVE A LAGE STOCK.

E. A. CARLISE & POPE CO.

2A Sudbury St., Boston.

DOORS. WINDOWS and BDINDS.

First National Bank OF WOBURN.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, Mass., for the election of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting, will be held at the Banking Rooms on **Tuesday, January 12, 1904, at 4.45 o'clock, P. M.**

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 11, 1903.

Sleighs For Sale CHEAP!

3 Good Single Sleighs, and one Double-Seated Sleigh for sale cheap. Enquire of
MRS SARAH S. JONES,
26 Salem street, Woburn.

Happy Children Gather.

A charming children's party was held Wednesday, Dec. 9, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Burdett of Mishawum Road, their daughter, Miss Anna, receiving her young friends in honor of the 11th anniversary of her birth. The guests began to arrive at 5 P. M., and were warmly welcomed by the little hestess. The occasion was marked by a profusion of pretty toilets The hours were from 5 to 8.30, and during that time the scene within doors was one of bright and happy childhood, making a pretty picture in the setting of a pretty home. The children danced and played games, and partook of bounteous refreshment.

There were recitations, capitally given by Misses Mary McGrath and Helen Sylvester, and the latter was seen in a number of special dances, all of which delighted the young audience, and the few elders who were lucky enough to be permitted to look upon the happy gathering. The personnel was:

Gladys Bean, Fletcher Partridge, Vesta and Hazel Tillotson, Mary McGrath, Chester Conn, Ethel Conn, Ethel Tabor, Joseph Atwood, Margery Blake, Donald Fowle, Myrtie Delano, William Clewley, Paul Thompson, Kenneth and Clifford Parker, Ruth, Ralph, and Robert Johnson, Anna Dearborn, Alice Ray, Edmund and Joseph Hammond, Allen and Ruth Prior, Dorothy Seaver, Josephine Sweetser, Elizabeth Hill, Lillian Strong, (Boston), Eugene and Gertrude Place, Stephen Bean, Jennie Clary, Clarke Mendum, Alice Brooks Wyer, Charles and Eleanor Lund, Ruth Silver, Philip Brackett, Elmer Silver, Malcolm Blodgett, Leonard Marion, Donald DeLoriea, Robert Carter, Evelyn Buckman, Bessie Boutwell, Blanche and Ethel Wallace, Rachel Blodgett, Horace and Charles Trull, Bertha Emery, May Wheeler, Mabel Parker, Esther, Lena, and Alva White, Avis Sherburne, Elizabeth Hart, Marion Taylor, Norman Duncan, Helen Sylvester, Helen and Ethel Menchin, Elliot DeLoriea, Marion and Braman Chalmers.

* * *

December 9, 1903.

Hon. John P. Feeney, Woburn, Mass

Dear Sir: In congratulating you upon your re-election to the Mayoralty of Woburn, permit me to rejoice with you at the splendid plurality for no-license which the people of Woburn have given. It is seldom that the satisfaction at the results of a political campaign is so equally divided. While you are to be congratulated upon your personal victory, those who initiated the no-license campaign can also rejoice at the success of a principle.

It is currently reported that just before election day you stated that if you were elected and no-license prevailed you would enforce the law. Certainly the people of Woburn cannot but believe that one who has been its Mayor so many times and who is a believer in popular government will see that the verdict of the people so decisively rendered at last Tuesday's election will be vigorously and uncompromisingly executed. As one who entered the campaign as a candidate for the Mayoralty upon the no-license platform I think I speak for the "No" voters of Woburn when I say that they will one and all cordially support your efforts in enforcing their verdict to the end that the moral, political and commercial welfare of Woburn may be enhanced.

It is often, and I believe truly, said that it is a prominent characteristic of American citizens that they cheerfully acquiesce in the results of political campaigns, and that they like honest enforcement of law. I believe, therefore, that even those who voted "Yes" last Tuesday, and are, of course, disappointed at the outcome, will also applaud your enforcement of the will of the people as registered at the ballot-box.

Yours very sincerely,
SAMUEL W. MENDUM.

SCENE FROM BOSTON'S REIGNING MUSICAL SUCCESS "MY LADY MOLLY," AT THE PARK THEATRE.

The Military Fair.

The grand Military Fair now in successful operation in Armory Hall, this city, was opened gloriously last Monday evening, the event being witnessed by great crowds of people filling the large Hall, the assembly and anterooms, the sidewalks and streets. As one may properly infer from its name the Fair is held by the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, or Co. G, 5th Regiment, M. V. M., one of the oldest and best Military Companies in the State, with a record that the "boys" and city may well be proud of, which their splendid appearance and fine military conduct and bearing last Monday evening went far to increase. The following programme for the opening was planned and substantially carried out:

Monday evening, Dec. 7, Military and opening night. Street Parade, Woburn Brass Band, Co. A. 6th Reg't Wakefield, Capt. J. H. McMahon, Co. H. 6th Reg't Stoneham, Capt. W. D. Desmond, Co. G, 5th Reg't Woburn, Capt. T. McCarthy, Commanded by Maj. W. W. Stover, 1st Lieut. H. D. Warren Battalion Adj. Opened by Mayor John P. Feeney.

For the remaining evenings of the week the following order was observed and attractions presented, or will have been when the Fair closes tomorrow night, Dec. 12, a great Auction Sale:

Tuesday. Dec. 8, Vaudeville and Election returns. Post 33, 161, S. of V.

Wednesday, Dec. 9, Flag drill by 32 young ladies of Stoneham, Commanded by Lieut. T. A. Ireland Co. H. 6th Reg't.

Thursday, Dec. 10, Howard's American Biograph moving pictures.

Friday, Dec. 11, Vaudeville.

Saturday, Dec. 12, Auction Sale and announcement of prize winners of voting contests.

Armory Hall was beautifully and patriotically decorated with flags and bunting. They hung from the rafters in great brilliancy and profusion; stretched across from side to side of the Hall; adorned the walls; and ornamented the booths, stalls and tables containing the goods, wares and merchandize offered for sale. These latter were gracefully and courteously superintended by fair women and gallant soldiers; and a lively trade was kept up at each. Besides the display of Star Spangled Banners from ridgepole to the floor the Hall was brilliantly illuminated by arc electrical lights, before which the full moon in the heavens "paled her uneffectual" light. They shed a lustre over the scene most pleasing to the eye of the beholder.

At 8 o'clock the Battalion formed in martial equipage on Montvale avenue in front of the Armory and, preceded by the Woburn Brass Band, Thomas Marrinan, leader, one of the oldest and most famous in the Commonwealth, gave a parade exhibition along the principal streets, which was accompanied by many hundreds of people, male and female, old and young. The soldiers stepped lively to the animating music of the Band, and made a fine appearance. The Grand Army Veterans were out in force and marched in the parade, perhaps not with the same elasticity of step that characterized their movements on the Southern battlefields 40 years ago, but still sturdy and a good deal of fight left in them yet.

Returning in due season to the Armory in its spacious and handsome Hall the opening exercises of the Fair were held. The Hall was filled to its utmost capacity. Ringing speeches were made by those assigned to that pleasing and always principal function on such occasions; the Band discoursed its finest airs; and the big crowd listened and cheered. Hundreds of people thronged the Hall all the evening up to 11 o'clock, when the business closed. The officers in charge, the ushers and guides, were kind, good natured and courteous, and to them the JOURNAL reporter was indebted for many gentlemanly attentions and valuable services on Monday evening, for which he returns hearty thanks.

Up to the present time the Fair has been a monumental success. The Phalanx boys put in a deal of hard and intelligent work preparing for it, and the results of their wise plans and faithful labor has been, so far, in the highest degree satisfactory. It is to be noted, too, that they have fulfilled every promise made to the public—a feather in their caps.

This evening a popular vaudeville is to be given in the Hall, for which the very best talent has been secured. It will, no doubt, attract an immense crowd of people, who will get their money's worth, and right change back.

The Fair will close tomorrow, Saturday, evening with a great auction sale and announcement of prize winners in the voting contests, which everybody should attend.

* * *

Boston Theatres.

THE PARK.

Boston has seen many musical offerings, but no comic opera has received such hearty endorsement and enthusiastic praise as "My Lady Molly," now packing the Park Theatre every night. This delightful offering is by Sydney Jones, the author of the tuneful "San Toy" and "The Geisha" and it is a fitting successor to those earlier works. The music of "My Lady Molly" is of a high order, while the comedy element is well looked after by Andrew Mack, the eminent Irish comedian, who has temporarily abandoned his starring tour in romantic roles, in order to play the chief comedy role of Mickey O'Dowd in "My Lady Molly." This is a character which fits the celebrated Irish comedian to perfection. It is a rollicking part with plenty of singing, and Mack has scored a great hit in the role. The opera has been pronounced the best comedy opera since the days of Gilbert & Sullivan. The story deals with the masquerade in male attire of Lady Molly Martingale, a fascinating miss who wins back her own lover by impersonating him as he is about to wed some one else. There are a dozen song hits in "My Lady Molly," and the piece is staged handsomely by Manager Chas. Frohman. The costumes of the ladies are said to be superior to even the most elaborate gowns ever before seen in musical comedies. The curtain rises sharply at 8 o'clock, and falls at 10.45, so that out of town patrons can be sure of catching their trains. "My Lady Molly" will play a limited engagement at the Park Theatre, and will then go direct to New York to finish the season. It will not be seen elsewhere in New England this season. Seats may be ordered by mail by addressing the Park Theatre box office.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

The opportunity to see Longfellow's exquisite poem "Robert of Sicily" placed upon the stage, and interpreted by E. H. Sothern is an event of supreme importance, and it will eagerly be taken advantage of by every person in New England, to whom the name of the immortal poet has become a household word. In Sudbury, is the Inn at the wayside, in which the poem of King Robert is supposed to have been told, and on account of Longfellow's lifetime residence in and near Boston, the event is one of peculiar local interest. E. H. Sothern appears as the finally redeemed King Robert of Sicily, in his new play "The Proud Prince" written by Justin Huntly McCarthy, the author of "If I Were King." He presents the play at the Hollis Street Theatre for a limited engagement, commencing next week Monday, December 14. Mr. Sothern presents a Saturday matinee only, and no Christmas or Wednesday matinees as his role is too trying a one. More than two hundred people are employed. Musical effects play an important adjunct, fifty-two numbers having been composed for the piece, requiring a specially augmented orchestra. There are twenty-seven speaking roles, and Mr. Sothern has in his support Cecilia Loftus, Mary Hall, Rowland Buckstone, William Harris, L. Rogers-Lytton, John Findlay, Sydnet C. Mather, Malcolm Bradley, Percival T. Moore, Affie Warner, Ethel Howard and many others.

THE GLOBE.

A fashionable audience greeted "An English Daisy" at the Globe Theatre Monday night. It was the beginning of the second week of an engagement which promises to become as notable as "Captain Barrington." This beautiful, highly entertaining, new musical comedy, which is staged with all the sumptuousness of the Weber and Fieldian idea, has caught Boston, and "An English Daisy" will doubtless prove to be a most popular idol for weeks to come. Last night enthusiasm ran riot and Mr. John C. Rice, Miss Christie MacDonald and Mr. Chas. A. Bigelow were given ovations, while Mr. Templar Saxe, Geo. A. Beane, Frank Lalor, Henry Leone, Louis Wesley, Miss Truly Shattuck, Sally Cohen, Clara Belle Jerome, Jeanette Mellville, Jean Newcombe and Nora Sarony were received with all the cordiality of a warm Boston audience. "The Military" sung by Mr. Templar Saxe was given three encores; "I'm a little English Daisy" sung by Miss MacDonald with full chorus, called for several encores; "At the Music Hall." The curtain will rise upon "An English Daisy" every evening at 8, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 2.15.

City Election.

Last Tuesday, Dec. 8, the vote of this city was 2912 as against 2822 in 1902, and in a registry of a little rising 3200. It was the largest poll the city ever made.

The Democrats carried nearly everything from Mayor to School candidates, the exceptions being Henry L. Andrews, Republican candidate for Alderman-at-Large; Elisha F. Hayward for Board of Public Works; A. H. Linscott for Alderman in Ward 6; and, what was of more importance to them than anything else, License. They celebrated their victory with band music and red fire; and the No License party by ringing the church bells merrily.

No License triumphed by **205** majority, which was worth 10 times more than the election cost. The returns:

MAYOR.

	—Wards—							
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	T'tls
Feeney, D.	323	301	279	230	140	109	113	1495
Mendum, R.	199	274	256	273	95	217	79	1393
Neilson, SLP.	2	8	4	4	1	5	0	24
Blanks								51

ALDERMEN-AT-LARGE.

Andrews, R.	197	247	236	265	74	226	72	1317
Alyward, D.	321	310	305	236	137	97	134	1540
Brown, R.	201	236	223	249	73	209	70	1261
Carleton, D.	292	302	234	221	123	89	102	1363
Cutler, R.	175	207	225	227	78	207	73	1192
Dickerman, R.	145	195	175	202	63	192	63	1035
Felch, R.	178	227	232	247	66	200	60	1210
Jaquith, R.	191	237	225	251	71	209	73	1257
Johnson, SLP.	16	26	20	15	5	11	6	99
Kogan, SLP.	25	28	28	21	5	9	9	125
Maguire, D.	306	298	286	238	121	86	94	1439
McCormick, D.	281	278	255	235	108	95	92	1344
McD'mott, SL.	19	20	34	23	8	14	12	130
McKenna, D.	271	276	254	188	111	[illegible]	102	1270
Mead, D.	260	248	242	192	151	80	109	1282
Murphy, D.	269	259	227	170	103	62	101	1191
Poulson, S.L.	11	16	13	14	5	6	4	69
Rosenquist, R.	135	186	159	193	58	184	52	967
Smith, R.	109	156	150	159	56	167	46	843
Young, D.	323	282	260	207	121	76	102	1371

BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.

Carroll, D.	283	266	206	165	129	74	117	1240
Gateley, SL.	9	23	12	11	3	6	2	66
Hayward, R.	215	265	293	310	91	233	71	1478

WARD ALDERMEN.

Ward 1.		Ward 5.	
Flynn, D.	373	*Corrigan, D.	147
Ward 2.		McCarthy, R.	82
Callahan, D.	298	Ward 6.	
Kendall, R.	257	*Linscott, D. R.	288
Ward 3.		Ward 7.	
Hart, R.	216	*McHugh, R. D.	158
O'Donnell, D.	290		
Ward 4.			
Fish, D.	266		
York, R.	211		

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Cassidy, R.	446	523	483	442	148	255	163	2460
Clarke, D.	386	389	359	284	169	116	132	1836
Converse, R.	274	337	312	373	86	317	89	1788
Hill, R.	263	341	319	371	76	350	87	1807
Norris, D.	406	436	441	324	135	150	147	2039
O'Brien, SLP.	37	37	33	33	6	15	11	172

LICENSE.

Yes	297	266	244	214	108	94	100	1323
No	227	300	279	283	117	238	84	1528

* * *

(From the Arlington Advocate.)

Lovewell's Fight.

On Saturday, May 8, 1725, on the shores of a beautiful pond in Fryeburg, Maine, was fought one of the most desperate battles known to the New England Colonists. It has come down to us as "Lovewell's Fight," and the sheet of water bears the name of Lovewell's Pond in honor of the Colonial Captain. At the time, as was also the case at Bunker Hill, the result of the engagement seemed a complete defeat for the Colonials, but history has now seen the significance of it all, and accords unstinted praise to Captain Lovewell's plans and the bravery with which they were carried out. These plans called for an attack upon the Indians in their home, the upper valley of the Saco, "a carrying of the war into Africa," that the Pequawkets might be so weakened and terror-stricken that they would never again dare to raid the white settlements. It is a matter of history that such was the result of the "fight."

Such being the case, ought not their deeds to be worthy of record on suitable monuments, on the very spots on which they fought, and so many of them bravely fell?

Many citizens of Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts have expressed themselves to the writer as favorable to action leading to such monuments, marking the chief places on the advance, in the region of the fight and on the disastrous retreat. They believe many others would like to join them, especially from those towns which made up Captain Lovewell's little force, and the descendants of the heroes of the expedition themselves. Will any such place themselves in communication with the writer, W. A. Robinson, Arlington, Mass.?

The plan, so far as any plan has been formulated, is to meet in Boston on the anniversary of the fight, May 8, 1904, and become incorporated, under general law, as The Lovewell's Fight Memorial Association. Further action would depend upon the good judgment of the incorporators. It may not be generally known that some years ago at least one branch of the General Court of Mass. voted an appropriation for a monument at Fryeburg on the battle ground.

The Woburn men engaged in that heroic fight were:

Ensign Seth Wyman
Corporal Thomas Richardson
Timothy Richardson
Ichabod Johnson
Josiah Johnson.

Others from this vicinity were from Dunstable, Concord, Andover, Weston, Nutfield, Billerica, Groton, and Haverhill.

* * *

Millinonaire's Poor Stomach.

The worn-out stomach of the over-fed millionaire is often paraded in the public prints as a horrible example of the evils attendant on the possession of great wealth. But millionaires are not the only ones who are afflicted with bad stomachs. The proportion is far greater among the toilers. Dyspepsia and indigestion are rampant among these people, and they suffer far worse tortures than the millionaire unless they avail themselves of a standard medicine like Green's August Flower, which has been a favorite household remedy for all stomach troubles for over thirty-five years. August Flower rouses the torpid liver, thus creating appetite and insuring perfect digestion. It tones and vitalizes the entire system and makes life worth living, no matter what your station. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At A. W. Whitcher's drug store.

* * *

WINCHESTER.

The B. & M. Co. are about to build a gatemans house at the Centre crossing.

The High School Basket Ball team are rattlers—at least, they manage to rattle the teams opposed to them.

Our new and beautiful High School building will be ready for use by Feb. 1, '04. It is as good as they make.

Whitfield Tuck says through cars on the Woburn electric line will soon run through to Sullivan Square. Hope he is right.

The Loyal Temperance Legion held a grand meeting in the Baptist church vestry last Wednesday evening. That's good; teach the small fry temperance, sobriety, and clean lives.

Aberjona Council, R. A., have elected the following officers: Past Regent, H. G. Young; Regent, R. F. Herrick; Vice Regent, A. F. Downer; Secretary, W. F. Foster; Treasurer, F. A. Parshley; Collector, F. S. Scales; Orator, Orion Kelley; Chaplain, A. Macdonald; Guide, F. G. Pettes; Warden, H. G. Stearns; Sentry, Harry Morrill; Trustee, Jas. E. Corey.

* * *

Literary Notices.

The Christmas NATIONAL MAGAZINE is fairly packed with attractive pictures. In Our Southern Rival, Geo. M. L. Brown discusses the rapid rise of the Argentine Republic. Among topics of immediate interest dealt with in Affairs at Washington by Joe Mitchell Chapple, the Panama canal and Cuban reciprocity stand first. The Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition, by the president of the exposition, General Fitzhugh Lee, is a valuable contribution. For picturesqueness in subject, treatment, and illustration, The Origin of the Cake-Walk, by R. F. Smith, Sr., late editor of the Mobile Item, takes the lead. The fourth paper of American Auguries is given in this number and is a forecast of the future of American cities. In Timely Topics of the Stage, Mr. Richardson not only presents what is best worth while in the dramatic world, but gives some interesting hints on play-making. Marconi and the Cables is a far-sighted treatise on the place of the cables in the business world and the probable future of the Marconi system. Among the seven poems of this issue Partheno-Genesis is the most original: it is almost startling in its unconventionality and passionate mother-love. Books As I Find Them, by Kate Sanborn, is devoted to Christmas books for children. The eight short stories, each one of which is a credit to the magazine, are McIntyre's Way, by Frank H. Sweet; At Long Range, by Eva Williams Malone; Comrades, by Frank Basil Tracy; Chickaree, by Dallas Lore Sharp; A Chris'mas Dish of Crow, by Annie Booth McKinney; When Mercy Woke, by F. G. Moorhead, Timothy Lane's Reward of Virtue, by Edward M. Woolley; and the fourth story of June Winston by Carrie Hunt Latta. Note and Comment by Frank Putnam touches on the Alaskan boundary decision, the Far-Eastern situation, the Standard Oil monopoly, and the new Republic of Panama. Not least interesting in this issue are Hints for Home-Made Christmas Gifts, and the outline of a new department in the magazine and plans for 1904.

The Christmas issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is a handsome number, with a varied and attractive table of contents. There are many Christmas features; notably, The Christ Child the Ideal of Childhood, by Rev. J. T. Driscoll; Christmas Myths, by Mary Harding; A New Bethlehem, by Rev. Hugh F. Blunt; If Dreams Came True, by Grace Keon; Christmas Vision, by Mary West; and A Daughter of St. Bride, by Alice Furlong. J. Gertrude Menard contributes an interesting description of The Catholic Sailors' Club of Montreal; Manuel de Moreira writes of The New Papal Secretary of State; E. M. Lynch has a paper on A Roman Soldier Saint; and Margaret Howitt quaintly describes The Bridesmaids' Trip, after a wedding that took place fifty years ago. The Failure of Irving's Dante is considered by John Talbot Smith; Father Mullany gives much information on The Turk in Europe; and there is a very interesting instalment of Rev. L. C. P. Fox's Reminiscences of Many Years of Missionary Life." There are several splendid short stories, and the opening chapters of a new serial, A Daughter of Kings, by Katharine Tynan. This is an engrossing tale of home-life under the most attractive conditions, and introduces the reader to a charming family circle whose experiences furnish the subject matter.

In Choosing a Present

You may be helped by this suggestion for December Birthdays:

If cold December gave you birth—
The month of snow and ice and mirth.
Place on your hand a Turquoise blue;
Success will bless you if you do.

HERE'S OTHER SUGGESTIONS:

The most complete assortment of Watches, Diamonds, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware and Cut Glass is here, and you can easily choose the piece to meet your wishes.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,

JEWELERS,

409 Main Street, WOBURN.

☞ Fine Repairing in all its branches.

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That Deals Death to Disease.

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Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
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About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.

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Mortgagee's Sale

By virtue of and pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Winfield S. Morrison of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to The Reading Cooperative Bank, a Corporation duly established by law in Reading in said County and Commonwealth, dated November 3, 1902, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3007, Page 390, for breach of the condition of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on Tuesday, January 5, 1904, at half past three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage and described as follows, viz:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth aforesaid, being lots numbered three hundred seventy nine and three hundred eighty on Felton street as shown on Plan B of land in Woburn, now or formerly owned by the Montvale Land Company, said plan being recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Plan Book 59, Plan 4. Said two lots are together bounded northerly by Felton street seventy feet; easterly by lot three hundred eighty-one on said plan seventy feet; southerly by lots four hundred sixteen and four hundred fifteen seventyfeet; westerly by lot three hundred seventy-eight on said plan seventy feet, and containing 4900 square feet.

Being the same premises conveyed to said Winfield S. Morrison by Harry P. Bosson by deed of even date with said mortgage and therewith recorded.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes.

THE READING CO-OPERATIVE BANK,
Mortgagee.

Reading, Mass., Dec. 9, 1903.

WANTED—A TRUSTWORTHY GENTLEMAN or lady in each county to manage business for an old established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly salary of $18.00 paid by check each Monday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Enclose addressed envelope. Manager, 360 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

Why They Parted.

He—Their engagement is broken off.

She—For what reason?

"Why, he told her one night that when he was at his work her face was ever before him."

"Well?"

"Why, he's a cartoonist!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Knowledge.

Knowledge ought to bring us happiness, whether it brings us money or not; for knowledge is life, and no man lives in this age who has not knowledge; for ignorance has neither life nor happiness more than comes to that which grazes in a field.—Schoolmaster.

Time never drags nor does life ever seem monotonous to those who are always working, thinking, learning and growing.—Maxwell's Talisman.

We find we can satisfy a friend we have not seen before in twenty years by telling him he doesn't look a day older, but if it is forty years we have to make it an hour.—Atchison Globe.

Heinz Pickles

— AND —

Food Products.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Also, a new and well selected stock of

GROCERIES.

W. J. Buckman

No. 433 Main St., WOBURN

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Christmas TURKEYS

A splsndid stock at

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406 Main Street, Woburn.

☞ We give Green Stamps.

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Are signs of coming cold. Steam or Hot Water Heat will guard us from it. They do their work with cleanliness, economy and efficiency.

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15 Green St., Brockton.

To Let.

Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

E. PRIOR,

AUCTIONEER.

Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.

Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

HER ANNIVERSARY

By LAWRENCE PERRY

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Never had there been such a winter in South Dusenbury. What with musicales, lectures, socials and the like the little village usually managed to fill in the dark, cheerless gap between harvest and sowing nicely. But this winter the felicities of village life had been augmented by an amazing and unparalleled number of wedding anniversaries. Wooden weddings, tin weddings, crystal weddings, had followed one another in rapid succession until those who were blessed in the giving were hardly less numerous than those blessed in the receiving.

Now, South Dusenbury contained its share of spinsters, village parlance which, being interpreted, signified that the woman to whom the term was applied had lived twenty-eight years or more—generally more—and was still unmarried. To their eternal credit be it said that they rejoiced open heartedly in the marital anniversaries of their fellow citizens and had contributed not a little to the general atmosphere of happiness which attended these functions.

No, not quite all. One exception—one distinguished exception—must be noted, Keziah Bottleby. Miss Bottleby was a strong minded, tall, angular woman, an ardent church worker and ready to turn her helpful hand to anything when the needs of the neighborhood required. But these wedding anniversaries began to pall upon her, and by the time Deacon Thompson and Mrs. Thompson had celebrated their silver wedding she was thoroughly disgusted. She lost no opportunity in letting that fact be known. Hers was a trenchant tongue. Some were amused; more were made uncomfortable. But there was no other result. The anniversaries continued just the same. Of course this fact did not silence Miss Bottleby.

"I tell ye," she said one afternoon at a meeting of the King's Daughters, "it's perfectly scandalous. Sech graspin' tendencies as has been exhibited in this village this winter is downright heathenish. Why, look at old John Newell and Sophy Newell. They ain't done nothin' but spat these mortal twenty-five years, accordin' to all accounts, and, laws me, there they stood up together at their silver weddin', she in a new gingham dress and all perked up and simperin' about with one eye and countin' the presents with the other. It made me sick. And I guess I showed jest how I felt too!"

As usual, Miss Bottleby was listened to in the most respectful silence, and when she ceased speaking no one ventured a remark. Miss Bottleby gave a contemptuous sniff and applied herself to her needle. While she sewed on, the glimmer of an idea shot through her mind, and as she pondered and enlarged upon it the stern lines of her face relaxed into a broad smile. Yes, she would do it. There was no reason why she should not and many reasons why she should. If so many persons congratulated themselves and asked others to join them simply because they had been married a score or so of years why should she not be congratulated in remaining single a similar period? Surely it was more difficult to remain unmarried than to find a husband. Yes, she would do it.

In a day or two the villagers received the following invitation:

"Miss Keziah Bottleby, having existed in single blessedness for forty-five years, requests your presence at her home on Thursday, May 12, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the occasion being an old maid's variety. Tea and doughnuts will be served, and presents may be stored in the parlor."

They were the talk of the village, these invitations, and every one said how like Miss Bottleby it was. They all meant to go, too, for they felt that she did deserve something for her long years of abnegation. The general tendency was to defeat her purpose by ignoring the obvious sarcasm and pretending that they took her seriously.

Hiram Spinks had received an invitation, and it had struck a responsive chord in his heart, for he, too, had enjoyed a life of celibacy.

He met Miss Bottleby several days before the "variety" party, and she smiled so warmly that Hiram lifted his hat clear from his head instead of giving the customary little flip of his hand.

"How be ye, Hiram?" said Miss Bottleby. "Fine warm day?"

"Why, how de do-o-o, Keziah?" said Hiram. "Yes, um; yes, it's tolerable warm."

That was all. Keziah swept by, but Hiram suddenly gave a start and turned to look at her retreating figure.

"A fine, smart woman," he muttered; "a real woman." He was thinking. He thought all the way to his lonely home and finally slapped his hand on his thigh.

"By gum!" he ejaculated. "I'll do it as sure as shootin'!"

The next few days were spent in painting, and his married sister came over and helped him put the house in unwonted order. But she felt that he had suddenly lost his mind. She was confident of this fact when a day or so later Hiram came home with a new suit of clothing and a new hat. But all that he would vouchsafe was that he had bought them for the party. Hiram was ready, and the more he mused on his new resolution the more absent minded he became.

The day of the "variety" came, and the villagers outdid themselves in their generosity. They reckoned to silence Miss Bottleby's tongue on the subject of wedding anniversaries forever. The little parlor was piled with presents of all kinds, and all, including Miss Bottleby, were radiant. Every one had a regular good time, and when the guests began to leave they assured her they were ready for the next "variety" any time she chose to give it. Finally the door closed on the last guest, and Miss Bottleby returned to the parlor. She did not look at her presents. She was thinking of how kind they all had been and was making all sorts of resolutions concerning her future relations with her neighbors. Then she looked out of the window.

"I wonder whatever became of Hiram Spinks," she said.

As in answer the bell rang and upon opening the door there stood Hiram, shaven, beard and hair trimmed and new clothing. Keziah gasped.

"Why, Hiram, ye air late, ain't ye? Come in."

"Yes, yes," murmured Hiram. "I'm a-comin'," following Miss Keziah into the parlor. "But I can't stop long. I jest came in to bring ye my present."

Miss Bottleby looked surprised, for Hiram was quite empty handed.

"So ye've brung me a present, eh? Well, ye needn't hev done that, Hiram. What is it? Let me see it."

Hiram stepped closer.

"The present," he said slowly. "Why, Keziah, ye can see the present. It's right before ye. I've come and brung myself fur a present. Do ye want me, Keziah?"

"Why, Hiram!"

Hiram moved closer, and then suddenly Miss Keziah—but let us draw the curtain over what followed, those precious moments of first love in South Dusenbury.

What Can Be Done With Salt.

Salt cleanses the palate and furred tongue, and a gargle of salt and water is often efficacious. A pinch of salt on the tongue, followed ten minutes afterward by a drink of cold water, often cures a sick headache. Salt hardens gums, makes teeth white and sweetens the breath. Cut flowers may be kept fresh by adding salt to the water. Weak ankles should be rubbed with a solution of salt water and alcohol. Rose colds, hay fever and kindred affections may be much relieved by using fine dry salt like snuff. Dyspepsia, heartburn and indigestion are relieved by a cup of hot water in which a small spoonful of salt has been melted. Salt and water will sometimes revive an unconscious person when hurt if brandy or other remedies are not at hand. Hemorrhage from tooth pulling is stopped by filling the mouth with salt and water. Weak and tired eyes are refreshed by bathing with warm water and salt. Public speakers and many noted singers use a wash of salt and water before and after using the voice, as it strengthens the organs of the throat. Salt rubbed into the scalp or occasionally added to the water in washing prevents the hair falling out. Feathers uncurled by damp weather are quickly dried by shaking over a fire in which salt has been thrown. Salt always should be eaten with nuts, and a dessert fruit salt should be specially made.—Table Talk.

The Chinese Matchmaker.

In China the matchmaker, or "go between," is a very important factor in domestic life. He it is who casts his watchful eye around that he may find suitable husbands for the daughters of his acquaintances and then approaches the parents with due circumspection as well as a good deal of tact and diplomacy.

To the family of the young man he narrates the good qualities, beauty and amiability of a certain young girl; then he makes a visit to her father and dwells upon the riches, learning and wisdom of a youth he knows.

If he finds both sides willing to consider the question he plies back and forth between them with all the eagerness of a man anxious to drive a good bargain. He knows that if he succeeds he will get a nice little fee from each family, and so he paints the many charms of the young couple in glowing terms.

He is not always truthful, and ofttimes the bridegroom, who is not allowed to see his future wife before the ceremony, finds that after the red cloth and veil are removed he is married to an ugly old crone.

These instances of bad faith on the part of the "go between" are fortunately rare, and usually he exhibits much discretion in his matings.

Floating Gardens In Mexico.

While the City of Mexico is 8,000 feet higher than sea level, there are in the vicinity several lakes and marshy tracts which require extensive drainage operations. The Viga canal is one of these great drainage systems, and upon it are numerous barges which transport farm and garden produce from the market gardens to the city. Flat bottomed boats, propelled by a pole, convey passengers to the floating gardens.

The gardens are located upon marsh land quite similar to the tule lands of California. The soil is composed of decayed reed and grass roots, being entirely of vegetable mold and quite fertile. Ditches at frequent intervals drain the gardens and furnish means of communication by canoes and small boats to the larger canal and thus to the city. Here are the great market gardens where vegetables are grown for Mexico's consumption; here, too, are grown the magnificent flowers which form one of the principal attractions of the City of Mexico, the flower market being a wonder in the quantity and exquisite beauty both of the individual tropic flowers and the magnificent floral forms, which are made with great taste and skill. Street cars also connect the city with the villages upon the Viga canal, and they are well patronized.—Arboriculture.

Locking His Door.

A Philadelphia traveling man was on a business trip through Alabama and one night found himself stranded in a wretched little town with only one slipshod, miserable hotel. His "room" for the night was the end of a hall, with a sheet hung up to screen him from view. In the middle of the night he woke up with his head hanging out over one end of his cot and his feet over the other, while a violent draft was blowing the hanging sheet in all directions. He called for the housekeeper. "What do you want with the housekeeper?" came a voice from somewhere in the darkness. "I want a paper of pins to lock my door with."

Useless Purchases.

Two eminent French gentlemen, who were great friends, used to relate an amusing story of their impecunious days. Neither fame nor fortune had come to them, but they were always hopeful. The years had weighed heavily enough upon Jules, however, for him to have become entirely bald. One day Alphonse met him with a beaming countenance and cried gayly: "What do you think, Jules? I have been buying a strong box!" "Then, Alphonse," replied Jules firmly, "I shall buy a hairbrush!"

A Substitute Watch Crystal.

Did you ever smash your watch crystal just when you could not possibly replace it? When it happens again, shake out the broken glass, open the little rim that holds it—the bezel—lay over the face a piece of tissue paper and shut the bezel. This will save the hands from catching in things and not interfere with the going.

Well Posted.

"What course should a lawyer pursue when called on to defend a man whom he knows to be guilty?" asked the examiner of the applicant.

The examined scratched his head a moment and answered, "Charge him double, of course."

Made Up For It Then.

"How did you discover that Van Major was one of the no breakfast advocates?"

"I invited him out to lunch with me."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

The Origin of Mezzotint.

Colonel von Siegen, a Dutch artist of German extraction, holding an appointment at the court of the landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, was the inventor of mezzotint, that branch of engraving which comes nearest to nature, though it is far from being the best means of artistic expression.

It dates from about 1611 and is said to have been suggested by the rust on a weapon which a soldier was cleaning. The first fruits of this newly discovered process consisted of a picture of the landgrave's mother, the dowager landgravine, which Siegen presented at court, stating that no copperplate engraver or artist could explain or imagine how it was done.

Evelyn, in his "Sculptura," 1662, attributes the invention to Prince Rupert. An original letter of Siegen's still in existence proves this to be an error, for Siegen met Prince Rupert in Brussels in 1654 and disclosed the process to him then and there, knowing that the prince had already practiced etching.

More than a hundred engravers in mezzotint did for the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds what line engravers had done for Raphael.

The Sense of Smell.

That we have not entirely lost the animal basis of judgment, the sense of smell, is proved by the fact we do tell ourselves very much of other people by the nose, often unconsciously. The blind distinguish their friends by the smell of handkerchiefs or coats. Unconscious sensations and unconscious judgments have their field. We know far more by smell than is supposed. Some classes have apparently become degraded in senses as well as habits, for their basis of social judgment is below that of the animals. Those who have had their senses keenly educated are accustomed to judge of persons by odors. Australian children possess the doglike sense of trailing people by scent, and experiment reveals that this is to some degree present in every one. Strong attachments are not so rigidly ideal as we like to suppose. There is a physical basis to all our likes and dislikes. It is this which underlies the demand of refined people that their friends shall be cleanly.—Open Court.

The Mammoth Cave Rat.

The cavern rat, found in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky, is of a soft, bluish color, with white neck and feet. It has enormous eyes, black as night, but quite unprovided with an iris. These eyes are perfectly insensible to light, and when the experiment has been made of catching a cavern rat and turning it loose in bright sunlight it blunders about, striking itself against everything, is unable to provide itself with food and finally falls down and dies. In its native depths, however, it is able to lead a comfortable enough existence, as its enormously long whiskers are so extremely sensitive that they enable it to find its way rapidly through the darkness. The principal food of the cavern rat consists of a kind of large cricket of a pale yellow color and, like most other cave dwellers, itself perfectly blind.

Matrimonial Promotion.

The extent to which the lingo of the navy is used as slang in the families of naval officers, particularly among the women, is instanced by a little story now going the rounds in Washington.

The youngest daughter of a prominent naval officer was entertaining a friend who had called to congratulate the eldest daughter, who lately had become engaged to a captain in the same service as her father. The friend, remarking upon the engagement, suggested that the youngest daughter doubtless would miss her big sister, whereupon the girl addressed quickly replied:

"Oh, dear, yes! But just think of it—I am advanced a number!"

Queer Dreams.

A professor of mathematics dreamed that his son was under the radical sign, and he could not get him out.

A Boston drawing teacher had a similar experience. She had been studying perspective one evening, and during the night her sister heard her groping about the room and opening and closing bureau drawers. "What are you hunting for, Mary?" inquired the sister. "Oh, dear," moaned the somnambulist, "I can't find the vanishing point!"—Christian Register.

Hard on the Minister's Wife.

A Scottish minister lately returned home from a long holiday trip on which he had been accompanied by his wife. At a prayer meeting shortly afterward an elder offered up thanks for the minister's safe return, but unfortunately put his foot in it. "O Lord," he said, "we thank thee for bringing our pastor safe home, and his dear wife, too, O Lord, for thou preservest man and beast!"

Horse Racing.

In this world, if you live long enough, you will grow tired of everything—of men and women, of yachts and dinners, of politics and money making—but when the fascination of the race horse gets into the blood it never leaves. It is the greatest sport and the poorest business ever devised by man.—Pierre Lorillard.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

OLD TIME SURGEONS.

They Had to Work Rapidly Before Anæsthetics Were Used.

Before anæsthetics were known the surgeon's only expedient was to abridge his patient's sufferings by working rapidly. In this the old time surgeons did wonders. They had a control and a surety in their hands that are now seldom found. One day the celebrated surgeon Maisonneure had to amputate the leg of a poor devil who began to howl in advance. "I'll give you my watch," said the surgeon, "if the operation lasts more than a minute." The man accepted the offer, but was obliged to forego the handsome watch, as the operation took less time than it requires to describe.

To amputate an arm at the shoulder is a most difficult operation. Dr. Langenbeck of Germany did it in two minutes. A young physician who came to see him perform the operation adjusted his spectacles to his nose so as not to lose a single movement, but when the spectacles were in place the operation was over, and the severed arm lay on the floor.

Times have changed much since then. It suffices to put a bit of chloroform or ether on a compress and let the patient breathe through it for a few minutes to put him into a slumber so deep that he remains inert while the surgeon makes his incision, cuts, files the bone and sews up the flesh. On awaking the operation is over, and the patient knows nothing of it. Thanks to chloroform, surgeons can practice operations today which arouse our admiration.

What They Eat.

Nearly every nation has its own particular form of food, and things which some races would not, as the expression goes, "touch with the tongs" are considered by others as the greatest luxury.

For instance, while the Arab eats his lotus bread and dhourra with the relish of fresh dates, the Greenlander gorges himself on animal fat and whale oil as the necessary means of keeping warmth in his body. Hindoos will not touch any form of flesh, but live happily on rice and rancid butter. An Englishman is supposed to value beef and bacon above all other articles of food, while the dwellers in the Apennines live on chestnuts. In ancient days the Roman emperors were accustomed to have a peacock served at all great feasts as one of the principal dainties, while in these days birds' nests and rats form choice dishes in a Chinese menu.

Some people say that snail soup is delicious, while the French assure you that there are few more delicate dishes than those made out of frogs' legs.

Big Australian Oysters.

"In the part of Australia in which I live we get oysters as big as a saucer," said a resident of Adelaide to the Washington Post. "They are twice the size of any I have seen in the United States, but in quality there is nothing to recommend them, for they have no flavor and are so tough that it takes a pretty sharp knife to make any impression on them. Still there are people who manage to eat them after they have been stewed sufficiently long. In other parts of our country we have a better grade, approaching nearly to your American oyster, but hardly its equal. In fact, after my acquaintance with the Chesapeake bay products I am firmly of the opinion that in the matter of sea food the United States leads all nations, an assertion that will be backed up by any man of wide travel."

How a Bird Dresses.

As bird fashions do not change, two suits a year are quite enough for most birds, but they need to take great care of them. Each separate feather must be cleaned and looked over and the useless ones pulled out. These feathers are not packed close together, you know, but lie loose and have places between filled with air. When a bird wants to get warmer he lifts his feathers so that these air spaces may be larger. But if his feathers are tangled or wet and dirty he could not raise them, and soon he could not keep the head in his little body and would of course die.

A Torpid Liver.

A clogged condition of the system is one symptom of a liver out of order. Here is as good and simple a remedy as any I know, writes a physician. Get a nice lemon and cut it in half. Take one-half in a tumblerful of cold water the last thing at night and the other the first thing in the morning. Half a pint of very hot water with a squeeze of lemon or lime in it before breakfast is also good. Both remedies are well worth trying.

To Fly With the Dear.

He—Life is simply one grand chase. If you are not among the pursuers you must be one of the pursued.

She—Will you run with the hounds or fly with the deer?

He—I will fly with you, dear, if you please.—Kansas City Journal.

Discouraged.

"There is no such thing as luck," said the sturdy, self reliant person.

"I can't contradict you," answered the patient sufferer. "All I can say is that if there is I haven't seen it."—Washington Star.

A Philosopher's Reasoning.

Aristippus was an earnest suitor to Dionysius for some grant, who would give no ear to his suit. Aristippus fell at his feet and then Dionysius granted it. One that stood by said afterward to Aristippus, "You a philosopher and be so base as to throw yourself at a tyrant's feet to get a suit!" Aristippus answered, "The fault is not mine, but the fault is in Dionysius, who carries his ears in his feet."

Light on Finance.

"Say, mister," began the rural citizen as he meandered into the village editor's presence, "I'd like tew git a leetle light on that air financial question."

"You didn't make any mistake in coming to me," replied the molder of public opinion, "for if there is any one on earth light on finance it is yours truly."

The Human Mind.

Slow in forming, swift in acting; slow in the making, swift in the working; slow in the summit, swift down the other slope; it is the way of nature and the way of the human mind. —Anthony Hope.

When the sea is smooth we have many good sailors.—Schoolmaster.

Starting the Trouble.

Mabel—Did he stutter when he proposed?

Ethel—No, I don't think so.

Mabel—Really? He must have improved.—Punch.

HIGH NOON.

Originally It Was 3 o'Clock In the Afternoon.

The word "noon" is originally derived from the Latin nona hora, the ninth hour of the Romans, the 3 o'clock of today, but no clew is given as to when or why the change took place which made "noon" mean midday, or 12 o'clock.

This will be discovered if we go back to early times, for then great deference was paid to Saturday afternoon as a preparation for the Sabbath, when work was cased all over the land. In 958 King Edgar in his ecclesiastical laws laid it down that "Sabbath shall be observed from Saturday 'noon' till light appears on Monday morning." Johnson, commenting upon this, says "noon" is 3 o'clock, and remained so till the reformation.

How, then, came it to mean 12 o'clock? In this way: Monks, by their rules, were not to dine till they had sung their "nones," or noontide service. When midday, 12 o'clock, began to be the time of eating and drinking the monks, who were also the masters of language in the dark ages, anticipated both their devotions and their meals by singing "nones" immediately after the 12 o'clock service. Thus the "noon" of old was merged into the "noon" of today, and for a time distinction was made between the two by calling 12 o'clock noon and 3 o'clock "high noon," as it appears in "The Shepherd's Almanack."

Animal Barometers.

The tortoise is not an animal one would naturally fix upon as likely to be afraid of rain, but it is singularly so. Twenty-four hours or more before rain falls the Galapagos tortoise makes for some convenient shelter. On a bright clear morning, when not a cloud is to be seen, the denizens of a tortoise farm on the African coast may be seen sometimes heading for the nearest overhanging rocks. When that happens, the proprietor knows that rain will come down during the day, and, as a rule, it comes down in torrents. The sign never fails. This presensation, to coin a word, which exists in many birds and beasts may be explained partly from the increasing weight of the atmosphere when rain is forming, partly by habits of living and partly from the need of moisture which is shared by all. The American catbird gives warning of an approaching thunderstorm by sitting on the low branches of the dogwood tree (whether this union of the feline with the canine is invariable the deponent saith not), uttering curious notes. Other birds, including the familiar robin, it is said, give similar evidence of an impending change in the weather.

Followed Directions.

A clergyman in New Jersey hired a man to act in the capacity of coachman and gardener. One day the clergyman bought a bottle of horse liniment and told the man to apply it to a lame horse according to the directions on the bottle.

About an hour afterward he went to the barn and found Silas industriously dipping a spike into the liniment and then rubbing it against the horse's leg.

"What are you doing that for?" he asked.

The man looked up with a smile of assurance. "Because," said he, "'twas what it said in the directions on the bottle, but it's slow work."

"You must have made a mistake," said the minister.

"I have not," answered the man in an aggrieved tone. "It says here on the bottle, 'Apply with a large nail or tooth brush,' and, as I had no toothbrush, I thought I'd better use this spike."

The Memory of Ants.

A remarkable fact in the physiology of ants is their memory. The number of ants that go to make a nest is enormous, yet they are all personally known to each other and are able to recognize members of their own community after a prolonged absence. Sir John Lubbock kept one of these remarkably intelligent insects from its home for a year. On its return the relatives from whom it had been so cruelly separated recognized their wanderer and welcomed it back, while an ant introduced from another nest was most inhospitably treated, even murdered and thrown out.

Conditional.

A Scotsman was on his deathbed, and his friends persuaded him to forgive a neighbor with whom he had had a standing feud for some years.

The neighbor came to the dying man's bedside.

After they had shaken hands and made peace the Scotsman exclaimed:

"If I get better, Donald, remember all this goes for naught."—Pearson's Weekly.

Considerate.

Mrs. Benham—You look mad.

Benham—I am mad. A man called me a born fool today.

Mrs. Benham—You ought not to get mad about it. I think it was very considerate in him to blame it on your ancestors.—Brooklyn Life.

The Judge's Admission.

"What was your greatest trial, judge?" asked the young lawyer.

"Getting my seven daughters married off," replied the scanty haired jurist.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Remembered.

"What is a stomach pump?" asked the teacher in physiology.

"Takin' a trip acrost the lake," promptly responded Tommy Tucker.—Chicago Tribune.

Good intentions go a long way, but are frequently unable to get back without assistance.—Galveston News.

Believed In Skilled Labor.

"The organist's wife told me this morning," said Mrs. Thornton, "that several of the pipes of the organ were out of order."

"Well," replied Mrs. Hadley, "I hope they'll get Mr. Jones, our old plumber, to fix them, and not those new plumbers that have just set up on the corner."

Accounting For It.

"I see," said his colleague, "that there were some questions asked at the trial to which you didn't object."

"Were there?" said the lawyer. "Perhaps I was out of breath."—Puck.

A Novelty to Him.

"Why do you always pick out the homeliest women to talk to?"

"I never saw any before. I come from Cincinnati, you know."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

She Got It.

He (time 11:30 p. m.)—And you will think of me when I am gone?

She (suppressing a yawn)—I'll try to if you ever give me an opportunity.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 13.

Text of the Lesson, I Kings viii, 1-11, 62, 63—Memory Verses, 9-11. Golden Text, Ps. cxxii, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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The Lord having given Solomon rest on every side, neither adversary nor evil being occurrent, he began in the fourth year of his reign to build the house of the Lord and was seven years in building it (I Kings v, 4; vi, 1, 38). The ark of Noah, the tabernacle of Moses and the temple of Solomon were unique typical buildings, God Himself being the sole architect of each, the one thing required of the builders being obedience, as the Lord repeatedly said to Moses, "See that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed to thee in the mount" (Hab. viii, 5; Ex. xxv, 40; xxvi, 30). The ark of Noah was to preserve all in it from the waters of judgment, and it became a safe vessel by being pitched within and without with pitch (Gen. vi, 14), the word "kohphar" being only here translated "pitch" and elsewhere ransom, satisfaction, atonement.

The Lord Jesus Christ Himself is the only ark of safety and the true tabernacle and temple (Heb. viii, 1, 2; John ii, 19-21), and the building now growing unto a holy temple in the Lord is built upon Him and His great atonement (Eph. ii, 19-22). Believers are living stones (I Pet. ii, 5 R. V.), this world is the quarry, and God is by the events of our daily life preparing His redeemed ones for our respective places in His temple. Every stone was perfectly fitted for its place before it was brought to the building, so that there was neither hammer nor ax nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building (I Kings vi, 7).

All things being ready, the elders of Israel and the heads of the tribes assembled and brought up to the temple the ark of the Lord and the tabernacle of the congregation and all the holy vessels that were in the tabernacle, and the ark was set in its place in the holy of holies, or oracle, under the wings of the great olive wood, gold covered cherubim (chapter vi, 23-28), there being nothing in it but the two tables of stone which Moses put there at Horeb (verses 1-9). What had become of the golden pot of manna and Aaron's rod that budded (Heb. ix, 4) is not recorded, and therefore we do not need to know. While all the holy vessels of the tabernacle were superseded in the temple by larger vessels and more of them, there was no new ark of the covenant, but the same that had already served for 500 years, with its mercy seat and cherubim. There can never be a new Christ or way of righteousness, but there is always a larger unfolding of His great redemption. To me one of the greatest truths of the ark of the covenant, with its mercy seat, and the law within it is that Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth (Rom. x, 4).

When the priests had set the ark in its place and were come out the glory of the Lord filled the house so that the priests could not stand to minister (verses 10, 11). It was also thus when the tabernacle was dedicated (Ex. xl, 34, 35). It is our privilege as the temples of the Holy Spirit to be so filled with the Spirit that the self life shall not be manifest, but only the life of Jesus made manifest in our mortal bodies (I Cor. vi, 19, 20; Eph. v, 18; Gal. ii, 20; II Cor. iv, 11). Although we have only the beginning and the end of this remarkable chapter assigned as our lesson, we should notice that the temple is called "an house for the name of the Lord God of Israel, that His name might be there, that all people of the earth might know His name" (verses 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 29, 43). Notice the eight times repeated "Hear thou in heaven" (verses 30, 32, 34, 36, 39, 43, 45, 49) and the four times "Heaven thy dwelling place" (verses 30, 39, 43, 49); also the sevenfold nature of the prayer for the trespasser, the defeated, the drought smitten, the plague smitten, the stranger, those going to war and those in captivity (verses 31, 33, 35, 37, 41, 44, 46). He had been praying before the altar of the Lord, kneeling on his knees, with his hands spread up to heaven (verse 54).

Our Lord Jesus is both altar and sacrifice; we can come to God only in His name and by virtue of His merits. After prayer he stood and blessed all the congregation, reminding them that not one word of all God's good promises had failed and exhorting them to walk in the statutes of the Lord with a perfect heart (55-61). Compare Josh. xxiii, 14; xxiv, 14. He relies upon the Lord to maintain the cause of His people at all times, as the matter shall require (verse 59); margin, "The thing of a day in his day;" R. V., "As every day shall require;" Jer. lii, 34, "Every day a portion," reminding us that we are to live by the day and bless the Lord who daily beareth our burden (Deut. xxxiii, 25; Ps. lxviii, 19, R. V.). The lives of believers should so magnify the Lord that all others may know that the Lord is God.

After the prayer and the blessing the king and all Israel offered a great sacrifice to the Lord and so dedicated the house of the Lord (verses 62, 63). When the sacrifice was ready fire came down from heaven and consumed it, the Lord thus accepting it. See also Lev. ix, 24; Judg. vi, 21; I Kings xviii, 38, and no doubt in the same way the Lord accepted Abel's offering. In verse 66 we have the sequel to the dedication in a grateful people going back to their tents joyful and glad of heart because of the Lord's goodness. Let any believer fully dedicate himself to the Lord, and he will know what it is to be joyful and glad of heart.

An Economical Wife.

He—I can't send my clothes to the tailor's every time they need a button. We must economize. Can't you sew on these suspender buttons yourself?

She—Here, my dear; fasten them up with a hairpin. That will save thread, you know.

Formal Indeed.

She—The government's legislators seem to be formal men.

He—How's that?

She—Why, they will never notice a bill until it has been introduced.—New York Times.

Remunerative Literature.

First Author—What branch of literature do you consider the most remunerative for an author?

Second Author (who has just won a rich bride)—Writing love letters to an heiress.

Asked by the Duke of Somerset to define "the most desirable life," Disraeli answered, "A continued grand procession from manhood to the tomb."

CANADIAN INDIANS.

An Old Trader Gives Evidence to Their Unvarying Honesty.

Says a man who has had some twenty years of experience in trading with Canadian Indians, "In all my woods life I have never known but one Indian liar." A cache, or provision station, is left unattended with perfect safety, for on the entirety of its stock may depend the life of many a man.

He who leaves provisions must find them on his return, for he may reach them starving, and the length of his out journey may depend on his certainty of relief at this point on his in journey. So men passing touch not his hoard, for some day they may be in the same case.

"One comes unexpectedly upon a birch hanging from a tree limb," says the old trader, "or a whole bunch of snowshoes depending beneath the fans of a spruce or a tangle of steel traps thrust into the crevice of a tree root or a supply of pork and flour swathed like an Egyptian mummy lying in state on a high bier. These things we have passed as reverently as symbols of a people's trust in its kind.

"The same sort of honesty holds in regard to smaller things. I have never hesitated to leave in my camp firearms, fishing rods, utensils valuable from a woods point of view, even a watch or money. Not only have I never lost anything in that manner, but once an Indian lad followed me some miles after the morning's start to restore to me half a dozen trout flies I had accidentally left behind."

Origin of a Holiday.

The second week in August, if not one of great historical importance in old Amsterdam, is certainly one of martyrdom for the nervous and sensitive. An ancient custom prevails according to which the juveniles of the town are allowed to beat their drums for several hours during a whole week while parading the exchange. The story goes that about 200 years ago a plot was formed to blow up the exchange, but a small boy, happening to let his ball roll under the vaulted foundation of the building, discovered the barrels of powder which were to do the wrecking. So it was decided to reward the lad, and, on his being asked what he would like, the urchin said that I wished to be allowed to play at soldiers with his companions round the building, all being armed with drums, and to make as much noise as they liked during several hours of the day for one week every year. This custom is kept up, and, as all manner of instruments are called upon to represent a drum, tin kettles and saucepan lids not excepted, the din is something to be remembered.

Redundant.

Joseph was an excellent cook, but he was not what might be called an accomplished literary man. At the same time he conceived the idea that a cookery book from his pen would fill a long felt want. He set to work; but, feeling that perhaps he had made some mistakes in composition, he submitted the work to a prominent literary critic, who promised to go through the work and correct it where necessary.

After a day or two he brought it back.

"Yes," he said; "it's all right so far as I can see, but I rather fancy you've been a little superfluous in your recipe for lemon pudding."

"Have I? How's that?"

"Well, you see, you say here, 'Then sit on a hot stove and stir constantly.' Now, I really do not see how any one is going to sit on a hot stove without stirring constantly, so I think you can do without that sentence, don't you know."

Hugo and His Disciple.

A young man, an admirer of the great poet, attended one of Victor Hugo's receptions, became engaged in argument and lost his temper. Hugo solemnly rebuked him, and he subsided. Presently the guests retired. One of them, however, had forgotten his umbrella and returned to get it. Looking through an open door from the vestibule, he perceived the young man on his knees before the poet, sobbing out his apologies for his disrespect, while Victor Hugo, with almost regal dignity, extended his hand to him and bade him rise.

Solid Virtue.

Youth has its own criteria by which to judge things which its elders assess by other standards. Henry had just come into his mother's kitchen, where she was rolling pie crust.

"Making pies, mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"Say, mother, your pies taste all right, but why don't you make some like Mrs. Thompson gives me and Billy? You can take a piece in your hand and walk all round the yard eating it, and it won't break."

Bridal Customs In Spain.

In Spain a bride has no girl attendants to stand at the altar with her, but instead a "madrina," or godmother; neither does she have a wedding cake or any festive going away after the ceremony. The wedding pair depart quietly to their new home, where they remain until the following day, when they start on their honeymoon. Before departing they pay a formal visit to their respective relatives.

His Trouble.

"Have any buzzing in your ears?" asked the doctor, who was trying to diagnose the case.

"No," replied Mr. Henpeck, "not except when I have to stay in the house."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Family Diplomacy.

"I turn all my bills over to my wife."

"Does she have the money?"

"No, the nerve."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Peculiar Spot.

Doubtless the most unique spot in Europe is the village of Altenberg, on whose border three countries meet. It is ruled by no monarch, has no soldiers, no police and no taxes. Its inhabitants speak a curious jargon of French and German combined and spend their days in cultivating the land or working in the valuable calamine mine of which the village boasts.

After the Honeymoon.

She—I just know you don't love me as much as you did.

He—But, darling, how can you think that?

"Because you are not half so foolish as you were."—Life.

A Novel Revenge.

Cook—Yes; my mistress is a prima donna and a horrible creature. She treats me like the dirt beneath her feet, but I revenge myself by opening the drawing room window when she is not at home and by howling with all my might, so that the neighbors may think her voice is cracked.—Fliegende Blatter.

Business Cards.

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THE WORD "BUT."

An Analysis of the American Habit of Using It.

The word "but" is sometimes said to be characteristic of Americans. It marks the qualifying spirit, which hesitates at extremes and likes to adjust the balance of truth. If, for instance, somebody speaks extravagantly of Emerson's genius the critical spirit replies, "Yes, he was a genius, but" he had such and such limitations. If, on the other hand, the limitations are mentioned first at another time, the same spirit observes, "Yes, he has those faults, but he is a genius with it all." "But" expresses the desire to have both sides presented. Carried to excess, the habit leads to argumentativeness and carping. The person who gets only argument out of conversation is usually a barren companion. Sometimes also it shows an unkind nature, when the word is used regularly after hearing others praised. It becomes the index of envy or of the absence of enthusiasm. Qualifying too constantly in appreciation is like damning with faint praise, or, rather, praising with an accompaniment of faint damns. The ardent, imaginative temperament makes less use of qualification. Carried along with a rush, whether of praise or reproach, it seldom stops to split the hair of exact truth. "But me no buts," it says. The little word is more leniently treated by judicial and scientific minds. If its constant use is typically American, as the English not infrequently allege, it fits in with the proverbial idea of Uncle Sam—a sort of cautious and skeptical New England farmer, with his "Waal, I don't jest know," rather than with the American type which has been developed since the west became a greater element in the compound.—Collier's Weekly.

Narrow Escapes.

Mr. L. Golding gives in Chambers' Journal some remarkable instances of narrow escapes and curious fatalities during the siege of Ladysmith. "While at lunch in their mess hut, which was protected by sand bags, certain officers were engaged in a heated discussion. In anger, one of the officers rose from the table and hastily left the hut. Hardly had he closed the door behind him when a shell came hissing through the air and pitched on the roof of the hut. Penetrating the insufficiently protected roof, the shell fell and exploded in the center of the group of officers, killing or mortally wounding every one of them. The officer who a moment before had gone out of the hut did not receive the slightest injury." A doctor who had not stirred from his dugout for a fortnight came out one Sunday, a day on which the Boers, as a rule, did not fire, and was killed by a shell, and the writer was "impelled by a power he could not resist" to dismount from his horse, whose saddle was immediately afterward slit by a fragment of shell.

Life's Rocky Road.

A man's life is full of crosses and temptations, says the philosopher of the Atchison Globe. He comes into this world without his consent and goes out against his will, and the trip between the two is exceedingly rocky. The rule of contraries is one of the important features of the trip. When he is little the big girls kiss him, but when he is grown the little girls kiss him. If he raises a large family he is a chump, but if he raises a small check he is a thief. If he is poor he is a bad manager; if he is rich he is dishonest. If he's in politics it's for pie; if he's out of politics you can't place him, and he's no good for his country. If he doesn't give to charity he is a stingy cuss; if he does it is for show. If he dies young there was a great future ahead for him; if he lives to an old age he has missed his calling. He is introduced into this world and to the next by the same process. The road is rocky, but man loves to travel it.

Sneezing In the Orient.

Many savage and semicivilized races of the orient have some curious customs regarding the sneeze. When the sultan of Monomatopa sneezes, for instance, the fact is made known from the palace by a certain signal. Instantly every subject within hearing of the signal sets up a shout, the cry is taken up by others and so extends until it runs through the confines of his empire. When the sultan of Senaar sneezes, on the contrary, every woman in his harem or within hearing turns her back on him and makes a sign of contempt by smiting her hips with her hands—disgusted that so mighty a personage should have to sneeze like an ordinary mortal.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.35, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham ,5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m.. and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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(Successor to L. Thompson
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Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2 37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour to 12 07; then 12 30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
312	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

WHEN DAVID CAME

By HARRIET G. CANFIELD

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Elm Dale was the scene of joyful preparation, for Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Hammond were soon to celebrate their golden wedding. From far and near their children and grandchildren were coming to the old country home under the great elms.

All of the neighbors were interested in the coming event, and a number of them were pledged "to help out on chairs and china." Patience Saybin, familiarly known as "Patty," and her brother lived only a mile from Elm Dale, but they had not been asked to contribute, and Patty felt slighted.

"I've offered to lend them everything on the place, even you, John," she said to her brother, "but Mrs. Hammond says they have all the arrangements made. I did want a finger in the pie."

John laughed. "Never mind, little girl," he said consolingly. "Mr. Hammond says they may ask us to 'sleep' one or two if the old house won't hold them all."

The day before the celebration Mrs. Hammond drove over in the morning to see Patty. "I thought we could stow 'em all away," she said, with a smile, "but I was thinking Mary had four children 'stead of five. I don't see how I came to forget little David when I counted noses. I've been wondering, dear, if you'd let him sleep here—either him or one of the others?"

"Oh, yes!" Patty cried delightedly. "I should love to, Mrs. Hammond."

The old lady smiled. "I brought his picture along," she said, "so you could see what a dear little fellow he was."

Patty bent eagerly over the photograph. A pleasant little face smiled at her from the cardboard—the round, dimpled face of a five-year-old. "He's a perfect cherub!" she cried.

"I'm expecting most of my children this evening, and if his folks come I'll send him over before bedtime."

The dear old lady forgot to tell Patty that the picture of David was taken twenty-three years before.

All that day Patty was very busy preparing "little David's room." An old high chair and trundle bed were brought down from the attic and dusted. Lizzie, the good natured girl in the kitchen, made some little round cakes, and Patty frosted them and put a pink "D" on the top of two or three. When evening came everything was in readiness for the expected guest. The tin waiter and tiny knife, fork and plate were on the dining room table, and the little rocker held out its welcoming arms in the sitting room. An old rocking horse that had been John's long ago waited patiently for its gallant rider, and a little woolly dog stood on three legs with an air of expectation.

The day had been a long one to Patty. At 7 o'clock she was rearranging the furniture in little David's room when the doorbell rang. She went to the head of the stairs and called to Lizzie.

"Hurry, Lizzie!" she cried. "They've brought little David over. Take him into the sitting room and amuse him. I'll be down in a few minutes." She flitted back to her work and did not hear Lizzie's exclamation of astonishment when she opened the door and saw a big, broad shouldered man standing there. Probably he had overheard Patty's instructions to the girl, for his eyes were full of laughter, though he said soberly enough: "Good evening. I am David Terrell. Miss Saybin was expecting me, I believe?"

"Y-y-yes, sir," Lizzie stammered, "but she wasn't expectin' quite"— She paused in embarrassment.

"Quite as much of me?" he asked laughingly.

Lizzie giggled and led the way to the sitting room. The little chair held out its welcoming arms in vain to this guest. David Terrell's eyes rested at once upon the rocking horse and woolly dog, and his expression momentarily grew more cheerful.

"Were these—ahem—these preparations made in my honor?" he asked Lizzie. But before the girl could answer a sweet voice came from the upper landing, "Are you amusing him, Lizzie?" Lizzie giggled hysterically.

"Tell her you are," the young man whispered.

"Yes'm," she called in muffled tones from behind her apron.

"Show him the picture books," the voice went on, "and if the little fellow is tired take him up in your lap."

Lizzie stepped into the lower hall and turned her laughing face up to her mistress. "Please, ma'am, I can't," she said. "I'd hate to try."

"I'm ashamed of you!" the indignant reply came. "I'll come right down and take him myself."

Lizzie fled to the kitchen, and there was the quick click of heels on the stairs. Then David Terrell saw a pretty picture framed in the wide doorway. Miss Patty stood there, with surprise and disappointment plainly written on her expressive face.

"Where—where is"— she began in a bewildered way.

David came forward. "I don't know where he is," he said. "If I did I'd get him for you, Miss Saybin."

"You?" she asked.

"Yes. I'm little David's successor. Will you forgive me for growing older and larger, Miss Saybin?"

For a moment the sensitive mouth quivered. She had anticipated so much. Then she held out her hand and said, with a smile, "I suppose you can't help it, but you don't look much like your picture."

"Oh, that's it! Grandmother showed you that small boy photo, did she?"

Patty nodded and smiled again. After all, this David had pleasant eyes, quite like the little fellow's. "I am glad that you came," she said hospitably. "My brother and I are often lonely, and John will be delighted to entertain some one of his own age. I hear him coming now." And she rose and went to the door to meet him. "John," David heard her say, "Mr. Terrell is here."

"Mr. Terrell?" the answer came. "And who is he, Patty?"

"Hush! He'll hear us. It is little David. Don't laugh so loud, John!" She slapped her hand into his and led him to the sitting room, and in a few minutes the three young people were on the short road to friendship.

Late in the evening they adjourned to the dining room for a little lunch. Patty had forgotten the high chair and its accompaniments, and it was with a feeling of dismay that she saw their visitor's eyes traveling in that direction.

"Are these things for my use?" he asked laughingly.

"What things?" Patty said innocently.

"This high chair, tin tray and so on."

"Oh," she said, with a guilty glance at John, "those belong to my brother."

John stared at her in amazement. His face grew crimson with suppressed mirth when Mr. Terrell said, "How old is your little brother?"

"Twenty-seven," Patty answered demurely, and John exploded with laughter. "No good pretending, Patty," he cried. "Better show him all of my old possessions, including the trundle bed, but we'll not ask him to occupy it."

The morning of the golden wedding dawned clear and bright. It was a day filled with happiness for all who gathered at the old home. At 10 that night David Terrell gave John and Patty full account of "the gathering of the clans," as he called it. In conclusion he said, "I shall have to ask you to keep me another night, but after that there will be room for me at Elm Dale."

"I thought you said you must go tomorrow," John exclaimed.

"Yes; that's so, but since then"—and he glanced quickly at Patty—"I've made other arrangements. My brother and I are partners, and Jim is willing that I should have my summer vacation now."

"Oh," Patty cried, "I'm so glad! Aren't you, John?"

"Yes," he said heartily, but this sudden change of plans made him suspicious.

David made good use of those four weeks. His grandmother laughingly accused him of spending half of his vacation with the Saybins.

The last day came, and David walked over for a farewell visit. He found Patty alone on the vine shaded porch. John was away on business, she explained. "Never mind," David said cheerfully. "It is you I wish to see." Her clear eyes were raised to his inquiringly.

"Will you keep your word," he said gently, "and take me?"

"My word!" she murmured wonderingly.

"Yes. Before I saw you I heard you tell Lizzie that you were coming downstairs and you would take me yourself." There was a mischievous light in his eyes now.

Patty's face flushed. "You know I didn't mean"— she began.

He interrupted her anxiously. "But you will take me, dear, on trial for the sake of little David?"

She smiled into the honest eyes, so like those of the child in the picture. "Yes," she said, "for the sake of little David's successor."

Dropped the Subject.

"Five thousand dollars for a dog!" he exclaimed as he looked up from his newspaper. Do you believe any one ever paid any such price, Maria?"

"I'm sure I don't know, James," she returned without stopping her needlework even for a moment. "Does the paper say that much was paid?"

"Yes. There's an article on valuable dogs, and it speaks of one that was sold for $5,000. I don't believe it."

"It may be true, James," she said quietly. "Some of these well bred animals bring fancy prices, and there's no particular reason why the paper should lie about it."

"I know that, Maria. But just think of it! Just try to grasp the magnitude of that sum in your weak, feminine mind. You don't seem to realize it. Five thousand dollars for a dog! Why, hang it, Maria, that's more than I'm worth!"

"I know it, James, but some are worth more than others."

She went calmly on with her sewing, while he fumed and spluttered for a moment and then dropped the subject, especially the weak, feminine mind part of it.—Exchange.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Cafes In the Hungarian Capital.

The trees and the cafes in Pest are Parisian, only there are more trees and more cafes, and in Pest the cafes do not have a crowded existence. There is never the impression of a few tables and a few chairs forced into a narrow space. It seems as if, when the city was laid out and when the buildings were erected, special providence had been made for tables and shrubbery in front of them in the same way that space is calculated for gardens and fountains and lakes in laying out an exposition ground. If old Paris was all on a hill on one side of the Seine and new Paris had been built since 1860 and the Parisian had the free life of the gypsy in his heart and the Russian's fondness for room whether outdoors or in and art and architecture had flourished in Hungary for centuries, there might be some reason for that comparison which frequently occurs to the hurrying tourist.—Frederick Palmer in Scribner's.

Which Was His Wife?

A certain Turk, according to rumor, was once married to a veiled lady in white in the presence of the sultan. As soon as the ceremony was concluded the bride mysteriously disappeared. The groom was led into an adjoining room, where stood twelve ladies all dressed in white, but without veils. "Choose from the twelve," exclaimed the sovereign, "her that is your bride." As the man had never seen her face the command bewildered him. "If you make a mistake," added his majesty, "your life shall pay the forfeit." The poor man walked up and down the row of beauties, but saw nothing whatever to aid his choice. "You have only a minute left," yelled the sultan in anger; "choose at once." Ten of the ladies, he noticed, gave him nothing else than a stony stare. One of them frowned, the other smiled. "The frowning one," he thought, "is my bride, for she expresses her displeasure and impatience at my ignorance. "No," he said to himself, "it must be the smiling one, for she desires to invite me to her." After debating the subject in his mind until his time was up he boldly made a selection from the two. He was successful. He had regained his bride. Which was she, the one who frowned or the one who smiled?

The Vault of St. Michan's.

The most interesting place of pilgrimage in Dublin is St. Michan's church, where the organ is still to be seen upon which Handel is said to have composed his "Messiah." In the graveyard is the last resting place of Robert Emmet, and the vault of St. Michan's provides a more grewsome thrill than the morgue. The sexton lifts an iron door and descends a few rude steps, carrying a light, without which the place would be pitch dark. You follow and find yourself in a narrow passage, from which cell-like recesses belonging to different families branch off. Whether it is owing to the extreme dryness of the surroundings or to some mysterious property of the place, the process of decay has been arrested, and the features of persons dead for two centuries may be recognized from authentic portraits. Perhaps the strangest thing about the vault is the fact that, apart from the weird sensation, there is nothing offensive in the surroundings.—London Tatler.

His Question.

"I want to ask one more question," said little Frank as he was being put to bed.

"Well," acquiesced the tired woman.

"When the holes come in stockings, what becomes of the piece of stocking that was there before the hole came?"

Too Small a Steak.

"I'll match pennies with you," said the hungry man in the boarding house dining room, "to decide whether you take my share of beef or I take yours."

"No, thank you," replied the other hungry one. "I never play for small steaks."

The Broken Engagement.

Isabel—Weren't you congenial?

Arabella—Not at all. He made me jealous, and I couldn't make him jealous.—Detroit Free Press.

Fame.

"How do they get on together?"

"Famously! They quarrel continually, and their quarrels all get into the newspapers."—Life.

SCRUBBING IN HUNGARY.

Pest Is a Spotless Town Even to the Middle of Her Streets.

In Pest if your hat drops or is knocked off the chair where you laid it you feel that properly it ought to have been brushed before instead of after it fell. If you never looked up from the pavement you would be forever thinking that it had just been raining and hoping with such a bright sun the pavement would dry soon. With a Turkish fondness for having things brought to him where he sits the Hungarian has combined a mania for the immersion of all inanimate if not animate objects which is anything but Turkish. The scrubbing which the Dutch housewife applies to her stoop is carried into the middle of the street, only the city does stoop and all. The municipality's ubiquitous servants are the men with the hose and the men and women with the broom, who even sweep up the petals of the flowers in the parks as they fall. The promptness of units in performing their tasks is such that you might well believe that you are living in the horseless age. One thing to be avoided, it seems, is any lack in numbers of the legionaries. If the postman does not hurry there are enough of him to collect the mails often and on time.—Frederick Palmer in Scribner's.

MacMahon's Simplicity.

The French cynics never knew just what to make of Marshal MacMahon's simplicity and candor. Once while he was president the council of ministers were divided on a question in the affirmative side of which MacMahon himself felt the deepest interest. When they came to vote on it they found themselves tied—five voting "yea" and five "nay." "Well, gentlemen," said the president, with a sigh, "I confess I am sorry, but the motion is lost."

His five opponents exulted in their victory. His five associates looked respectfully astonished, but said nothing. After the meeting one of the latter called the president aside. "M. le president," he whispered, "we were amazed at the result of that vote, but held our peace out of regard for you. We had supposed that you were of the same mind with ourselves."

"So I am," answered MacMahon, "heartily."

"Then why did you not assert your right and cast the decisive vote?"

"Upon my faith," exclaimed the honest old soldier, "I never once thought of it!"

Playing Cards.

The Chinese, who, according to their histories, invented everything before anybody else, claim the merit of having first designed playing cards and developed the games arising out of them. The Emperor Soun Ho had many wives, who naturally found time hanging heavily on their hands, so the emperor devised amusement for them by inventing cards—that is, if we are to put any belief in the words of the Chinese historians. There were thirty cards in each of his packs—three suits of nine each and three extra or superior cards. The Chinese cards were oblong, as ours are, while those of the Hindoos were round.

Surprising though it may seem, it is nevertheless true that the queen in our suits is a comparatively modern innovation. The picture cards were at first entirely military—king, knight and knave. The Italians were the first, it is said, to give the lady a place in the pack.

How Could It Be a Mistake?

What a woman doesn't know about newspapers isn't worth knowing. The other morning Mrs. B. was talking to her husband.

"I notice in the Daily Hoodoo that Mr. Biffkins died on Sunday."

"It's a mistake, my dear," replied the husband. "He died on Monday."

"But the paper said Sunday."

"I know it, but it was an error in the print."

"I thought so, too, at first, but I got a half dozen copies of the paper, and it was the same in all of them. They certainly couldn't have made the mistake over and over again."

The husband tried to convince her, but it was no use, and he gave it up.

A Rural Financier.

"I suppose you'd like to make about 1,000 per cent on a little investment while you're in the city," remarked the confidence man.

"You bet I would!" replied the financier from the farm.

"Well, how much can you put into the deal?"

The farmer gave the matter thoughtful consideration.

"Well," he said at last, "if it's a sure thing there's no use goin' too strong at the start. I'll invest a dime right now, an' then I'll invest the profit on that when I get it, an' so on up as long as it works."—Chicago Post.

Educational.

Highland Schoolmaster—Norman, did you ever see an elephant?

Norman—Noh, sir.

H. S.—Haf you seen one, Tonald?

Donald—Noh, sir.

H. S.—Hamish, haf you ever seen an elephant?

Hamish (eagerly)—Yes, sir.

H. S.—You are a coot poy, Hamish. Go up top.—John Bull.

What Bothered Him.

"Dar's one thing bothers me 'bout de hereafter," said Brother Williams.

"En what's dat?"

"Dis thing er livin' on milk en honey."

"Don't you like it?"

"No; it always did gimme de dyspepsia!"—Atlanta Constitution.

It isn't always well to take the bull by the horns, because under the circumstances you can't very well let go without trouble.—Boston Republic.

A Question of Time.

"Do you take this woman for better or worse"— began the clergyman, but before he could proceed further he was interrupted.

"It's too early to tell yet," answered the groom. "You'll have to give me time, sir."—Boston Post.

There is no law against laughter. You are here on earth and entitled to its sunshine.

How Wells Clock Strikes.

The great clock of Wells cathedral in England was built in 1322 for Glastonbury abbey and ran 250 years before it was removed to Wells.

The striking mechanism of the clock is very curious and elaborate. Above the dial is a little battlemented turret, with four knights on horseback, armed with lances, standing guard round it. At some distance from the clock itself, near the end of the transept, is a life size painted figure, quaintly ugly, with a battleax in its hand, while outside the cathedral is a second large dial, guarded by two tall figures of knights in armor.

When the gilt stars point to the hour, the painted figure (Jack Blandivir, as he is called by the country people about Wells, no one knows why) strikes the quarters by striking his heels against two bells behind him and then tolls the great bell of the clock by striking it with his battleax. The two standing knights in armor strike the outside bell with their halberds, and at the first stroke of the great bell the four knights on horseback over the inside dial start at a gallop and rush round and round the turret in a mimic tournament, in which one knight is thrown from his horse and regains his seat in every revolution.

Out of Tune.

A piano tuner employed by a city firm was sent to a certain suburb to tune a piano. He found the instrument in good condition and not in the least need of attention.

A few days later the firm received a letter from the owner of the piano, a lady of musical intention, stating that the piano had not been properly tuned. It was no better than before.

After receiving a reprimand from his employer the hapless tuner made another trip to the suburbs and again tested every note, only to find, as before, no fault with the instrument. This time he told the lady so.

"Yes," she said, "it does seem all right, doesn't it, when you play on it, but as soon as I begin to sing it gets all out of tune again."

Javanese Music.

The Javanese musical instruments are made mostly of bamboo. They also played upon a pipe or whistle, which was about three feet long and six inches across. This sounded like the hollow roar of a lion. Another was a bundle of tubes of different lengths, which covered the small boy who carried it like a big saddle. A log hewn out with two strings stretched across it served as a drum. A zither of sixteen strings and a mandolin of two completed their outdoor band, while inside one could hear other music made by gongs of wonderfully pure and beautiful tone.

A Donkey Decoy.

A traveler in central Africa tells of a native hunter of the Wanderobo tribe who was the possessor of a most accomplished donkey, which, with an antelope's horns strapped to its head, its body covered with a skin or painted to resemble the animal its master intended to stalk that day, was the means of deluding many an unwary creature into falling a victim to the poisoned arrows of the hunter crouching behind his four footed assistant.

At the Reception.

"I'm anxious to get the names of all present," said the reporter. "Will you oblige me"—

"Oh," said the meek man, "you may put down 'Mrs. Henry Peck and husband.'"

"You mean 'Mr. and Mrs. Henry Peck,' don't you?"

"I would prefer that," he replied, with a furtive glance over his shoulder, "but for goodness' sake don't say I gave it to you that way."

The Persian Way.

They have curious methods in Persia of insuring law and order. A failure of the crops had resulted in a dear loaf, which much enraged the populace. In order to quell the tumult the shah ordered a number of bakers to receive several hundred strokes with a rod, besides a few minor little attentions, such as the amputation of an ear or two.

Her Status.

"Why do you still call her a 'fin de siecle girl?'"

"What's the matter with that?"

"Why, since that means literally the 'end of the century girl' it was only used in speaking of girls toward the close of the last century."

"Well, that's when she was a girl."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Great Scheme.

"Have you decided yet upon a name for that new suburb of yours?"

"Yes. I am going to call it Lookout."

"I can't see anything striking or original about that."

"You can't. Think how everybody in the train will run to the windows when the brakeman calls out the name of the station."—Chicago Tribune.

Ayer's
Bald? Scalp shiny and thin? Then it's probably too late. You neglected dandruff. If you had only taken our advice, you would have cured
Hair Vigor
the dandruff, saved your hair, and added much to it. If not entirely bald, now is your opportunity. Improve it.
"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for over 40 years. I am now 91 years old and have a heavy growth of rich brown hair, due, I think, entirely to Ayer's Hair Vigor."
MRS. M. A. KEITH, Belleville, Ill.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Good Hair

No other food product has ever received the endorsement of so many Teachers of Cookery and Domestic Science Lecturers as
Cleveland's Baking Powder

The Birth of Advertisements.

The first periodical newspaper of the English press appeared in 1622, but advertisements were not developed till 1647. In April of the latter year was published No. 13 of "Perfect Occurrencies of Every Daie Journall in Parliament and Other Moderate Intelligence," which contained the following announcement:

"A Book applauded by the Clergy of England called 'The Divine Right of Church Government,' collected by sundry eminent Ministers in the Citie of London, corrected and augmented in many places, with a briefe Reply to certain Queries against the Ministery of England; Is printed and published for Joseph Hunscot and George Calvert and Are to be sold at Stationer's Hall and at the 'Golden Fleece' in the Old Change."

The London Gazette was the first newspaper to publish commercial advertisements, which soon began to occupy so much space that the proprietors, not wishing to "charge the Gazette with advertisements unless they be matters of State," issued a Special Advertisement Supplement, "printed apart and recommended to the Publick by another hand."

Older still is an advertisement in a black letter Dutch paper of an auction of sugar, ivory and tobacco held at the close of 1626.

Shaking Hands.

The custom of shaking hands originated in the ancient practice of adversaries grasping the weapon hand during a truce as a precaution against treachery. When two friends met they extended their weapon hands to each other as a sign that there was no need to stand on the defensive, and a handshake was but the natural outcome of a hearty and vigorous grasp.

Shaking hands appears to have become usual in the middle ages. Grasping hands made its appearance in early times as a legal act symbolic of the parties joining in compact, peace or friendship. This is well seen in marriage, where the hand grasp was part of the ancient Hindoo ceremony, as was the "dextrarum junctio" of Rome, which has passed into the Christian rite. We see it also used as a mere salutation, as where the tiresome acquaintance met by Horace in his stroll along the Via Sacra seized his hand.

Giving the right hand of fellowship (Galatians ii, 9) passed naturally into a salutation throughout Christendom.

Crossing the Feet.

Physical culturists say that the practice of sitting with the legs or even the feet crossed is a bad one and has more to do with cold feet than most persons imagine. It has this result principally through impeding the circulation of the blood in the leg that is crossed over the other. The femoral veins are cramped, with the consequence that the blood is dammed back into the feet and above the knee, inducing as well as cold feet a varicose condition in the veins of the calves. Another reason why the habit should be discouraged is the fact that on general physiological principles it is healthier to sit squarely with both feet resting upon the floor, whereas with the legs crossed the weight of the body is thrown almost wholly to one side or the other.

A Child's Logic.

A story illustrating the severe logic of some juvenile minds is told by the mother of the four-year-old girl involved. One day this observant miss saw a lame man on the street and asked her mother what made him walk so queer. The mother told her it was because one leg was shorter than the other.

"Well," she said, "there is a girl around the corner who is that way."

After a few minutes' meditation she remarked:

"Mamma, wasn't it funny that God didn't give the two long legs to the man and the two short ones to the girl?"—Baltimore Sun.

Labeled the Girls.

A good joke was played on the girls recently by the young men of a certain town. The boys had been rather remiss in their attentions, and the girls decided to show their independence. Consequently five of them hired a box at the theater and made a very charming theater party.

The play was "Wanted, a Husband," and the girls sat serene through it all, never dreaming that the enemy had fastened one of the posters, "Wanted, a Husband," round the box so that the audience might read.

The Happier Man.

A north Missouri paper asks, "Who is the happier, the man who possesses $100,000 or the man who has seven daughters?" To which another exchange replies: "The man with the surplus girls, of course. The man with the money is not satisfied and wants more. The man with the seven daughters is satisfied. He has enough.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, DEC. 18, 1903.

SOUND SENSE AND GOOD TALK.

Those who direct the policy of The *News* believe in no-license, not merely as a political expedient, but as a moral principle, and endeavor to shape their daily conduct so as to conform to the logic of a true no-license principle which is found in the motto: "Example is better than precept." For that reason it has no regrets at the outcome of the no-license vote, and we hope Mayor Feeney will enforce the law to the letter. * * * Few will dispute the assertion, we think, that property values, leaving aside the moral question, would materially advance under a permanent no-license regime, but if the result is to be attained, it must be urged as a moral and business principle, fifty-two weeks in the year, and not as a political expedient for a fortnight before election.—*Woburn News.*

Precisely the ground that the JOURNAL has occupied during the last 23 years, and which it continues to maintain to the best of its ability. A permanent anti-license policy can alone save this fair city, materially and morally; but that desirable result can never be secured by spasmodic efforts put forth at long intervals, during which our people sleep over the question.

☞ Woburn is normally a no-license community, and its return to that policy this year was not unexpected.—*Boston Journal.*

Sure! No one here seriously questions the fact that Woburn is a no license city. The issue of license or no license was squarely made on the 8th of this month and the latter won by 205 majority, by an increase over last year's "No" vote of 247, and against a "Yes" vote of 23 more than in 1902. In addition to this splendid victory for no-license, there remained a reserve of 119 blanks to draw from, nine-tenths of which, it is fair to presume, would have voted against license. The license party strained every nerve, spent money lavishly, got out every man able to go to the polls, and were everlastingly overwhelmed.

☞ Mayor Feeney has the appearance of being invincible in Woburn.—*Reading Chronicle.*

It looks that way, certainly. Beginning in 1896, at the age of 24, he has been elected Mayor of Woburn five times against the best and most popular men in the city and it really looks as though he had got laid away in his safe a first mortgage on that office.

☞ Last Wednesday Representative Aldrich, J. W. Johnson, esq., Hon A. S. Wood, Frank Wetherell, Ex-Mayor Davis, H. S. Riley, esq., and Elmore Pierce, all of Woburn, and Representative Nowell of Reading, attendid a hearing by the Metropolitan Park Commission in Boston on the matter of connecting Woburn with the Mystic Valley Parkway.

☞ From current talk the JOURNAL concludes that Ald. W. Frank Maguire is to be President of the next City Council. He would fill the office with ability and respectability, and barring Ald. McCormick and perhaps one or two others, he is the only member of the Board who is competent to do the business.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Mrs. Plumer—To Let.
Mrs. Andrews—Board.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
F. P. Brooks—Christmas.
Commonwealth Mass.—Citation.
Five Cents Savings Bank—Notice.

— Read what F. P. Brooks has to say in his ad.

— Major Meridith is to inspect Co. G, 5th Regiment, on Jan. 4.

— Mrs. W. Andrews of Burlington advertises in this paper for horses to board.

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— The Woman's Club are to give a fashionable whist party on New Year's eve.

— The concert by the Highland Orchestra is to be given about the last of January.

— Hose 1 was called out on a still alarm for a brush fire yesterday afternoon on Bow street.

— Prof. Wade of Tufts College gave a smoke talk before the Towanda Club last Wednesday evening.

— Capt. Crane's residence on Warren avenue is to be occupied this winter by his son-in-law, Mr. Frank Dodge.

— Nothing of importance was done at the special meeting of the City Council on Thursday evening, Dec. 10.

— Stick a pin here: the population of Woburn will increase more in the next five years than it has in the last 15.

— With a single exception business houses have closed on Monday and Wednesday evenings according to agreement.

— The Annual Supper followed by speaking of the Alliance Branch at the Unitarian church will be held Thursday, Jan. 7.

— Whitcher's "Woburn Souvenir" postal cards go all over the world. They make good advertising for our fine old town.

— No matter who the Council elect for City Auditor, one man is bound to be sorely disappointed. The election didn't go his way.

— Cold winter weather followed a heavy rainstorm on Sunday. It made fine skating and improved the conditions for cutting ice.

— Mr. Frank Wetherell has published a book named the Woburn Ready Reference Record and is passing them around to the houses.

— On Monday Dec. 21, the Robbins Drug Co. will present each lady visitor to their store a package of the best assorted chocolates. See ad.

— The whist party given by Miss Grace Bond at her home in N. W. last week to a merry company of her friends, was a delightful affair.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Christmas Concert at the First Baptist Church will be held Dec. 27, at 4 P. M.

— The evening school is doing a good work in meeting the demands of those who need it. Good progress in practical learning is being made.

— The election of Lawyer Grace Norris to the School Board gives universal satisfaction. She is in every respect admirably fitted for the position.

— The portrait of Hon. William F. Davis, President of the District Nurse Association, appeared in the *News* last week "as big as life, and twice as natural."

— The Woburn Polo team won a big victory over the Lynn team at Lynn last Tuesday evening, the score standing 8 for Woburn, 5 for the Shoemakers.

— The Woburn laundry, Moore proprietor, is doing a landoffice business these balmy winter days. It is a good one, and Moore is the right man in the right place.

— Pastor Tilton says the finances of the North Congregational church are in firstrate condition, never better. And the society have Pastor Tilton to thank, in great part, for it.

— No small share of the credit for the splendid no-license victory on Dec. 8, belongs to the W. C. T. U. of this city. They move in a modest way, but their good work tells.

— City Clerk Finn's term of office is for 3 years and he will not be hauled over the coals until Jan. 1905. He is lucky, for there is no telling what the Council of 1904 might do.

— Mrs. A. J. Plumer advertises a good, thoroughly equipped, pleasantly located house to let on reasonable terms. It is neat, well built, and every way convenient and handy.

— The tailend of Chicago's blizzard must have switched around these parts, for it has been cold this week. Five persons and several horses were frozen to death in Chicago last Monday.

— The hunter dog that J. E. Boutwell sold to a Rhode Island gentlemen for $100 not long ago captured first prize at the late New York bench show. Boutwell raises some fine prize winners.

— Rev. Dr. March preached a grand good sermon at the Orthodox church last Sunday evening. He made it evident to the minds of his hearers that he hasn't stopped growing intellectually by a long chalk.

— White, the barber, has had his quarters, located on a ground floor of the JOURNAL block, recently overhauled, painted, papered, and otherwise improved, and they are now as clean as a whistle.

— A new I. O. O. F. Lodge, called the Woburn Lodge, organized with 44 charter members at 33 G. A. R. Hall last Wednesday evening. They will meet next Wednesday evening in the same Hall to elect officers.

— Ex-Mayor William F. Davis was highly elated over the success of no-license last election day. He has been a robust and influential champion of the cause in the past, and can be relied on for good work in the future.

— Mr. Lawrence Martin, the Democratic wheelhorse of Ward 5, left here last Thursday evening for Indian Territory, where he has large real estate interests. He did a good job for Mayor Feeney on election day.

— Tickets for the Boston & Maine Railroad Canadian excursion will be sold on Dec. 28 to 31, at a greatly reduced price. It will be a fine opportunity to see Canada amid its winter sports, and the cities on the grand St. Lawrence River.

— "Joe" McGarrey, late of the Tremont Theatre, Boston, is to manage a company of touring playactors through the British Provinces this winter. They start soon after Christmas. "Joe" is a broth of a boy, with a heart as big as an ox.

— The Ladies' Industrial Society of the First Baptist Church held their monthly supper last evening at which about 150 sat down. The supper was followed by a fine entertainment consisting of piano solos, readings and dialogues, vocal selections, etc.

— The following are the newly elected officers of the Y. P. S. C. E. of Union Chapel, Cummingsville: President, James H. Farrell; V. P., Lizzie M. Ray; S., Robert J. Morrow; T., Andrew Harren; Organist, Arthur Johnson; S. S. Supt., Adam Williamson.

— Although able to do so, we refrain from naming the pair of voters who were the most disappointed over, and dissatisfied with, the election. While professing to work for no-license they cared only and solely for the defeat of Mayor Feeney, and were badly beaten.

— A suspicion rests on our minds that Capt. J. P. Crane of 48 Warren avenue left here yesterday, or will leave today, for Pinehurst, N. C., his favorite winter resort for several years past. He will carry with him the best wishes of the JOURNAL for his health and happiness during the winter.

— The Rifle Team of Co. G are to repeat their series of social dances at Armory Hall this winter. The first party of the series was given last evening under the business management of Mr. James Durward, Jr., who has been remarkably successful in handling them in years past.

— The play of "Cinderella" will be given in the Unitarian vestry, Wednesday evening, Dec. 30, under the direction of Mrs. H. C. Parker. A fine cast of characters, including Helen Sylvester as Cinderella and Harold Child as the Prince, is assured. Tickets 25 cents. Children 15 cents.

— About the last of January next or early in February the Highland Orchestra, one of the best and most popular instrumental music purveying combinations in this city, will give a concert in Lyceum Hall, particulars of which may be looked for in the JOURNAL at an early day.

A Handsome Rug

Makes a Very Acceptable

CHRISTMAS GIFT

We have the largest assortment and greatest variety that can be found in Boston, the entire street floor being given over to their display.

ORIENTAL RUGS from $5.00 to $2,000
DOMESTIC RUGS from $1.25 to $100

To accommodate those who may be unable to visit our establishment we shall be pleased to send an assortment by express on approbation.

You are cordially invited to visit our store, and the same courtesy will be extended to you whether you intend to purchase or not.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.,
646 to 658 Washington St., Boston.
Opp Boylston St.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

HOLIDAYS

Are made happier by an OVERCOAT and SUIT OF CLOTHES from

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

Confectionery for Christmas!

We call your special attention to our New Stock, comprising of the most elaborate assortment of Dainty Boxes displayed in Woburn.

Special Notice!

On MONDAY, Dec 21st, we shall present with our compliments, to each lady visiting our a package of the best assorted Chocolates. ☞ Don't forget the date.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
The first Drugstore in Woburn to break the combination.

NEW GOODS

IN OUR STORE!

Fresh Drugs,
Fancy Stationery,
Fine Confectionery,
Dainty Perfumes,
Toilet Articles,
Holiday Novelties,
Photo Calendars,
Medallions.

We have disposed of all Fire and Water Damaged Stock, and have the above in great variety.
☞ Call and see them in the Handsome White Store.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St., WOBURN.

— The Christmas Services at the Unitarian Church will be on the Sunday, after Christmas, the 27 th.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— The recount of the vote for members of the School Board Wednesday evening found a few errors, but did not change the result.

— Mr. Bryan McSweeney is local agent for sound, firstclass Fire and Life Insurance Companies. Apply at 7 Munroe street.—5

— The regular quarterly meeting of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank is to be held on Jan. 1, 1904, so Clerk Jones says, and he ought to know.

— The alarm from box 512 at 7 30 last Monday evenig was for a fire that destroyed the dancing pavilion at Initou Park Horn Pond owned, by R. P. E. Vary.

— Thursday morning, Dec. 17, Mr. Callahan, Supt. of the Church avenue Weather Bureau, reported 4 above zero at 6 30 A M. At other points it was from zero to 8 above.

— The last regular meeting of Corps 161 for 1903, will be held in G. A. R. Hall, Tuesday evening, Dec. 22. The ladies of the Corps will serve a supper on that evening as usual at 9.30.

— It is understood that the suspension of Haggarty's little *Times* is only temporary, just a brief letup to give its Editor a chance to spit on his hands, roll up his shirt sleeves, and prepare for a campaign against the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, more vigorous and successful than ever before.

— Last Tuesday evening, at the Towanda Clubhouse, a match game, for the possession of the Foster whist trophy, was played between Towanda and the Waltham Canoe club. The game was a tie. G. W. Buchanan, J. M. Portal, E. F. Johnson, and J. C. Buck played for Towanda, and C. L. Bacon, D. W. Olmstead, J. R. Bowker and B. L. Turner for Waltham.

— Don't fail to read the new ad of the Robbins Drug Co.

— A story is in circulation around town to the effect that the annual ball of the High School is to be given on some evening early next month. It is a social event that is always looked forward to with intense interest. The report is current, too, that elegant ball dresses are on the stocks, and clawhammer coats in the hands of the tailors. It is bound to be a swell affair.

— The demand for C. A. Nichols's rugs is large and increasing every week. He makes the best, a fact that people have caught onto and are making the most of. Mr. Nichols has orders from far and near and has all he can do to fill them He takes an old worn-out carpet and produces a rug as handsome as the best Persian, and the change does not cost the owner much, either.

— Dennis F. Murphy, the defeated Democratic candidate for Alderman-at-Large, was the best educated and brightest pupil that graduated from Master Owen's High School, and is now filling a responsible position at a handsome salary in Boston. He didn't want the nomination, and knew nothing about it until after the caucus and the report of them appeared in the newspapers.

— Miss Jennie Trecartin, who carries the part of treble in the Etonia concert to be given at the Orthodox church, this, Friday evening, Dec. 18, is a wonderfully gifted songstress, so those who have had the pleasure of listening to her say. They say her melodious voice charms everybody within reach of it, which fact alone ought to, and probably will, attract a large audience this evening to enjoy the sweet minstrelsy of the Etonia Artists.

— It is altogether unnecessary for the JOURNAL to state that the great carpet house of John H Pray & Sons Company is the leading establishment of the kind in Boston and New England, for everybody knows and recognizes the fact—it is an old story. Besides being, by all odds, the largest house, it has a widespread reputation for honest and square dealing which, in years past, has gone far towards securing for itself the honorable standing it enjoys with the public, and still maintains to the fullest extent. Particular attention is asked for the new advertisement of John H. Pray & Sons Company in this paper.

— It is to be presumed that the District Nurse Association is flourishing, although it is true that not much is heard about it. The committees were filled some time ago, and with people who, one would think, are capable and willing to make a success of it. But there are always some who, in such a cause, everlastingly gig back in the breeching, and are a dead weight on it, which is quite likely to be true in this case.

— We learn from the Newark, N. J. *Advertiser* that our friend and former esteemed fellow citizen, Capt. J. Henry Symonds of Oradell, N. J., won first prize for his Favorelle rooster, a new breed, at the poultry show in Newark recently, for which he will please accept the congratulations of the JOURNAL. The *Advertiser* said the Captain's Favorelle entries were pure white, of an enormous size, beautiful plumage, and peculiar comb.

— No business, to speak of, will be done in this city next Friday, for "Christmas comes but once a year," and people can afford to hang up their fiddles that day and be merry. The postoffice will be closed, except during the customary holiday hours; no life will be found in City Hall; no money can be obtained at the banks; Christmas trees, presents, dinners, family gatherings, deserted streets, "Peace on Earth, Good will to men."

— We have been informed that Clarke, the School Committeeman-elect, entered on the prospective duties of his office the next day after the election by visiting some of the schools. According to all accounts, he is bound to make things lively in the Board. A singular thing about his election was, that many voters thought they were casting their ballots for Mr. Frank R. Clark, submaster of the High School, instead of Mr. Charles C. Clarke.

— Business at the tanneries is not just now up to concert pitch, if the reports from them are reliable. A good many men, it is affirmed, are idle, which is bad, for if men ever needed work and money for it in their lives, they need it now. At the best, cold weather always pinches the poor, and lack of employment and pay in mid winter is for them a sore affliction But work at the leather factories goes and comes, like the old woman's soap

— If the matter has been correctly understood, the Boston & Northern Street Railroad Company have no use for a Cummingsville franchise unless the Arlington Road one, asked for, can go with it. Their petition for the latter has been turned down by the City Council, and it is extremely doubtful if the Company will avail themselves of the West Side grant. What the B & N. want is a Boston outlet for their Lowell and Woburn line, and to get it they were willing to take on the Cummingsville attachment; but since it has been refused, it is questionable if they care whether school keeps, or not.

— Ten car crews on the North Woburn Division of the Boston & Northern road were laid off last week between Medford and Lowell. The cars now change crews at Marion's turnout at the Woburn-Wilmington line, the Lowell men running to that point and returning with their cars.

— Rev. Frank P. Johnson of this city has severed his pastoral connection with the Winchester Episcopal church and goes to New Orleans as Assistant to the Bishop of that Diocese. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Johnson, and one of the most promising young men that has been reared in Woburn for many years.

M. E. Church Notes.

The chorus which has been under the instruction of Prof. W. W. Adams will give their concert Jan. 18, 1904. Prof. Delbert G. Lean of Emerson College of Oratory will be the reader.

The Gospel Ten of Boston University School of Theology will begin their series of special meetings in M. E. Church Sunday morning, Dec 27. The team has been doing excellent work.

The newly elected officers of the Epworth League for the year 1904 are Pres. Clara M. Langell; 1st Vice Pres Fred McMackan, 2d Vice Pres. Mabel West, 3d Vice Pres. May B. Armstrong, 4th Vice Pres. Florence L. Howe, Secretary, Thannie W. Gleason Treasurer, James H. Farrell.

The date set for the dedication of the M. E. Church Gymnasium is Jan. 12, 1904. For this occasion, Prof. Robert J. Roberts, senior instructor in the Boston YMCA, has been secured to deliver an illustrated address.

A Reunion.

The reunion of the 32d Regt., M. V., was held Dec. 12, at the American House, Boston. At the business meeting Lt. Loring Burrell of Lynn, was chosen President, and Quartermaster I. F. Hoyt, Sec.

Ex Gov. Long, Col. Olin, and Gen. Blackmar, were guests, all of whom made fine speeches. Col. Olin brought with him his Band of Sweet Singers and enlivened the occasion with patriotic songs.

It was one of the best reunions the Regt. ever had and closed by singing Auld Lang Syne—VENERAN.

City Council.

The Borad of Aldermen held a regular session on Monday evening, Dec. 14, at which not much business of importance was transacted.

The Council referred to the Council of 1904 locations petitionep for by the Lowell & Boston St. Ry. Co. The order granting location to the Company on Bedford, Willow and Burlington streets was adopted, leave to withdraw being reported on the application for Arlington Road and Lake Avenue.

ACCEPTABLE GIFTS

FOR THE MEN FOLKS.

Big Men and Will-Be-Men.

Buy in Woburn and save money, time and annoyance. The advantages are lower prices than Boston rents can afford; more courteous and interested clerks; greater promptness in serving your needs; cheerful exchanges when necessary; avoidance of jostling crowds—combined with assortments large enough to satisfy any reasonable requirement, and in excess of many large Boston stores.

New, fresh, bright stocks of Neckwear at 25c., 50, $1.00, $1.50.
Suspenders, 15c., 25, 50, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00.
Collars, 15c., $1.50 per dozen.
Gloves, 25c. to $5.00.
Mufflers, 25c. to $4.00.
Handkerchiefs, 5c. to 50c.
Initial Handkerchiefs, 25c. and 50c.
Armlets, 10c. to $1.00
Ladies' Umbrellas, $1.00 to $5.00.
Men's Umbrellas, 50c. to $5.00.
Children's School Umbrellas, 50c. to 75c.
Boston Bags, 50c. to $5.00.
Suit Cases, $1.50 to $12.00.
House Coats, $5.00 to $10.
Bathrobes, $3.00 to $6.00.
Pajamas, $1.00 to $2.50, and hundreds of other articles.

Everything in Clothing that is new and correct to wear for Men and Boys. We have made preparations for a "record breaking" Holiday business and invite your inspection.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers,
Lyceum Hall, Building, WOBURN.
ESTABLISHED, 1851.

Xmas Perfume at Cut Prices!

THE DISPLAY OF PERFUME AT Whitcher's is the LARGEST in town, BEST in quality and CHEAPEST in price.

In STATIONERY and CONFECTIONERY the assortment is also complete.

Try a pound of POP CORN MIDGETS 25 cents.

$3.00 WORTH OF STAMPS
—WITH A—
ONE DOLLAR PURCHASE!

Cut out the coupon below and present it at the store of

E. P. Fitzwilliam & Co.
373 MAIN STREET,

and with a One Dollar purchase you will receive Three Dollars worth of Stamps.

GOOD FOR
$3 Worth of Stamps
With a $1.00 Purchase.
GOOD ONLY at the store of
E. P. FITZWILLIAM & CO.,
373 Main Street. Woburn, Mass.

Mr. Champney

announces that he will be pleased to show the result of his

Summer's Work

to visitors. Among the Pictures will be found pleasing subjects for

Christmas Gifts

Hours: 11 A. M. and 4 P. M.

40 Pleasant St., Woburn

Very Desirable House
To Let.

I offer to rent No. 9 Wyer's Court. It contains 8 good rooms; is neat, nice, warm, handy and convenient. It is right every way.

Apply to Mrs. A. J. PLUMER,
53 Bow St., Woburn.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES.
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio · First National Bank Building.

The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.

The National Graded Course Used.
The Virgil Practice Claviæ System.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, Woburn, Massachusetts,

Friday, January 1st, 1904,

at seven thirty (7 30) o'clock, in the evening, to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact any other business that may legally come before them.

CHARLIE A. JONES, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., December 18th, 1903.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, January 2d, 1904, will draw interest from that date.

The January interest dividend will be due and payable on and after Saturday, January, 16th, 1904, in accordance with the provisions of the By-Laws.

CHARLIE A. JONES, Treasurer.

NOTICE.

In compliance with the requirements of Section 19 of Chapter 113 of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth, I hereby certify that the following named persons constitute the Board of Investment of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank for the year ending July 1st, 1904:

Benjamin Hinckley,
John R. Carter,
Squire B. Goddard,
Herbert B. Dow,
John Winn,
William Beggs,
Lewis W. Thompson,
Luke W. Fowle,
Winthrop Hammond.

Attest:

CHARLIE A. JONES, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., December 18th, 1903.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "Goodness that can be purchased."
Sunday School at 12 M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—4th Sunday in Advent.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Christmas Eve, Children's Festival at 4.30.
Christmas Day, Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Henry B. Williams.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
Wednesday evening, Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Christian Science."
Sunday School for the Children at 11 45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Christ's Message to Humanity."
12 M. Sunday School.
3.30 P. M., Junior Epworth League.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
At 7 P. M., Subject: "I that speak unto thee am He" (Jesus the Messiah.)
Monday, at 7.30 P. M., Prof. W. W. Adams chorus rehearsal.
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Christmas tree—Christmas night.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 14, Elizabeth Raymond, aged 70 years.

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

Flannellette Wrappers

suitable for winter wear. Large full sizes.

Neat Pretty Patterns.

A large assortment.

Outing Flannel Night Robes and Petticoats for Women and Children.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Our Fall Festival.

The Annual Sale—the sale the people wait for—the greatest and most popular merchandizing event offered every year. Never before were our preparations so complete and so extensive—never before has there been such an opportunity for you.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,

JEWELERS,

Watches, Diamonds, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware and Cut Glass.

409 Main Street, WOBURN.

☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

—OUR—

Tea

—AND—

Coffee

Trade has always been an important part of our business. We take great care in selecting our goods, believing that quality in Tea and Coffee is always appreciated, and we are prepared to meet any competition in this particular line.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

Waltham Watches AT WHOLESALE

A Ladies' size Waltham, in a gold filled case, warranted 20 years, stem wind and set, **$9·90**

A Ladies' full Jeweled Waltham, in gold filled case, warranted 20 years, stem wind and set, **11.75**

A Ladies' Waltham, in a Solid Gold Case, stem wind and set, fully warranted, **17 50**

Gents' size Waltham, in a gold filled case, warranted 20 years, stem wind and set, **9.45**

A seventeen Jeweled Gents' size in a gold filled case, warranted 20 years, stem wind and set, patent regular, fully adjusted Railroad Watch, the regular retail price $22, our wholesale price, **15.90**

If you pay any more than these prices to anyone you pay too much.

We can't give you the prices on all our Watches, but call and see them for yourself. We have over 20 Watches to select from

We are selling a Parlor Clock, black marbleized, gilt trimmed, strikes hour and half hour on two bells, a beauty, the regular price is $6·00, our wholesale price **$3 85**. 25 different patterns.

We carry all the best make of goods such as the Seth Thomas and Ansonia Clocks, Elgin and Waltham Watches, Simons and Sterns Chains, 1847 Roger Brothers' and Wm. Rogers' Silver Ware. There is none better than these goods we carry, and no one's prices so low. Our diamonds are not cut glass but the real article, and flashy too; they flash all the colors of the rainbow.

BOTH GREEN AND BLUE STAMPS

OSBORN GILLETTE

Wholesale and Retail Jeweler

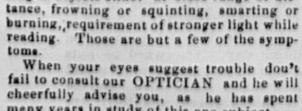
WOBURN and BOSTON

Houghton & Dutton,

BOSTON.

Optical Parlors 9th Floor.

A FEW EYE HINTS.



Your eyes will tell when you need glasses Here are a few hints:—Headaches, Dizziness, sleepy feeling while reading, blurring of objects either at close range or distance, frowning or squinting, smarting or burning, requirement of stronger light while reading. Those are but a few of the symptoms.

When your eyes suggest trouble don't fail to consult our OPTICIAN and he will cheerfully advise you, as he has spent many years in study of this one subject.

OUR GUARANTEE IS

Entire Satisfaction at Lowest Prices.

N. B.—This department is under the personal supervision of Mr. Albert A. Carter, the wellknown optician of this city.

"FEELING" CLEAN.

A

CABOT'S Sulpho Napthol

Antiseptic Bath

gives a delightful, gratifying sense of personal cleanliness; a sense of healthy invigoration, entirely different from anything before experienced. You not only know, but *feel* you are clean. Heals all sores, eruptions of skin, chafing, etc

Avoid injurious "just as good" kinds. Look for above Trade-Mark.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

COURT OF LAND REGISTRATION.

To Antonio Shydecker, Charles Kingsley, Arthur H. Blake and Arthur C. Ellis of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Leslie E. Farr of Boston, in the County of Suffolk and said Commonwealth, to register and confirm his title in the following-described land: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situate in said Woburn and bounded as follows:—Easterly by Washington street 295.79 feet; Southerly by land of Charles Kinsley 761.75; Westerly by land of A. C. Ellis on two lines 238.83 feet and 103.32 feet, respectively; Northerly by land of Antonio Shydecker 512.10 feet; Easterly by the same 62.35 feet; and Northerly still by said Shydecker land 254.35 feet. Containing 5 727-1000 acres of land.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Court of Land Registration, to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the eleventh day of January, A. D. 1904, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of December, in the year nineteen hundred and three.

Attest with Seal of said Court. [SEAL]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Margaret Reagan, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Margaret E. Marrinan of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of January, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the devisees under the will and all persons interested in the estate of Sarah M. Fuller, late of Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, deceased, testate.

WHEREAS, Edward F. Johnson, executor of the will of said deceased, has presented his petition for authority to mortgage certain real estate therein described, of the estate of said deceased, to raise the sum of five hundred dollars, for the purpose of paying legacies and charges of administration:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of January, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Charles Choate late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John M. Harlow, the trustee under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the fourth and final account of his trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the fifth day of January, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of December in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after October 19, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica and Lowell at 5 45 a. m. hourly until 9.45 p. m; also 11 p. m, for Burlington and Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 55 a. m., hourly till 9.55 p m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn and Boston or Lowell 6.30 a. m,, and hourly untill 10.30 p. m., also for Woburn 11.30 p. m.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.55 a. m, hourly till 11 55 p. m.,

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly until 12.15 midnight connecting with B & M trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 00 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

Sunday—First car leaves Woburn 6 45 a m., hourly until 10 45 p. m., Billerica 7 39 a. m., Lowell, 7. 55 a, m.

C. W. B. HARRISON, Supt.

Pure Water!

One of the principal essentials in preserving health.

Cadwell's Crystal Spring Water

One of the purest and best in New England. Address

C. H. CADWELL,
Woburn.

FOR XMAS.

What is more pleasing for a Christmas Gift than a pretty box of

FRESH CANDY.

CRAWFORD'S

No. 412 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE: 48-3.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS

Made into handsome and durable

RUGS

For full particulars address

C. A. NICHOLS,

Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

YOU CAN KEEP OUT A LOT OF COLD BY USING OUR

STORM WINDOWS

WE HAVE A LAGE STOCK.

E. A. CARLISE & POPE CO.

2A Sudbury St., Boston.

DOORS. WINDOWS and BDINDS.

CORNELIUS L. BABCOCK,

INSURANCE.

LIFE, ACCIDENT, HEALTH.

Notary Public, Pensions, Real Estate.

79 Elm St., No. Woburn, Mass.

First National Bank OF WOBURN.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, Mass, for the election of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting, will be held at the Banking Rooms on **Tuesday, January 12, 1904, at 4.45 o'clock, P. M.**

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 11, 1903.

Sleighs For Sale

CHEAP!

3 Good Single Sleighs, and one Double-Seated Sleigh for sale cheap. Enquire of

MRS SARAH S. JONES,
26 Salem street, Woburn.

WANTED!

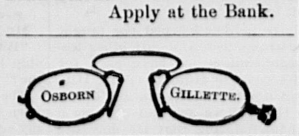
HORSES TO BOARD.

$2.50 per week, Box stalls. Good care Address MRS W. ANDREWS, Cambridge street, Burlington.

Desk Room To Let

at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.



The District Nurse Association.

On the organization of this noble scheme for the public weal the following officers and committees were chosen: President, William F. Davis; Vice-President, Mrs. Sadie H. Burdett; Secretary, Mrs. Sybil S. Trull; Treasurer, Miss Mary A. Frost; Finance Committee, Miss E. Maria Carter, Mrs. Carrie E. Dow, Mrs. V. Jeannette Davis, Mrs. Nellie S. Shaw, Miss Elizabeth J. Callahan, Mrs. Susan A. Wilson, Mrs. M. Louise Beggs, Mrs. Mary M. Leen, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Nichols, Mrs. Joanna M. Duncan, Mrs. Emily E. Jones, Mrs. Adelaide M. Trull.

Supply Committee, Mrs. Martha E. Bond, Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward, Mrs. Emma M. Wright, Mrs. Melina L. Skinner, Mrs. Flora J. Portal, Mrs. Cecelia R. Mahern, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Staples, Mrs. Kate M. Fowle, Mrs. Caroline B. Wade, Miss Mary E. Hevey, Mrs. Carrie M. DeLoriea, Mrs. Frances K. Harlow.

Nursing Committee; Mrs. Josephine S. Carter, Mrs. Emma E. Eaton, Mrs. Alice Marion, Miss Nellie E. O'Brien, Mrs. Lizzie C. Stanley, Mrs. Mary B. Winn, Miss Jennie Lynch, Mrs. Susan A. Wood, Miss Nellie L. Sheehan, Mrs. Isabel W. Littlefield, Mrs. Clara N. Kelley, Mrs. Wilhelmina F. Copeland, Mrs. Harriet J. Ireland, Mrs. Mary F. M. Partridge.

A Card.

We wish to express our gratitude to friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted and sympathized with us during the prolonged illness of Albert A. Ferrin and also to members of the Woburn Fire Dept. and Crystal Fount Lodge for the manner in which their last services were performed.

MRS. ISABELLA FERRIN AND FAMILY.
472 High St., West Medford, Mass.

Christmas Presents.

The merchants and shopmen of Woburn are to be congratulated on their success in preserving our wideawake and busy city as a centre of holiday trade and the chief resort of purchasers of holiday goods for miles around, and for the unmistakable increase in that trade from year to year. Our business men have brought about this desirable condition of holiday traffic, and made Woburn a centre for it, by individual enterprise, zeal, good judgment, and the employment of methods that never fail to win; or to state it in concrete form: they keep for sale an endless variety of holiday goods, ample stocks, and sell them just as cheap as Boston merchants sell them. This is why Woburn is recognized, and has been for several years past, by purchasers dwelling within a radius of several miles, which includes a population of 50,000 or 60,000, as the best place in the suburbs of Boston at which to buy Christmas and New Year's presents for families and friends. This is the reason why our streets and our stores are thronged with people from a week before Christmas to the close of New Year's day, and depart every evening loaded with the fine things that Woburn has to sell. The numerous street railway lines that centre here, the steam railroad, and private teams fetch these throngs of buyers to our doors, and the merchants do the rest.

Below is given a list of the principal dealers in this city, at whose stores are to be found now on exhibition great stocks of goods selected expressly for the holidays which include everything desirable, useful and ornamental, for the exchange of gifts and make Christmas a merry and happy season. An evening stroll along the business streets of the city, suggests something akin to fairyland. The stores are illuminated with extraordinary brilliancy, and their windows are beautifully decorated in new fashions and furnishings, arranged with consummate taste, and presenting a highly attractive and charming appearance.

We hope to be pardoned for the meagreness of detail in our mention of the principal depots for holiday goods, for the great number of them, and the richness and variety of their contents, utterly precludes anything approaching a particular description of each.

First in order is the large admirably appointed and handsome store of Hammond & Son, the leading clothing and gentleman's furnishing goods establishment in the county. It is in perfect trim for the biggest kind of a holiday trade, which it is sure to have. It is the oldest house of the kind in this part of the country and one of the most up to date.

At L. Waldo Thompson's hardware store is seen a full supply of sleds, skates, fine cutlery, and numerous other kinds of goods suitable for Christmas presents. Go early and avoid the rush.

At George Durward's popular market the wherewithal for a choice Christmas dinner is ready for the purchaser, including the Christmas goose, turkeys, ducks, etc.

Mrs. Jennings, as usual, has a large stock of fine holiday wares which will please the young ones, as well as the old folks.

Gentlemen who dote on correct dressing up will find many things to please them in the line of neckwear and goods of that kind at the old and reliable house of Gage & Co.

The fully equipped store of the Robbins Drug Company shows fine stocks of gift goods, all of which are marked down to bedrock prices. If any people pass that store without calling they will surely miss a figure.

An easychair makes a nice present for the elders, and the very best and latest styles are on sale at Burnes's favorite furniture and house supply store. Elegant rugs for the parlors, carved brackets, lightstands, and other fine holiday goods, are to be seen at Burnes's.

Of course, the stockings of the good pastors must be discovered crammed full of slippers Christmas morning, and a good place to buy them is at Mr. Peter Carlson's store.

The store of E. P. Fitzwilliams & Co. makes an attractive appearance this Christmas time. Lots of gift goods fill its shelves and drawers.

Beautiful window displays of Christmas specialties are seen at the old and busy dry goods house of Copeland & Bowser, and no place anywhere offers stronger inducements to purchasers than it does. C. & B. head the procession.

No Christmas dinner can possibly be complete without several bagsful of the good things bought expressly for the holidays by Fitz & Stanley for the Boston Branch.

Brooks, the druggist, opened his elegant stocks of holiday goods last Tuesday, and better ones cannot be found anywhere. Everything is new, neat, nice, and in variety none can be found to excel it.

Crawford's is headquarters for Christmas candies, icecreams, and similar luxuries. He has taken special pains to supply the very best of everything to meet the holiday demand.

Osborn Gillette makes a specialty of Waltham watches and fine parlor clocks, besides which he has filled his spacious store with elegant gold and silver wares, diamonds and other precious stones, all for Christmas presents.

Some useful presents for the holidays are to be found at the store of C. M. Strout & Co.

No Christmas dinner can possibly be complete without fruit, and the place to get the very best of all kinds is at Angy Crovo's popular store.

For a splendid display of rich and fashionable jewelry, for elegant silverware, heavy gold chains, rings, pins, etc., cut glass, diamonds and gems of rare beauty, clocks, watches, etc., one must visit the store of L. E. Hanson & Co.

Christmas is coming and Linnell's Market is here, with James Linnell, its popular Manager, up and dressed for holiday trade.

Willis J. Buckman is fully prepared for Christmas with every thing in the grocery line necessary for a firstclass dinner on that festival day, at prices that defy competition,

Kodaks are a specialty at Whitcher's drugstore and the sale of them is brisk. No more appropriate Christmas present can be made than one of Whitcher's kodaks, unless it be an assortment of his fine Woburn Souvenir Private Postal cards.

The above are only a part of the places in Woburn where holiday goods, in great abundance and rare quality, are to be found. All of them are beautifully decorated, the show windows never making a more attractive appearance than this year, and the people are buying them.

Ideal Woburn.

The author of the eighty-seventh Psalm, when he uttered these grand old words, "Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God," when he paid this fine tribute, had in mind the city of Jerusalem, in Palestine. And yet there never was a time in the entire history of the city of Jerusalem when, for one moment, it could be compared in health, in intelligence, in morals, with the city of Woburn. We are apt to forget this, because we read such blessed things about Jerusalem in the Bible. The people were ignorant; sanitary regulations were nothing; the morals of the time were low; the centre of the religious life was a shambles dripping with the blood of beasts, that would disgust any of us today. Its entire life was unspeakably behind the life of our city at the present hour. And yet the poet could say, "Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God."

In spite of all the talk about the centres of crime and immorality, I believe that, on the average, our city is more moral. What does morality mean? No matter about its origin, but its practical development. It means those rules of life in obedience to which people in society are able to live together. The churches here are the centres of power for the renovation of the social life, for the lifting up of the moral and political and industrial life of the time. Our schools are equipped with as fine a corps of educators as can be found. Indeed, are we not pointed to as unusual in our educational advancements? In no way are these great centres of spiritual and intellectual life causes for discouragement.

Nature has done great things for Woburn. Our water privilege excellent, The Library, with educational functions, what better can we desire? We naturally feel and are troubled by the disagreeable things that chafe against us every time that we come into contact with them. But it is the writer's purpose to be optimistic of the Woburn to be; the city that may be; the city that needs only uplifting and development along lines already laid down. It can be "a city of God." What is a city of God? It is not a city in some other world. It is a city in which the people try to find out and obey the natural laws of the universe, which are the laws of God; a joyous city, a busy city, a mercantile city, an intelligent city, a city full of human interests, a moral city in its tone, a city of right endeavors. And living rightly is the condition of health, of prosperity, of power and of anything and everything that any sensible person desires.

We need a certain loyalty to our city that will not run it down, but elevate it even by right thinking. We need that faith that constructs and not destroys a good name. We need healthful playgrounds for poor children. We need other problems for the betterment of those less favored than we. I do not believe these problems are going to be solved on the basis of charity. I believe that they can be settled on a business basis. If you make a citizen permanently dependent on charity you have made him to that extent permanently something less than a man. This and other like matters ought to be looked after by competent people or organized for that purpose. The matter of crime could also be dealt with efficiently, if it be our purpose to deal with it.

Let the no-license sentiment be kept alive all the year around. We want people who theorize about Woburn, to study the ways and means of our betterment. We want men who appreciate the dignity of the ballot enough to vote. "If God helps those who help themselves individually surely she will recreate old Woburn. Here is a field for work. Let us not waste it in dreams.—X.

Boston Theatres.

THE GLOBE.

A chorus of one hundred pretty, shapely and talented young women, a handsome, charming and popular prima donna, two comedians of world wide reputation, twenty clever artists of recognized ability, two Nubian lions, brilliant electrical effects, attractive costumes, humorous situations, sparkling music, artistic groupings, a feast of color, pleasing ensembles, an interesting story told in bright dialogue and song, gorgeous scenic investiture, skillfully and artistically moulded, form the magnificent entertainment known as "An English Daisy," which is crowding the Globe Theatre at every performance. It entered upon the third week of its engagement last Monday night. "An English Daisy" company is unquestionably the best musical organization of its kind which has visited Boston in years, and the production for elaborateness and catchiness has not its like upon the American stage today. There is not a dull moment in it.

AUSTIN & STONE'S.

Lionel, "the lion face," easily the greatest living wonder of the age, is a boy with the form of the human kind and a face so closely resembling that of a lion that students of Anthropology have been puzzled to note the exact difference between the two. Messrs. Stone & Shaw, proprietors of Austin & Stone's Museum, Boston, have secured this masterpiece of nature's freakishness at great expense for a limited engagement of two weeks beginning Dec. 14th and continuing to Dec. 26th. While nature has evolved many apparent inconceivabilities Lionel stands aloof and alone, a notable monument to her whimsical eccentricities. He will hold daily receptions in the great curio hall of the museum.

Pastor Williams Accepts.

To First Baptist Church Woburn;
Dear Brothers in Christ:

I have received your call and accept it in the same happy spirit in which it is tendered.

I come to you in the name of the Master to devote myself without stint to the highest welfare of His people. I feel the task is large; I need wisdom and much patience, as without these and your prayers and co-operation I can do nothing.

I am praying that God will verify to me the words of St. Paul: "And I am sure that when I come to you I shall come to you in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." Pray for me that this may be so.

If the Lord be willing I desire to begin my labors with you on the third Sunday in December, the 20th. May the good Lord be with you all and watch between us while we are absent one from another.

HENRY B. WILLIAMS.

Dec. 3.

Climatic Cures.

The influence of climatic conditions in the cure of consumption is very much overdrawn. The poor patient, and the rich patient, too, can do much better at home by proper attention to food digestion, and a regular use of German Syrup. Free expectoration in the morning is made certain by German Syrup, so is a good night's rest and the absence of that weakening cough and the debilitating night sweat. Restless nights and the exhaustion due to coughing, the greatest danger and dread of the consumptive, can be prevented or stopped by taking German Syrup liberally and regularly. Should you be able to go to a warmer clime, you will find that of the thousands of consumptives there, the few who are benefited and regain strength are those who use German Syrup. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At A. W. Whitcher's drug store.

The Pope Bicycle Daily Memoranda Calendar.

The re-issue of the Pope bicycle daily-leaf calendar may be considered the opening gun proclaiming the natural and healthful return of bicycling. Col. Albert A. Pope, the founder of our bicycle industries and the pioneer in the Good Roads Movement, is again at the head of the bicycle industry. Upon the 366 calendar leaves are freshly written lines, from the pens of our greatest college presidents, doctors, clergymen, statesmen, and other eminent men and women, all of them enthusiastically supporting bicycling. Half of each leaf is blank for memoranda. This calendar is free at the Pope Manufacturing Company's stores, or any of our readers can obtain it by sending five 2-cent stamps to the Pope Manufacturing Co., Hartford, Conn., or 143 Sigel Street, Chicago, Ill.

Winners of Prizes.

On Sunday next the Boston *Sunday Herald* will announce the winners of the 300 prizes offered in the issue of Dec. 6. Next *Sunday's Herald* will be the annual Christmas number of *The Herald*, and will be a paper of unusual interest. The children's department will be strongly re-enforced, as will every department of the paper.

WINCHESTER.

The day is not very far in the future when the grade crossing of the B. & M. RR. here will be totally abolished. The sooner the better.

The Mystic Valley Parkway has been opened by the Park Commissioners to the travel of automobiles. Which our people regard as a godsend.

The "Town Ledge" is just now agitating the public mind here and producing much talk and newspaper controversy. It is hoped most sincerely that the right "Ledge" will be bought by the town, if any.

The Calumet Club elected the following officers: President, Joseph E. Gendron; Vice-President, Ralph E Joslin; Secretary, Jere A. Downs; Treasurer, William M. Belcher; Directors for 3 years, George S. Littlefield, Charles E. Barrett, Arthur E. Whitney; Directors for 2 years, Dr. John I. French, George W. Fitch.

"Feeling" Clean.

When one steps from a SULPHO-NAPTHOL BATH a delightful, gratifying sense of personal cleanliness steals over the body, accompanied by a sense of vigorous healthy exhileration, a feeling so entirely different from anything ever before experienced that many keep it on hand for that purpose, if for nothing else. To the knowledge of being clean is added the *sense* of cleanliness. A SULPHO-NAPTHOL BATH taken before going to bed soothes all aches, pains and refreshes the body, inducing restful sleep. Avoid the use of injurious "just as good" imitations and substitutes.

"JEFFING" FOR MONEY.

The Ancient Game Once Known to All Printers Is Being Forgotten.

"I lost $5 jeffing last night," said a printer. "What? You do not know anything about jeff? Why, it is as old as the art of printing itself, and no man knows just when it did come into favor. Far back in the past some fellow was impressed with the possibilities of the quad as an instrument for gambling. Since that time jeff has been a feature of all newspaper offices and wherever there is type to set. Jeff is played very much like dice, but is much more interesting, and the chances of winning a good stake at one shot are greater.

"Seven quads are used in the game. Any number of persons can play, and each throws the quads in turn, just as we do dice. You probably know that on one side of a quad is a little groove, which we call a 'nick.' The man who turns up the greatest number of nicks in three throws takes the pot, while every other man who puts up his money loses. Every player puts 50 cents into the pot, and, as there are six or seven to throw, the stake is well worth winning. When a throw is made without turning up a single nick, that's a 'mollie.' A 'mollie' is a blank and counts for nothing unless one can throw three 'mollies' in succession. In that case he takes the pot, but it is almost impossible to do the trick. 'Cocked' quads are also possible, as with dice. If three players tie their throws, they 'stay in,' while the remainder of the crowd 'sweeten up the pot.' It is seldom that more than five or six points are made, although I have heard of cases where players made as high as twenty points."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Anticipation.

There is a story to the effect that a woman with a disposition to worry over the future made a list of impending troubles, the ones she thought likely to happen to herself, and put it away for safe keeping. Some months later she ran across it by accident merely, for she had quite forgotten it, and to her surprise found that not one of the number had come to pass. So she became converted to the optimistic side and is a happier and more prosperous woman for the change.

It is a story we would do well to remember. It contains a lesson to be taken to heart. The greater part of our woe lives in our imagination. On that we waste our strength and nerve force, leaving a rather weak prop on which to lean in real adversity. Trouble we must meet—that is inevitable—but we do not have to live it through twice, the first time in imagination. A fear of what the future contains is a clog upon our heels and prevents the achievement of many an important deed.

Semiteetotal.

Archdeacon Sinclair told the Semiteetotal Pledge association of the diary of a Scotch shepherd, which read: "Sunday—Up in the morning at 6—a dram (whisky). Went out to see the sheep—a dram. Came home to breakfast—a dram. Looked round the house—a dram. Washed and dressed for church—a dram. Took a brandy before going to kirk lest I should smell of whisky in the house of the Lord!"

The name of the association was responsible for the archdeacon's own experience. He was once lunching alone in the house of a friend confined to his room by an accident. The housekeeper brought up a tray of good things and asked the archdeacon what he would have to drink, for, she said, "I've 'erd you're not a temperate gentleman."

Love.

Love is a great healer. The worst characteristic trait of a man and of a woman has been known to be cured by it.

It is Cupid who introduces you to Hymen, and a pity it is. How much better it would be if it were Hymen who introduced you to Cupid and invited the little fellow to remain your guest!

In the tender relations between men and women novelty is a wonderful attraction and habit a powerful bond, but between the two there is a bottomless precipice into which love often falls, never to be heard of afterward. Happy those who know how to bridge over the chasm!—Max O'Rell.

The Eloping Philosopher.

"We're going to miss getting a roomful of presents, George," said the dear girl as she eloped with the youth of her choice.

"Yes," he cheerfully replied, "and we're going to bear the loss with a good deal of philosophy, when we remember that we don't have to give a roomful of presents in return."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Both Sides of It.

She—It's lots of fun to flirt with a man till you get him to propose, and then say "No."

He—Yes. And it's lots of fun for the man, too, but he runs an awful risk.

She—How's that?

He—She might fool him and say "Yes."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Heaven's Monotony.

"But don't you want to go to heaven?" asked the Sunday school teacher, shocked and grieved.

"Nope," said the bad boy of the class. "There won't be nobody there but women and preachers."—Chicago Tribune.

Queer Salutations.

The Abyssinians drop on their knees and kiss the earth when they meet. In saluting a woman the Mandinkas take her hand, put it to their nose and smell it twice. The Egyptians stretch out one hand, then lay it on their breast and bow the head. Among the less civilized tribes of the old world, say the Kalmucks and in Polynesia, the custom of rubbing noses is pretty general. Perhaps the most extraordinary form of salutation is to be found in Tibet, where the natives put out their tongues, gnash their teeth and scratch their ears.

One More Brute.

Mrs. Nubbins—My husband is a perfect brute.

Friend—You amaze me.

Mrs. Nubbins—Since the baby began teething nothing would quiet the little angel but pulling his papa's beard, and yesterday he went and had his beard shaved off.—New York Weekly.

Simply Gets It Charged.

Mrs. Benham—I suppose you think I have a good deal of curiosity.

Benham—Well, when you want a new hat you never seem to have any curiosity to know whether I can afford it or not.—Brooklyn Life.

A Deep One.

Doting Mother—Tell me, professor, is my son a deep student?

Professor (dryly)—None deeper, ma'am. He's always at the bottom.

Mortgagee's Sale

By virtue of and pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Winfield S. Morrison of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to The Reading Cooperative Bank, a Corporation duly established by law in Reading in said County and Commonwealth, dated November 3, 1902, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3007, Page 390, for breach of the condition of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on Tuesday, January 5, 1904, at half past three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage and described as follows, viz:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth aforesaid, being lots numbered three hundred seventy nine and three hundred eighty on Felton street as shown on Plan B of land in Woburn, now or formerly owned by the Montvale Land Company, said plan being recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Plan Book 59, Plan 4. Said two lots are together bounded northerly by Felton street seventy feet; easterly by lot three hundred eighty-one on said plan seventy feet; southerly by lots four hundred sixteen and four hundred fifteen seventyfeet; westerly by lot three hundred seventy-eight on said plan seventy feet, and containing 4900 square feet.

Being the same premises conveyed to said Winfield S. Morrison by Harry P. Bosson by deed of even date with said mortgage and therewith recorded.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes.

THE READING CO-OPERATIVE BANK,
Mortgagee.

Reading, Mass., Dec. 9, 1903.

WANTED—A TRUSTWORTHY GENTLEMAN or lady in each county to manage business for an old established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly salary of $18.00 paid by check each Monday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Enclose addressed envelope. Manager, 360 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

THE HANDKERCHIEF.

There Was a Time When It Was an Unmentionable Article.

The evolution of the pocket handkerchief is odd and interesting. There was a time when it was an unmentionable thing, says Modern Society of London—an article to be kept out of sight and referred to only in a whisper. In polite conversation it was carefully avoided, and as to one's being caught using a handkerchief it meant social ostracism.

This state of things obtained up to the time of the first Napoleon, when the Empress Josephine brought it forward for a personal reason. The only defect in her beauty was an irregularity of the teeth, and to hide this she used a delicate little handkerchief, which from time to time she raised to her lips. Thus she was enabled to laugh occasionally. Seeing that it was a case of either laughter going out or handkerchiefs coming into fashion, the court ladies adopted the pretty pieces of cambric and lace.

In England the evolution of the article which is now so openly displayed by women was equally slow. There was a time when it was forbidden to mention it on the stage or to make use of it even in the most tearful situation, while the people in the gallery and the pit shed their tears into their laps. Even when it was mentioned for the first time in one of Shakespeare's plays it was received with hisses and general indignation by the audience. Little by little, however, the prejudice gave way, and a time came when the handkerchief could be flourished in broad daylight.

A Coin In the Sea.

A coin dropped into the sea will sink to the bottom, however deep it is, owing to the fact that the metal is heavier than the volume of water that it displaces.

It is a common but mistaken notion that the density of the sea increases with its depth and consequent pressure, as does the density of the atmosphere, which we all know is greatest at the earth's surface. The air, however, like all gases, is elastic, and, when under pressure (as with its own weight), shrinks in volume and gains in density.

Water, on the other hand, is absolutely incompressible, and, although the pressure in the sea increases at the rate of about one pound for every two feet we descend, the density of the water remains the same; consequently the penny continues to outweigh the water it displaces and the coin sinks until it finds a solid resting place. The pressure of the water has no influence at all on the coin, acting as it does on all sides equally.

Fast Days In Russia.

Fast days in Russia are numerous. Besides the ordinary Lenten period, which, however, in Russia is forty-eight days long instead of forty, they have three shorter periods of fasting—one of nineteen days in June, one of fourteen days in August, and another of thirty-three days in November and December. There are also three single days of fasting, of which two are also holidays.

Fasting is a serious matter in Russia, for fish, milk and eggs are forbidden as well as meats. The result is that the markets for such products are largely cut off for about one-third of the year and dairy farming becomes unprofitable, as strict observance of fasts is a weightier matter with the people than honesty or any other feature of our system of morals.

Charles Lamb's Grace.

On one occasion when Edmund Clarence Stedman was visiting in New England he was called upon by the head of the house while at dinner to invoke the divine blessing. "I was rather surprised and for half a minute sorely tempted," said Mr. Stedman in relating the incident. "Then I rose to the occasion and asked a grace which I remembered." "But, Mr. Stedman," demanded a young woman of the party eagerly, "to what were you sorely tempted?" "To do as Charles Lamb did under similar circumstances." "And that was?" "He looked about the board and asked in surprise, 'Is there no clergyman present?' The host shook his head. Then Lamb prayed, 'For this and all other mercies, O Lord, make us truly thankful!'"

When Wit Is Perfect.

When wit is combined with sense and information, when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by strong principles, when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much better than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good nature, morality and religion ten thousand times better than wit—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature.—Sydney Smith.

Practical.

Ponder—Did you ever notice that most of the fires that break out suddenly and spread quickly are due to spontaneous combustion?

Housekeep—No, but I've often thought what a splendid thing spontaneous combustion would be if you could only keep it on tap to light the kitchen fire with.—Philadelphia Press.

Daddy Stumped.

Willie—Daddy, why can a man run faster than a boy?

Dad—Because he's bigger.

Willie—Is that it? Then why don't the hind wheels of a wagon run faster than the front ones?

But dad gave it up.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

HOME SAVINGS BANK

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A splendid stock at

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406 Main Street, Woburn.

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Shortening Days

Are signs of coming cold. Steam or Hot Water Heat will guard us from it. They do their work with cleanliness, economy and efficiency.

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Shaw house on Main street, next to Methodist Church, has been made into two flats with all modern improvements. Rent ow.

Write to JOHN W. SHAW,
15 Green St., Brockton.

To Let.

Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

E. PRIOR,

AUCTIONEER.

Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.

Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

A MADE TO ORDER ITEM

By....
MARY F. K. HUTCHINSON

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Penelope, having instructed the maid to say she was not at home, stood behind the lace curtains to watch the departure of Jack Hale.

"Now, Penelope," began her brother Clarence, who caught her in the act, "I want to know what this means."

"What what means?" asked Penelope, flushing and striving to gain time.

"What what means!" grunted he in scorn. "Pen, will you never learn it's useless to hedge with a newspaper man? I want to know why you are treating Hale in this fashion. He's been in the dumps since he took you to the Commercial club musicale. He's doing poor work, and the managing editor called him down today before the whole gang. If he's discharged he'll spoil his chances for a position on that New York paper. You've had an attack of the indigoes yourself and refuse to see him when he calls. Naturally I want to know what's the matter, for I don't mind telling you I'd rather have Jack Hale for a brother than any man I know."

"Why don't you adopt him, then?" asked Penelope unconcernedly.

"Well, we'll try cross examination," remarked he. "Pen, do you hate Jack Hale?"

"No," decidedly.

"Do you really dislike him?"

"No-o," more slowly.

"Didn't you really and truly care a great deal for him up to the date of that musicale?"

"I won't answer any more of your questions," snapped Penelope as she started to leave the room.

"Highty tighty! Not so fast," said he. "Remember, Pen, I'm not only your brother, but your guardian, and, while I take the place of parents and brother, too, I must use my own way of striving for your happiness. I can't let my dearest chum and my little housekeeper both eat their hearts out without trying to remedy the matter. Now, little girl, let's have the whole story."

"And you won't tell a word?" came the smothered question from his shoulder.

"Never a word."

"Well, then, if you must know the whole story, nothing happened at that musicale. But the next day Aunt Maria came to spend the day.

"And a day in her company is as a thousand," supplemented Bradford.

"And she said she felt it her duty to her dead brother's child to tell me how people were talking about me behind my back. She said I had encouraged Jack long enough and that if he hadn't proposed by this time he never would. He would pay me attention till he got that position in New York, and then he'd find another girl there and forget me. I told her he was nothing but one of your friends; that I never intended to marry, but should always keep house for you."

"Then you proceeded to shut Jack out because he hadn't lived down to Aunt Maria's level of marrying in haste. Jack Hale is the soul of honor. If he hasn't asked you to marry him it's because he wants to wait till he has a better salary than he gets on the Times. I'll see if I can show him the error of his ways."

"Clarence," cried Penelope, pushing him from her, "you promised you'd never mention a word!"

"So I did," groaned he. "Well, Pen, I'll keep my word, but I want you to forget Aunt Maria and her views. I'm going to ask Jack to dinner tomorrow night, and I want you to wear your prettiest gown, smile your sweetest and take him back into favor again. That won't be a hard thing to do for my sake, will it, dear?" in his most wheedling tone.

"You old torment!" cried Penelope as she gave him a parting hug. Reaching the door, she called back, "I might possibly do it for his sake," after which piece of daring she hurried out to see why dinner wasn't announced.

"I surmised as much," Bradford told himself, "and, though I'd scorn to break a promise, Jack Hale will get a pretty broad hint of what I consider his duty."

Hale pleaded an evening assignment the next afternoon, but Bradford wouldn't take "No" for an answer. "I know well enough what that assignment is," he responded, "and you can get the story just as well in the morning. You're looking fagged out, Hale, and need a rest. Break away from your work early this afternoon and go up and take Penelope for a drive. The horse has been stabled for more than a week because Pen has had a bad cold. I'll be home in time for dinner, but shall put the whole evening in at the board of aldermen's meeting, so I'm glad you can amuse the child. She's in need of amusement after being cooped up for a whole week."

"Why didn't you tell me"— began Hale. But Bradford was gone. Though he could lie beautifully, he could not stand cross examination.

As Jack and Penelope returned from their drive, both in the best of spirits after their spin through the frosty air, Bradford preceded them up the steps. While all three removed their wraps in the hall he pulled a notebook from his pocket and tossed it across to Hale, remarking, "Say, old man, I found your notebook after you left the office."

"Much obliged," answered Hale as he attempted to catch the book, which missed his hand and fell at Penelope's feet. Picking it up quickly, she exclaimed: "Now, I wonder what the very latest sensation is? I do so like to keep up with the times." And she proceeded to flutter the leaves of the book past the canceled items toward the last written pages.

"Penelope, that's a pun, and if I wasn't in a hurry to dress I'd see that you were properly punished for it," called her brother, disappearing up stairs with suspicious haste.

Jack looked over Penelope's shoulder as he answered, "Don't believe there's a thing that hasn't been printed. I"—

"Oh, yes, there is," said Penelope. "Here's your very last item." And she paused to read, while Hale exclaimed: "That isn't my writing! Oh, Lord!" in a tragic groan.

For this is the item both read:

"Engagement announced this week—Miss Penelope Bradford, dau. of late Hon. Harrison B—late pres. Nat. Bank, this city. Mr. John Winthrop Hale—rising young jour.—pop. member Commercial Club—grad. of Harv.—ctr. rush on football team—congrat. of hosts of friends etc."

Miss Rose Peterson, Secretary Parkdale Tennis Club, Chicago, from experience advises all young girls who have pains and sickness peculiar to their sex, to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many beautiful young girls develop into worn, listless and hopeless women, simply because sufficient attention has not been paid to their physical development. No woman is exempt from physical weakness and periodic pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be carefully guided physically as well as morally. Another woman,

Miss Hannah E. Mershon, Collingswood, N.J., says:

"I thought I would write and tell you that, by following your kind advice, I feel like a new person. I was always thin and delicate, and so weak that I could hardly do anything. Menstruation was irregular.

"I tried a bottle of your **Vegetable Compound** and began to feel better right away. I continued its use, and am now well and strong, and menstruate regularly. I cannot say enough for what your medicine did for me."
—$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure any woman in the land who suffers from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, and kidney troubles.

"Wh-what does it mean?" gasped Penelope, turning red and white by turns.

"Mean?" ejaculated Hale in desperation. "It means that one of those confounded idiots at the office has been trying to get funny. It means—oh, Penelope, darling," with a complete change of tone, "can't you make it mean something? Don't run away, dear," as he caught both her hands. "Let me finish now I've started. I've loved you so long that you must surely have guessed that much, and I've only waited to have something worth offering before asking you to become my wife. A man ought not to tie a girl down to any such bread and butter existence as I can offer while I'm on the Times. I wouldn't have spoken if this hadn't happened till I had more. But I'll promise to wait patiently, dearest if you'll only make this item true."

The item appeared on the society page of the Sanbrook Times the following Saturday, and Bradford chuckled as he read it:

"Now, that's what I call a made to order item."

Hale, being blessed with his share of newspaper instinct, never tried to find out which of the "confounded idiots at the office" dared to tamper with his notebook.

Writing a "Book."

"I would like," said the youth, "to write a great book. How shall I go about it?"

"Don't, I beg of you!" said the novelist. "Write one that pays, as I do, or else—study law."

"I do not care to write a book for the sake of the pay," said the youth. He was very young and must be forgiven for this. "Perhaps, after all, I had better be a lawyer."

So he became a lawyer, but the old ambition to write a great book came over him again.

"Anything but that," said a friend to whom he told his wish. "If you don't like the law, be a doctor."

So he studied medicine.

In time, however, this palled upon him. He still thought of that book. He felt that he had a mission.

"You could do so much more in the pulpit," said another.

So he preached until the hollowness of it came over him.

And he left the pulpit.

One day he woke up and found that the great book was written. And he laughed at the thought.

"It was not I—it was the lawyer, the doctor, the clergyman and the other man who did it."—Smart Set.

An Insulted Scotchman.

The following story heard at Killarney shows how differently an Irishman and a Scotchman will take a joke. An Englishman who had been fishing in the lower lakes said to his boatman: "An extraordinary thing happened to me some time ago. I lost a pair of scissors out of my fishing book at the end of the lake. The next year I was fishing here again and hooked and killed a very large pike. I felt something very hard inside him, so I opened him, and what do you think it was?" "Begorra, your honor, I'd think it might be your scissors only for one thing." "What is that?" asked the other. "It's only just this, your honor, that there never was a pike in any of the Killarney lakes since the world began."

Afterward the same Englishman tried the same story on a gillie in Scotland. When he asked him, "What do you think was inside the pike?" the gillie replied: "Your scissors and nae guts, and the Duke of Argyll—and he's a far greater man than the king—would not have insulted me sae. I'll fish nae mare wi' ye." And off he walked.—'Seventy Years of Irish Life."

Mixed Qualities.

Pahson—Brudder Baxter's got some good p'ints. He 'tends church and c'tributes gen'rous to de suppoht ob de gospel. But he's got some woful bad habits too. He plays craps an' fills hisself wif intossicatin' stimulants.

Deacon—Dat's er fack. His good impulsions am done offset by his bad habitations.—Kansas City Journal.

Her Help.

"He would have run through his fortune in a year if it hadn't been for his wife."

"How did she prevent it?"

"She spent it herself."

The Scientific Rebuff.

Isabel—Are you ever rude?

Dorothy—Oh, yes. One has to be rude now and then to teach other people manners.—Detroit Free Press.

Obstinate.

Magistrate (sternly)—Didn't I tell you the last time you were here I never wanted you to come before me again?

Prisoner—Yes, sir, but I couldn't make the policemen believe it.

OUR ATMOSPHERE.

The Distance to Which It Extends Above the Earth's Surface.

One of the many uncertain elements in meteorology is the height to which the earth's atmosphere extends. In former days it was taught somewhat dogmatically that a height exceeding forty-five miles was unthinkable for a gas constituted as the air is. This belief was shaken by calculations respecting the altitude of meteors, which became incandescent by collision with our atmospheric envelope and were certainly rendered visible in this way at altitudes of ever seventy miles. Professor Newcomb deduced from the meteor shower of Nov. 13, 1867, that the air must reach to 100 or 110 miles from the earth's surface. Dr. T. J. See of Washington essayed to determine the problem by watching the disappearance of blue sky after sunset. Accepting Lord Rayleigh's theory that the blue color of the sky is due to reflection of sunlight from minute particles of oxygen and nitrogen in the upper layers of the atmosphere, Dr. See on a series of evenings traced with the eye "the last footsteps of departing day" by the evanishment of the final trace of blue in the firmament. He then computed from the data of the Nautical Almanac the position of the sun at the time, and a simple calculation in spherical trigonometry gave the approximate height of the reflecting layer. The mean of several observations is 131 miles.

Salt and Ice.

Does salt melt ice? In this question there is but a half truth suggested, since salt no more melts ice than ice melts salt. Heat is the main agent whereby a body passes from a solid to a liquid state. It has been well known, however, for centuries that certain solid bodies when brought together (as here, salt and ice) have such a chemical affinity for one another—i. e., their tendency to combine and melt is so great—that heat is drawn from all surrounding sources as well as from the store latent in these substances themselves.

When this is the case they become chilled and make a freezing mixture, the temperature dropping till the heat drawn from the two sources—external and internal—is sufficient to keep pace with the rate of melting.

Fahrenheit in 1762 made use of this very melting mixture when he secured what he thought was absolute cold, thereby marking the freezing point on his thermometer at 32 degrees.—Answers.

A Crater Lake.

Deep in the summit of the Cascade range, in the state of Oregon, some sixty-five miles north of the California line, lies Crater lake. The United States government, recognizing its worth as an educational feature, wisely secured possession of it and made a national park of the locality. An area of 250 square miles is thus protected.

The surface of Crater lake is rather more than 6,200 feet above sea level. It is an oval basin between twenty and twenty-one square miles in area, surrounded by cliffs which range from more than 500 to nearly 2,000 feet in height, the ground falling more gradually from their rim to the present upland level. This great sheet of blue water, in places almost 2,000 feet deep, is interrupted near its western margin by a pyramidal rocky mass, called Wizard island, itself evidently a volcanic vent.—Philadelphia Record.

Bullock Skin Boats.

There are few more primitive methods of transportation than those in use today by natives of northern India who make their homes in the vicinity of the swift flowing Sutlej. The boats of these aborigines are nothing more or less than bullock skins inflated by the breath of the natives themselves. Two natives may be seen hard at work filling the skins with air. Having inflated them to their satisfaction, they will leap aboard and paddle themselves across the river, great skill and strength being necessary to sustain their equilibrium during the passage. But even should the boats overturn they are easily righted, and the natives are without exception expert swimmers.

Rebuking a Duke.

An English duke of great wealth and large estates had occasion one day to dismiss one of his laborers. As the angry man was turning away he suddenly remembered that the duke's "lady" held a position at court with the queen. That was his chance and his cue, so he turned round on the duke. "Oh, yes, your grace," he said; "I'll go home. But, though I'm a poor man, thank God I never had to send my missis out to service, as you do yours."

Ineffectual Aspiration.

"Your Uncle Jim is a good deal of a statesman, isn't he?"

"Yes," said the young man. "He's a statesman. He's been tryin' to be a politician for a long time, but every time he runs for office he gets beat."—Washington Star.

Encouraging.

Clara—Do you think there is any chance of his asking me to marry him?

Maud—Yes. I never saw a man yet who wouldn't make a fool of himself.—Detroit Free Press.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Lowell and Bret Harte.

Bret Harte, flushed with first fame, was Mr. Howells' guest for a week in the early seventies. Harte's breezy Bohemianism delighted Cambridge and its environs, which quite as thoroughly amused the young Californian journalist.

It was fine to see him humorously accepting the humorous attribution of scientific sympathies from Agassiz in compliment of his famous epic describing the incidents that "broke up the society upon the Stanislaus." It was a little fearsome to hear him frankly owning to Lowell his dislike for something overliterary in the phrasing of certain verses of "The Cathedral." But Lowell could stand that sort of thing from a man who could say the sort of things that Harte said to him of that delicious line picturing the bobolink as he—

Runs down a brook of laughter in the air.

That, Harte told him, was the line he liked best of all his lines, and Lowell smoked, well content with the praise. Yet they were not men to get on well together, Lowell having limitations in directions where Harte had none.—Harper's.

Patti and William I.

The story of Adelina Patti's first encounter with Emperor William I. is worth repeating. It was at Homburg that the meeting took place, and the diva was then quite a young girl. On the evening of the same day an invitation came to her and her father to meet his imperial majesty next morning at the springs at 7 o'clock.

"I get up at that hour," cried the spoiled child, "to please any emperor? No, no! I wouldn't think of it! Tell him so."

William I., ever good natured, laughed heartily over her ultimatum, which greatly amused him. The last time his majesty saw Patti was in Berlin, and he was then a dying man. When she called upon him at his box he welcomed her with his most genial smile.

"Ah," he said, "you remember Homburg? But you don't mind waiting upon me now."

The Naval Academy.

The line officers of the navy are arranged in one straight line from admiral to the lowest midshipman. After they are graduated from the academy, in order to merit their respective classes their relative positions never change except when advancement in numbers for special heroism is earned in war or a court martial decrees the reverse. If a boy loses place in his class, he loses place in the ladder of promotion. Whether he is graduated at the top or bottom of his class may determine whether or not he shall reach an admiral's stars. In no other calling does a boy's college standing thus directly influence the success of his entire professional career.—Independent.

A Diplomatic Answer.

"Now, how old do you think I am?" coyly asked a literary spinster of a man whose unfailing courtesy was supplemented by his wit on many occasions.

"My dear lady, that is a hard question for one who can scarcely remember his own age," said the man cautiously, "and in your case it is particularly difficult, for you look five years younger than it seems possible you can be when I consider what a wonderful amount you have accomplished!"

Made Matters Worse.

"I am the unluckiest man alive!"

"What's the matter?"

"Why, I heard that she was engaged, so I went round and proposed to her so that she wouldn't think I had been trifling with her."

"And wasn't she engaged?"

"Yes, but she broke it off. She said my love was more sincere than the other fellow's."

Unprofitable Bother.

"Dear me!" sighed Mrs. Oldcastle. "I don't know what we are to do with the hoi polloi."

"Josiah," replied her hostess, "wanted to have ours put in a box and set in the library window, but I just told him we'd have new ones set out next spring if the frost killed them off."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Beginning.

"How many stars can you see?" she asked.

"Two more than you," he said.

"How do you make that out?" she asked.

"I can see your eyes," he said.

And that was the beginning of it all.

Not Necessarily Fatal.

"Almost from his boyhood," said Mr. Upmore, who seldom boasts, "our Johnny has been ambidextrous."

"My boy used to be troubled a good deal that way when he was little," remarked Mr. Gaswell. "We always gave him castor oil for it."—Exchange.

The Retort Sarcastic.

Spartacus—What would you advise as the most effective disguise that I might assume for the masked ball tonight?

Smarticus—You might put on an intelligent look.—Baltimore American.

Considerate.

Housekeeper—Half the things you wash are torn to pieces.

Washerwoman—Yes, mum, but when a thing is torn in two or more pieces, mum, I only charge for them as one piece, mum.

No doubt we ought to love our work, but sometimes it seems about in the same category with loving our enemies.—Puck.

Prejudice squints when it looks and lies when it talks.—Abrantes.

A Late Repentance.

"Madam," said the leader of the brigands, "we'll have to hold you until your husband ransoms you."

"Alas!" replied the woman. "I wish I'd treated him a little better!"—New Yorker.

The Idea!

She—Am I the first woman you ever loved?

He—Yes. Am I the first man who ever loved you?

She (tempestuously)—You are insulting!

Every Night.

Teacher—What comes after "t," Ruth?

Ruth—The fellow what's goin' to marry my sister Jane, ma'am.

Ropes and Strings.

"He seems to think he's a winner with the girls."

"Yes, he thinks he knows the ropes."

"I guess that's why it's so easy for them to get him on a string."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Forgetful Disraeli's Luck.

In conversation with the writer the late Lord Rowton told the following story: The talk had turned upon Mrs. Brydges Willyams, the lady who left her fortune to Lord Beaconsfield and about whom there had just been a controversy in the London newspapers.

"Dizzy told me the story of that episode. He received one morning a letter from Mrs. Willyams, whom he did not know, in which she said that she had read his novels with much interest, and would like to make his acquaintance. She also asked a question which rendered it necessary for him to answer the letter. Unfortunately the letter was left in his greatcoat pocket, and Dizzy did not wear the coat until several months after, when he happened to be in the south of England and in the very town in which Mrs. Willyams lived. Coming across the letter in such circumstances, it occurred to him to call upon her, and Mrs. Willyams was so flattered at, as she thought, his carrying the letter so long about him and then calling that she decided on leaving him her fortune. That shows how wise it is not to answer letters," added Lord Rowton.—London Truth.

Picturesque Dutch Boats.

Along the quay in the busy harbor of Rotterdam the quaint Dutch boats are crowded, creaking rhythmically with the rise and fall of the water, side by side, stern to rudder post, jostling one another in a great confusion of picturesque lines and gay carvings. At all the little cabin windows are clean lace curtains, and on the deck brass and copper pots are drying in the sun. Hanging from spars and ropes the family wash flutters its many hues against the windy sky. Chubby, red cheeked children climb in and out of the cabin doors or press their round noses against the tiny window panes. The women gossip in the sun or clatter around in pursuit of their household duties, while the men lounge about, their hands in the pockets of their baggy breeches, and through clouds of tobacco smoke survey this scene of nomadic housekeeping with phlegmatic content.—Edward Penfield in Scribner's.

Didn't Like Changes.

"I'm a man," said the old farmer to the druggist after having purchased a quantity of strychnine to kill off rats—"I'm a man who don't like changes. When I git home I shall say to the old woman:

"'Martha, here's the strychnine to kill off the rats, and you want to be careful of it.'

"'Where shall I put it?' she will say.

"'In the same old place—right alongside the bakin' powder. We've bin keepin' it there for thirty years, and you've never put it in the pie crust or biscuit by mistake, but if we hide it away upstairs or down cellar or out to the barn one of us will be sartin to take it for epsom salts before the week is out and git a heavenly hustle on us.'"—Detroit Free Press.

How Did the Turtle Find His Way?

The rocks at the west coast of the island of St. Helena abound with sea turtles, some of them as heavy as a man, and an English steamer once took aboard several dozen of those sea monsters, intending to deliver them alive to a provision dealer in Liverpool.

But before they reached English waters one of the turtles was taken sick and was flung overboard after having been branded with the name of the ship. Next year the same steamer came across the same tortoise on the coast of St. Helena, more than 4,000 miles from the point where the homesick creature had been flung back overboard.

A Needed Admonition.

On one of my trips through the south I sauntered into an old dilapidated cemetery of Virginia and read many very peculiar epitaphs upon tombstones. One in particular attracted my attention, which happened to be that of a slave who had been inclined to be stout. The grave had long since been neglected, and the inscription could only be read after brushing away the vines which grew upon it. But my labor was rewarded, for there on that tombstone I read, "Aliza Wite weighed 300 pounds; 'open wide the golden gates.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Army Firing Positions.

Standing, kneeling, sitting and lying down are the four positions prescribed for firing by the army regulations. The lying position alone is prescribed for the 800 and the 1,000 yard ranges, while at all the other ranges up to 2,000 yards the lying and sitting positions are used. At 100 and 200 yards the sitting and standing positions are prescribed. Wherever the sitting position is prescribed the kneeling may be substituted, but for the majority of persons the sitting is by far the better position of the two.

Silenced Mamma.

"Now," said the anxious mother, "you do not want to marry that reporter. Think of having a husband who never gets home until 2 or 3 in the morning."

"But," said the shrinking maiden, "aren't all husbands like that? Papa is not a reporter, and—and yet"—

But the anxious mother declined to listen.

This Is a Fancy Sketch.

Mrs. Wiggles—Can you let me have $2 to do a little shopping with?

Mr. Wiggles—Certainly, my dear, but I am afraid that $2 will not be enough. Here is a twenty dollar bill.—Somerville Journal.

Original and Sudden.

Camera Fiend—Shall I take you, Miss Passee?

Miss Passee—Oh, you original man! How sudden!—Houston (Tex.) Post.

Electrical Fishes.

The electrical fishes do not belong to any one class or group—some are found in fresh water, while others inhabit the sea. They possess two distinct types of electrical organs. One closely relates in structure to muscle, as found in the torpedo, gymnotus and skate, while the other presents more of the characters of the structure of a secreting gland, as illustrated by the electrical organ of the thunderfish. Both types are built upon a vast number of microscopical elements, each of which is supplied with a nerve fiber. These nerve fibers come from large nerves that originate in the nerve centers, brain or spinal cord, and in these centers are found special large nerve cells, with which the nerve fibers of the electric organs are connected and from which they spring. Yet the electricity is generated in the electric organ itself. In these animals there are specialized organs for the production of electricity on an economical basis far surpassing anything yet contrived by man.—American Inventor.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 20.

Text of the Lesson, I Kings x, 1-10 and Matt. ii, 1-12—Memory Verses, I Kings x, 6-9; Matt. ii, 10-11—Golden Texts, Prov. xxix. 2, and Matt. i, 21—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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As we have a choice of lessons for this week, or, better still, two good lessons which nicely run together, we purpose giving a summary of each. In each lesson we see the great ones of earth coming from far countries to worship the Lord, the King of Israel, and to bring Him gifts, pointing us onward to the time when Isa. lx, 1-3, 10, 11, and the whole chapter as well as all the prophecies concerning Israel's future glory shall be fulfilled in the Son of David, the Son of Abraham.

As to the lesson in I Kings x, concerning the queen of Sheba, the fact that this visit is fully recorded both here and in II Chron. ix, and that our Lord Jesus Himself referred to it (Matt. xii, 42) marks it as an event of more than ordinary importance, and our Lord's reference to it points to a time and fulfillment yet future. It was not the fame of Solomon, but the fame of Solomon concerning the name of the Lord, that led her to visit Jerusalem, and she looked upon Solomon as king for the Lord his God, sitting on His throne (II Chron. ix, 8). She brought much gold and precious stones and abundance of spices, but King Solomon gave her all her desire, whatsoever she asked, in addition to that which he gave her of his royal bounty. She also communed with him of all that was in her heart, and by his God given wisdom he told her all her questions. She came laden with presents for the far famed king and possibly thinking a good deal of herself, but she confessed that the half of his glory had not been told her, and she returned to her own land emptied of self and laden with his favors. A sight of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ will effectually blind us as to the importance of self and the attractiveness of this present world. See Acts vii, 1-5; xxvi, 12-20; Job xlii, 5, 6; Isa. vi, 5; Dan. x, 8.

When His word is our guide, His glory our aim, His will our delight, Himself our all in all, we shall be blind to all else. In her own land she had heard of Solomon and of the Lord his God (verse 6); therefore some one must have borne witness, and, although she did not believe all she had heard, yet she believed enough to make her wish to see for herself. As truly as Israel was chosen to make Jehovah a name (I Chron. xvii, 21; Isa. lxiii, 12, 14), we who are the redeemed of the Lord today have been chosen to show forth the praises of Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvelous light (I Pet. ii, 9), and He Himself has told us to let our light so shine before men that they may see our good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven (Matt. v, 16). Many among the heathen who for the first time hear of the love of God and of the redemption that is in Christ Jesus for them ask, "How long have you known this?" "Why did you not come and tell us sooner that our fathers might have heard it?" "How can people believe in Him of whom they have not heard?" (Rom. x, 14.) What shall we say at the judgment seat of Christ concerning our unfaithfulness to the trust committed to us to proclaim repentance and remission of sins in His name among all nations? (Luke xxiv, 46-48.)

Concerning the Christmas lesson in Matt. ii, 1-12, and the familiar story of the wise men who came from the east to see and worship the King of the Jews, how few among believers ever think of Him or speak of Him as the one who is yet to rule God's people Israel! (Verse 6.) The words in Isa. ix, 6, 7, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given," are so familiar and so much said and sung at the Christmas time, but shall we hear anything of the rest of the passage, of the throne of David and of Christ as sitting upon it and of the government that shall be upon His shoulder and of the peace when He shall reign? (Luke i, 32, 33; Isa. xxxii, 1, 17.) If not, are we faithful teachers, or do we shun to declare the whole counsel of God because perchance it might offend some? We may have to wait until "the morning" to know all we would like to about these wise men—who they were, how many there were, what they knew about the King of the Jews and how they knew, what land they came from, what was the effect of their tidings upon their countrymen when they returned, etc.—but they make us think of Ps. lxxii, 10, 11; Jer. iii, 17, 18; Zech. xiv, 16, as well as Isa. lx.

That Herod and all Jerusalem should be troubled because of Him makes us think of Rev. vi, 15-17, when kings and mighty men and all, great or small, shall be so troubled that they shall cry to mountains and rocks to crush them because of the wrath of the Lamb. According to the custom of our time, these men should have given gifts the one to the other when they saw the child, but instead of that they gave all to Him.

We have neither learned nor taught the Christmas lesson or any other lesson aright unless we have each for ourselves come to Him, accepting Him as our own personal Saviour and bringing to Him all we are and have as a glad thank offering that He may use us and it to make His name known to others. It was the star that led them from the east, and it looks as if they lost sight of it when they turned aside to Herod, but God graciously restored the star to them and led them to the child. Happy are those who turn not aside from following Him (Heb. xii, 1, 2; Ps. lxii, 5).

Holding Up a Bank.

Perhaps the first Confederate bank raided by Union soldiers was one at Charleston, Va., as Milroy was making his way up the Shenandoah valley.

"Bumming" was in its infancy then, but a dozen of the fellows found themselves ahead of the army and resolved to strike for a big stake. They made a sudden attack on the town at daylight and then dashed in and made for the bank. They broke in the door with an ax, obliged the banker to unlock his safe and something like $600,000 was carried away as they retreated.

A day later they bundled up $100,000, strapped it on the back of an old lame mule and hired a farmer to deliver the "wealth" to General Milroy in person. Accompanying the money was a note, which advised the general to bribe the Confederates to keep ahead of him and do no fighting. As his military maneuvers had been checkmated right along and his reputation was under a cloud, it was a hard shot at him. The story got to Washington and was commented on by President Lincoln, and it has been asserted that the president's levity caused the general to tender his resignation.

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Dainty Designs

IN SPOONS, SUGAR SHELLS, BUTTER KNIVES, Etc.

attractively put up in lined cases, can be easily selected in "1847" goods—the brand that made "Rogers" famous. Wares bearing the "1847" mark are particularly desirable for gifts, as the quality is so well known. Remember "1847." Take no substitute. Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send to the makers for new Catalogue No. 234 telling about "Silver Plate that Wears." Finely illustrated.

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Illustration of No. 710 Combination Set, Berkshire Design.

A Diplomatic Official.

During the reign of Emperor Napoleon III. he and the empress visited Normandy and had arranged to spend a couple of days at Evreux. M. Janvier de la Monte, who was the prefect, learned that the revolutionaries intended to hiss the sovereigns as they passed, and so he summoned the leaders of the movement and told them that he knew of their plot. "If you carry out your plan," said he to them, "you will get six months in prison. If you do not your friends will accuse you of cowardice and treason. As a way out of the difficulty I propose to lock you up at once until the emperor has gone." The conspirators accepted the terms offered them, and so the emperor was greeted only by cheers, as the revolutionaries, frightened at the arrest of their chiefs, had not dared to utter a sound. After the emperor and empress had gone the prefect went in person to release his prisoners, who had had such a pleasant time that they greeted him with cries of "Long live the prefect!" to which M. Janvier de la Monte, who was a man of wit, replied, "My friends, do not overdo it."

New York's "Diamond Rooms."

Only men and women who want to purchase an expensive set of jewels, say $10,000 worth or upward, get a glimpse of the "diamond rooms," as they are called, in the big New York jewelers' shops. Gems worth less than that usually are kept in show cases and examined in trays at the counters. But if a customer wants to make a larger purchase—a diamond necklace with pearl pendant worth from $40,000 to $50,000, for instance—he is shown into a parlor where he can examine the jewels more at his leisure and see the salesman weigh them on the most carefully balanced scales. These parlors as a rule are luxuriously but simply furnished and are convenient to the safes.

It is not an unusual thing during the holiday season for a salesman in a well established store to make three or four sales a day ranging from $12,000 to $30,000.—New York Press.

Soldiers and Weight.

These facts are given by two officers who conducted experiments to determine the effect of weight on soldiers in full marching order. The five men who volunteered as subjects marched a distance of fifteen miles and eighty-two yards. The different weights carried were forty-eight, fifty-nine and sixty-five pounds. With the first weight it was found that a man at a moderate temperature could cover the distance with ease; in hot or close weather slight inconvenience was experienced, which disappeared when the march was over, so that the men could begin the next day as well as ever.

The weight of fifty-nine pounds did no harm in moderate weather, but proved fatiguing when it was hot, and effects were felt the next day. When the men carried the third weight the ill effects were very marked.

Willing to Assist.

There was a worthy Irish member of parliament who was so generous that a request for financial assistance was never refused. But his checks had one little drawback—they were never honored. The shortcoming naturally in time became known, but it did not affect his popularity. A visitor to the district, hearing of the member's peculiarity, asked a leading politician how it was that public faith in the member was not shaken. "Why, sure, it is because he shows his willingness to assist but for lack of funds," was the reply.

From a Society Woman's Diary.

My milliner gave me a shock today.

"When," said she, "does your ladyship intend paying me what you owe me?"

The ungovernable curiosity of lowborn women! It made me blush for my sex.

I was not unkind to her. But I deemed it my duty to chide her, and when she spoke (rather petulantly, I thought) of starving I recommended her to cultivate poise.—Life.

Mme. Roland's Request.

When Mme. Roland was on the scaffold she asked for pen and paper to note the peculiar thoughts that hovered about her on the last journey. It is a pity they were refused, for in a tranquil mind thoughts rise up at the close of life hitherto unthinkable, like blessed inward voices alighting in glory on the summits of the past.—Goethe.

Letting Him Down Easy.

"I have a very unpleasant duty to perform," said the chief. "The management desires to dispense with your services."

The office boy heaved a deep sigh of relief. "Gee!" he said. "I t'ought for a minnit youse was goin' to fire me."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Took Her Part.

"Why, Johnny, I am ashamed of you. How could you take little Ethel's half of the apple away from her?"

"'Cause, ma, I ain't forgot what you told me—to always take sister's part."

A Provident Mind.

He—I think I'll go and speak to your father at once. He can't do more than kick me out.

She—It seems a pity to risk it, dear, in that good suit.—Life.

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

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LINES.

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CROCODILE TEARS.

The Legend That the Brute Shed Them Over Its Prey.

There was an old story, to which we find constant reference in Elizabethan writers, that crocodiles wept over their prey. No doubt the legend arose because the crocodile possesses largely developed lachrymal glands, but it appears in various amusing forms.

As early as the fourteenth century, in "Mandeville's Travels," we find: "In that contre ben great plentee of Cokadrilles. Theise serpentes slen men, and thei eten hem wepynge."

An odd turn is given to the tale by the narrator of one of Sir John Hawkins' voyages. Whether he was a married man or not we do not know, but he writes: "His nature is ever, when he would have his prey, to cry and sob like a Christian body, to provoke them to come to him, and then he snatched at them! And thereupon came this proverb, that is applied unto women when they weep, Lachrymæ crocodili, the meaning whereof is that as the crocodile when he crieth goeth them about most to deceive, so doth a woman, most commonly when she weepeth."

In Fuller's "Worthies" there is the added information that "the crocodile's tears are never true save when he is forced where saffron groweth." Shakespeare, Spenser and Dryden allude to this old world fancy.

The Mayor Wanted to Know.

In a provincial town a man who was injured in a serious case of assault was driven to the hospital on a brewer's dray, and the shaking he received in transit considerably retarded his recovery.

"Why wasn't the police station ambulance there to remove him?" demanded the mayor, who was chairman of the justices.

"It was in use at the time, sir," answered the chief constable, with a visible embarrassment.

"It generally is when most needed," sarcastically commented the mayor. "In what way were you using it on this particular occasion? Don't evade the question, sir. I demand an answer."

"Very well, sir; as you insist, I will tell you," replied the chief constable. "It was carrying back the gold and silver plate your wife borrowed for the mayoral banquet."

Then the mayor grew crimson and fiercely threatened to clear the court "if any more of that senseless tittering is heard."—Pearson's Weekly.

A Leading Question.

A certain judge, living in the upper part of New York, while trying a case listened with pain and displeasure to the testimony of a colored woman who was describing how she had whipped one of her offspring. She enlarged on the harrowing details until the judge stopped her.

"Do you mean to tell me that you were cruel enough to punish your son like that?" he demanded.

"Oh co'se I did, yoh honoh," she replied.

"How dare you be so brutal?"

The colored woman looked at him in fine contempt for a moment, then asked slowly:

"Look a-heah, jedge, was yoh eber de father ob a wuthless mulatter boy?"

The judge almost fell from the bench.

"Ef yoh ain't," continued the negress, "then yoh don't know nuffin' about de case!"—Harper's Weekly.

Bridal Shirts.

The Scandinavian bridegroom presents to his betrothed a prayer book and many other gifts. She in turn gives him, especially in Sweden, a shirt, and this he invariably wears on his wedding day. Afterward he puts it away, and in no circumstance would he wear it again while alive. But he wears it in his grave, and there are Swedes who earnestly believe not only in the resurrection of the body, but in the veritable resurrection of the betrothal shirts of such husbands as have never broken their marriage vows. The Swedish widower must destroy on the eve of his second marriage the bridal shirt which his first wife gave him.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12. 7.37, 8.14, 8.21. 9.00, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25. 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY–To Boston** ,9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua ,Manchester and Concord,N.H.at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22. 7.23 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15-4.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 , p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham ,5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 1, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12 07 P. M. 12.37 A. M.

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8 52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2 37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour to 12.07; then 12 30 P. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

EZRA BRIGGS' REVENGE

By D. H. TALMADGE

...Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure...

My friend the postmaster and general storekeeper of Harleyville was sitting on the front porch of his establishment lazily puffing small clouds of blue smoke into the air and blinking comfortably at his slippered feet, which were resting against a post on a level with his face. I spoke to him, and the feet slipped down with a thud.

"Howdy," he said. "Some warmish, ain't it?"

I nodded, wiping from my face the perspiration engendered by an ill advised walk of two miles over a road unshaded from a merciless July sun. The family at the farmhouse where, from motives of economy, I was spending my vacation had gone to a funeral, and I had wearied of my own company. Wherefore, the afternoon being too hot for fishing, I had come to Harleyville to seek companionship.

"I'd have went to Ike's funeral myself," said the storekeeper when I had explained thus to his understanding, "only the rest of the folks wanted to go, and I didn't like to close up the place on account of the postoffice. I was down to Ike's when the great damp breath blew his lamp out. I set up with him two or three nights along at the last."

"He was a close friend of yours?" I asked.

"Well," sighing explosively, "there ain't much doubt he was considerable close, and we was always friends, him and me. I had a feeling of sympathy for him during the last years of his life, too—sort of an admiration for him, because he took his medicine like a man. 'Tain't every male human that does."

"Then he had long been an invalid?"

"No; that ain't the idea. He wasn't sick a great while. The story dates back nigh on to twenty years, when him and Ezra Briggs was rivals for the hand of Martha Telford. 'Twas nip and tuck between 'em, but Ezra finally won the match. Ike was fool enough to get mad about it, and when his pa died, leaving among his other effects a mortgage on the old Briggs place where Ezra was living, his parents both being defunct, he foreclosed the thing and made a regular dickens of a bad mess. Ezra could have paid if he'd had another six months, but Ike wouldn't wait. That was the beginning of a mighty hard time for Ezra. Nothing he touched after that seemed to prosper. Him and Martha—there wasn't no children—come at last to live in a house not much better than a shanty down by the mill yonder, and the woman's love, so my wife and daughter say, sort of took sick and died. I've heard tell there ain't much female love that's proof against poverty long drawn out, and heaps of what passes for real honest affection leaks away through the worn-out places in woman's clothes.

"It's my opinion that Martha wasn't a real comfortable person to live with during the last two or three years of Ezra's life. I've got a suspicion, more or less founded on fact, that she was sourer than the dregs of vinegar and that her patience sort of shot off like a Gatling gun once it had bu'sted. Ezra took sick finally with somebody or other's disease of something or other that the doctors said was incurable, and he didn't keep up after that, just poked around and groaned till the trouble knocked him down into bed.

"He kept his own counsel pretty much, but I've got a notion he was nursing a feeling of bitterness against Ike most of the time then. I said to myself 'twould be a blessing if the old death angel would only flop down and carry him off before he done anything that would shock the community.

"But I was worrying unduly. However much he may have been figuring on revenge, there wasn't no bloody violence mixed into his figuring. He did give the community sort of a shock, though, such as 'twas. Most of us couldn't understand then why he done as he did, but it is as clear as molasses to me now.

"The river yonder five years ago last March got on a ripping tear owing to a sudden thaw, and among other things it done it swooped down across Ike's barnyard and carried off a lot of live stock and things, including Ike himself, who was trying to rescue a valuable ram he'd paid a big price for at the state fair.

"He went along with the flood and never stopped till he stuck in the branches of a small tree about seventy or eighty feet from shore near where Ezra's house stood. And as chance would have it Ezra heard him yelping for help and dragged himself out of the house, where he was staying alone with his disease while Martha washed dishes up to the hotel over at Bottom village.

"Now, 'twould have been no more than natural for a man in Ezra's position to have done nothing but gloat over the situation. But Ezra didn't do nothing of the kind. He hustled around as fast as his disease would let him to save Ike before the tree come unrooted.

"He got a long rope and tried to throw one end of it to Ike, but it fell about five feet short every time, so he waded out into the water, though the doctor had told him 'twould kill him to get his feet wet. When Ike had tied one end of the rope to himself Ezra tied the other end to a fence post, and the current done the rest.

"That wetting of his feet and legs was the beginning of Ezra's finish. That night he had a chill, and his disease simply got rampageous. The doctor said 'twas hopeless the minute he seen him and give him a week to live, if he didn't drop off in the meantime. And Ike—well, Ike come around penitent and humble as anything the Old Testament ever produced, saying Ezra saved his life, for he couldn't swim a stroke, and asking if there wasn't anything he could do to make amends to him. There wasn't, of course. The time had gone by for that. But Ike hung around the place clothed in figurative sackcloth and ashes most of the time till Ezra passed along to the next world eight days later."

It seemed to me rather a pretty story of the greater-love-hath-no-man-than-this sort and heap-coals-of-fire-upon-his-head sort, and I said as much to the storekeeper.

"Shucks! That wasn't Ezra's revenge at all, though I thought it was till I learned different. Ezra was simply saving Ike for the torture; that was all. Two days before he died he sent for me, and he says, with a shivery chuckle, when he'd sent the others out of the room: 'Old friend, I've got to tell somebody this, and I've chose on you. It'll be easier dying if I know that somebody alive knows how I got even with that cuss. I've forgive him and all that; but, say,' and he drew me down closer to him, 'I've made him and Martha promise solemnly, with their hands touching mine, that they'll get married as soon as decent, and, oh, glory, won't she just knock the plaster off of him!' He was chuckling hard when I left him, and I reckon he died chuckling. My wife said he looked real peaceful and contented and satisfied and sort of natural in his coffin."

"And Ike?" I asked after a short interval, during which the storekeeper's gaze rested upon a distant hilltop where white stones gleamed in the sunshine.

Once more he sighed, more softly this time. "Poor Ike!" he murmured. "I never see a man who seemed so glad to die as him."

Poetry and Science.

Poetry has perhaps no place in the exact sciences, partly because exactness is incompatible with poetic license, partly because of the unalterable tendency of the poet to get things wrong. A curious example of this was noticed in a lecture at the Camera club by Mr. Duncan on cuttlefishes. The modern cuttlefish is a descendant of the fossil belemnite, but the only descendant of the coeval ammonite is the paper nautilus. Better known is the Portuguese man-of-war, with which the paper nautilus is sometimes confused and which is really allied with the belemnite group, because, while its shell appears external, it is not really so. The poets Pope, Byron and James Montgomery all easily fell into the error, and Pope's well known lines in the "Essay on Man"—

> Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
> Spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale—

embody a wrong description of this very interesting survival. Pope believed, with many other people, that the little nautilus comes to the surface keel downward and spreads some fleshy oval and ciliary expansions in the form of two sails and six little oars. But it does nothing of the kind. The two little oval expansions—the sails—are never raised at all, but always tightly clasp the shell. They form, in fact, part of the shell. Moreover, the nautilus comes to the surface upside down, if we may so express its position.—London Post.

Noise as a Curative Agent.

The Chinese doctor sets up a terrible racket when called to treat the sick. This is supposed to drive evil spirits away, and it unquestionably acts well in a great many cases. Civilization demands rest and quiet. All noise is barred from the sickroom. The Chinese have demonstrated unknowingly a great psychological or psychapathological fact. A patient of mine had received the last rites of the church, the pulse had ceased at the wrist and he had sunk into that coma which precedes death. Some one in the next house struck up the "Anvil Chorus" from "Il Trovatore." I was very much annoyed and distressed and tried to stop it. Suddenly the pulsation at the wrist began again, the patient gradually opened his eyes, motioned to his sister. She bent low, and he whispered in her ear, "Te dum te dea; that is my favorite tune." We roused him, fed him, and today, ten years after the event, he weighs 240 pounds. The therapeutics of vibration or noise is yet to be written. So I have discovered that anything that can arouse the subconscious, subliminal self will cure my patient when all drugs fail, and noise is a very cheap agent.—Medical Brief.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Deer and Sleep.

Deer reverse the apparent order of nature, for they sleep in the daytime and feed at night. How much sleep they do take is a matter of contention even among experienced stalkers. Some say little, others much. On the whole, we are inclined to agree with the former, for it has to be remembered that they chew the cud when lying down. Two most experienced and observant foresters, the one in Argyllshire and the other in Aberdeenshire, thus gave their opinions: "Deer sleep or rest from about 10 or 11 a. m. to 4 p. m." "Deer sleep from noon to 5 p. m."

It is no uncommon occurrence to come on deer asleep. A stalker in the Blackmount had the rare experience of coming upon a parcel of seven stags, all sound asleep. A herd was seen to move in Glenfeshie, but one stag remained behind, lying motionless. On a careful approach he was found to be asleep. Perhaps, however, the oddest occurrence of this nature happened in Braemore, when a stalking party on going up to the stag which had just been shot found a three-year-old close to it fast asleep. In fact, it is by no means rare to get within a yard or two of a sleeping deer.—Scottish Field.

Slips of Novelists.

Andrew Lang in Longman's recalled certain slips of the novelists. They, too, have their loose ends:

"A skilled person might make a pleasant essay on what we may call the dropped threads of novelists. Thus Pip's vision of Miss Havisham hanging to a beam in the deserted brewery has always puzzled me. It seems to have been meant to lead to something other than what occurs. In Mr. Marion Crawford's 'Taquisara' much turns on an entranced medium who could give two strokes in the hole and a beating to Mrs. Piper. We expect her successes to be normally explained, because stress is laid on her one eyed servant, whose one eye (blue) marks her as the sister of her mistress. Boslo observes this; the poisoner, Matilda, does not. Apparently something was to hang on that fact. If so, the thread was dropped. Again, why had Charles Wogan clay on his clothes at the end of 'Clementina?' Like the priest in the 'Lays of Ancient Rome,'

> "I know, but may not tell."

Edith's horror at meeting Florence in the darkling house of Mr. Dombey is a dropped thread which Dickens tried to take up, but failed. Research would probably discover many such instances."

Little Things.

Little words are the sweetest to hear. Little charities fly farthest and stay longest on the wing. Little lakes are stillest, and little hearts are the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. And when Nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dewdrops—multum in parvo. Much in little is the great beauty of all that we love best.

Too Frank.

Many take advantage of what they call a true interest in our welfare in order to rub gall into our wounds. The man who boasts of his frankness and of his hatred of flattery is usually not frank, but only brutal.

Had the Years.

Daughter—George and I are both old enough to marry, papa!

Father—I was wondering if that was the only collateral George had to start with.—Brooklyn Life.

Sir Francis Jeune laid down the axiom that "no woman can love two men at once, while to a man the division of his affections comes naturally."

Unfavorable Conditions For Study.

"Hazel came over tonight to study with me," explained Dorothy.

"And did you do much studying?"

"Well, we would have if there hadn't been so much to talk about."—Chicago Post.

Remember you must die. Let this not startle you, but let it soften you while there is yet time to do some good in the world.—Schoolmaster.

Merely a Hint.

Kitty—Harry says he loves me for myself alone.

Bertha—I suppose that's his way of saying your mother must be kept out of the family.—Boston Transcript.

Knew Better.

"They say Brown is ten years ahead of his time."

"Well, it's not true. He's six months behind. I'm his landlord and know."—Chicago Journal.

PATENT LEATHER.

The Process by Which It Takes on the Enamel Finish.

All manufacturers of patent leather have their own tanning processes, much like those of the calfskin tanner, though some patent leather is given a bark tanning. Horsehide and colt skins are the chief leathers made with a patent finish.

The patent or enamel finish is really painted and baked on, as the bicycle manufacturer paints and bakes enamel on to a frame. Tanners are very particular about keeping their processes secret, and nobody but workmen is ever allowed in the finishing rooms.

The hide or skin, having been stretched and dried as much as possible, is first given a coating of a mixture of linseed oil, litharge, white lead or similar materials, boiled together until they make a pasty mixture.

This is daubed on the surface with a steel tool and well rubbed in, so that the pores of the leather will be filled up. Then the leather is put into the oven, its surface being exposed to steam pipes at a temperature of about 160 degrees.

Next the surface is rubbed down with pumice stone, and then it is covered with linseed oil and ivory black, about six layers being applied, each layer being dried and rubbed down. Finally a varnish is applied, and then the surface is rubbed down and finished off as nicely as a painter finishes a fine carriage.

Dutch Patchwork.

Holland is certainly the land of artistic patches. Take, for instance, our very worthy captain, a thrifty man and prosperous, with a neat sum tucked away. Yet see his shirt, patched and repatched and patched again in varying shades of brown and red until it has been completely metamorphosed! As to the original color, no man knoweth, but here is a wonderful mosaic of soft tones, put together with infinite skill and patience. It is, moreover, still in a state of evolution, for the process may go on indefinitely. I take it that the purchase of a new shirt is a solemn rite and not to be entered upon with indecent haste or thoughtlessness. Here is a prospective heirloom, and one's children's children may gaze with pride upon it. And yet Barney O'Toole, whose specialty is mortar and who possesses nothing save a numerous progeny and a very doubtful insurance policy, would flee in terror at the thought of wearing it.—Edward Penfield in Scribner's.

Not For Fashion's Sake.

The criminal law of England was formerly marked by indiscriminating severity. Theft of an article valued above 10 shillings was punished with death. In writing about "Sweet Hampstead and Its Associations" Mrs. White records a pleasant thing of Lord Mansfield, who, as a rule, leaned to the side of mercy.

It was Lord Mansfield who directed a jury to find a stolen trinket less in value than 10 shillings in order that the thief might escape capital punishment. To this the jeweler who prosecuted demurred, asserting that the fashion of the thing had cost him twice that money.

"Gentlemen," replied the judge, with grave solemnity, "we ourselves stand in need of mercy. Let us not hang a man for the fashion's sake!"

A Cat Story.

A cat owned by the manager of an English restaurant noticed a mouse which had contrived to find its way into a cupboard among a lot of wineglasses. Evidently the cat saw that to capture the mouse in that retreat would be a somewhat difficult task, so, jumping on the top of the cupboard, from a plate there he gently precipitated a piece of cheese on the floor and waited. For over an hour the cat's eyes were glued on the decoying morsel, and not in vain. At last the mouse could resist the temptation no longer and made a rush for the cheese, when the problem which the cat had seemingly propounded to himself found a solution, and the mouse was caught.

A Proverb That Failed.

A schoolmaster has concluded that it is not safe to teach proverbs to very young children.

"Now, boys, always remember," said he one day, "that the early bird catches the worm."

Next morning a small boy toed the line with a tear stained face.

"What's the matter, Tommy?" asked the master.

"Please, sir, you said that it was the early bird that got the worm."

"Yes."

"Well, father thrashed me."

"What for, my boy?"

"'Cos, sir, I let our canary out early this morning, and it's never come back with the worm."

He Was Warned.

"They say," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that Mr. Faddlethwaite, who used to belong to our church, has become an agnostic."

"Is that so? Josiah used to take his lunch at the same place he did downtown, and he says he often warned him that he'd get it if he didn't give up eatin' so fast."—Chicago Record-Herald.

In the Way.

"In our house we follow William Morris' teaching," she said. "We have nothing that is of no use."

"But that always makes a house look so bare."

"I know it. But, then, we have four children."—Syracuse Journal.

Wanted the Limit.

Jones—If Mr. Oldboy makes any such assertion I will denounce him as a liar.

President—Mr. Jones, I call you to order. Our bylaws do not allow you to go that far.

Jones—Then I call Mr. Oldboy a liar as far as it is permitted by the bylaws of this association.

A Historic Spot.

Husband—Are you aware, my dear, that on this grassy spot began a war that lasted ten years?

Wife—Why, John, it was here that you proposed to me.

Husband — Exactly; just ten years ago.

Deck Hand For His Health.

"That man can speak more languages correctly than you can count on the fingers of one hand," said a railroad official, pointing to a deck hand on a North river ferryboat.

"He translated the European correspondence of a large importing house until his health gave way from the confinement. We live in the same town, and one evening he came to me and asked for a job as deck hand.

"'I have to have an outdoor job,' he said, 'or you'll be a pallbearer at my funeral.'

"I tried to find something that would pay better, but there was nothing that would give him as much good air, and he got the job. Now that his health is restored he is loath to give it up. He had saved some money, and he pieces out his income by doing translating at home, so he gets on pretty well.

"Yes, you'll easily find several score of men on North river ferryboats who are working as deck hands for their health. The deck of one of these big boats is a sanitarium, to say nothing of the grave."—New York Times.

The Chinese Love For the Zigzag.

The straight line is an abomination to the Chinese. They endeavor to avoid it in their streets and buildings and have banished it completely where country field paths are concerned. They will always substitute a curve whenever possible, or they will torture it into a zigzag.

In districts not subject to the influence of the foreigner the houses and temples are characterized by curved, often peaked, roofs, ornamented with fantastic modifications of the "myriad stroke pattern." The inhabitants of such regions are soon found to have a mental world to correspond. The straight line is scouted. They think in curves and zigzags. To the Chinese mind the straight line is suggestive of death and demons. It belongs not to the heaven above or to the earth beneath. In a true horizon line are seen the "undulations of the dragon." Therefore, argue the Chinese, the straight line pertains to hades.—Contemporary Review.

Gorki's Offhand Autobiography.

Maxime Gorki, the Russian novelist, was requested by his publisher to write his own biography. Taking up a pen, he wrote the following:

1878—I became an apprentice to a shoemaker.

1879—I entered a draftsman's office as apprentice.

1880—Kitchen boy on board a packet boat.

1884—I became a street porter.

1885—Baker.

1886—Chorister in a traveling opera company.

1887—I sold apples in the streets.

1888—I attempted suicide.

1890—A lawyer's copying clerk.

1891—I made the tour of Russia on foot.

1892—I worked in a railway shop. In the same year I published my first story.

The Wily Quaker.

A Quaker had his house broken into by a burglar and several valuables stolen. He did not inform the police, however, but kept the affair to himself.

The following evening a neighbor remarked to him: "I am sorry to hear of your house being robbed, Mr. Fry. I hope your loss is not heavy?"

"Friend," said the Quaker, "thou must know the extent of my loss as well as I can do since thou art the burglar. I spoke not to a soul of what had happened, and thou art the first to mention it to me; hence I know thou art the burglar and will trouble thee for my property." He got it.

Corncob Pipes.

The first cob pipes were not made in Franklin county, Mo., but at Warrensburg. Fritz Tibbs, a German cabinetmaker, who resided in Warrensburg in the early seventies, used to whittle them out with a jackknife. He afterward moved to Washington, Franklin county, where he engaged with his brother in the manufacture of cob pipes and became wealthy.—Warrensburg (Mo.) Standard-Herald.

Horse Same as Man.

"One of man's best friends is the horse."

"Yes," responded the man with the race track habit. "But did you ever notice what a terrible faculty your best friends have of disappointing you in an emergency?"—Washington Star.

Almost a Love Match.

Ethel—What dowry did the Prince de Rataplan receive from Gwendolyn's father?

Jean—Not more than $1,000,000. You see, it was almost a love match.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The man who takes all his money to the grave with him gets real mad when he finds it won't buy him a reserved seat in heaven.—Boston Republic.

Ayer's
You can hardly find a home without its Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Parents know what it does for children: breaks
Cherry Pectoral
up a cold in a single night, wards off bronchitis, prevents pneumonia. Physicians advise parents to keep it on hand.
"The best cough medicine money can buy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For the coughs of children nothing could possibly be better." JACOB SHULL, Saratoga, Ind.
25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for Throat, Lungs
Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.

The use and recommendation of Cleveland's Baking Powder by practically all the leading Teachers of Cookery, who *must* produce the finest cookery, means something.

A TIRED BRAIN.

There Is Only One Doctor In Existence Who Can Cure It.

Is "brain fag" to be regarded as the distinguishing feature of life in the twentieth century? Following on this alarming question comes a list of symptoms—pain round the sockets of "otherwise healthy eyes," exhaustion following upon reading, thinking or any business excitement, etc. A physician, in answer to an inquiry, said: "The brain is the most exquisitely delicate mechanism known to us, but 'mechanism' is a brutal word to apply to the thing which can evolve a fiscal policy or a battleship, yet on which a sunbeam, a shadow or a perfume produces the most profound effects. Yet some women use this delicate machinery as no carter would use a horse; many men do so. When the brain is tired, it does not say so in words, but in symptoms. Then we grumble and call these symptoms 'brain fag.' It is an excellent name. This disease is as old as the hills, and it is on the increase. There is only one doctor in existence who can cure it. A brain fagged man I know spent some months going from door to door in Harley street seeking relief and finding none. One day he fortunately fell down and broke his leg. In came Dr. Rest and cured him. Dr. Common Sense is also a specialist on this disease, but he is rarely to be found at home."—London Mail.

Stepping to the Curb.

"Did you ever notice," said the man who prides himself on his powers of observation, "that every one uses the same foot almost every time in stepping up or down the curb at a street crossing? Maybe you haven't, but it is a fact just the same. It may be the right foot that is used or it may be the left, but it is the same one pretty much all the time.

"The movement is made so often that it becomes a habit of the most tenacious kind. By one of those involuntary actions of the nervous system the nerves of the eye and the leg and foot work in unison. The eye of a person approaching a crossing gauges the distance to be traversed before the final step is taken, and the stride is regulated to bring the favorite foot forward in time to take it. The same thing happens when the curb on the other side of the street is reached.

"Sometimes, especially when one is walking rapidly or when the street is crowded, it takes a deal of jockeying to get the chosen foot into position, but the rule is seldom broken. You needn't try to find the truth of this principle by keeping tab on your own steps, for in so doing your will power will come into play and you will use whichever foot you please. Just watch some other fellow, and you will find out that what I am telling you is a fact."—Philadelphia Press.

A Stag Hunt.

"I shall never forget an experience I had one winter," said a visitor from northern Michigan. "It was during the deer season when I went out alone one day to see what I could get. Well, I hunted all day long without even seeing a deer. Finally I sat down on a log to rest and to meditate on my bad luck, when all of a sudden I looked up and saw a big buck making a dead line for me!

"He threw up his flag as soon as he scented me, and I had buck fever for an instant. There we were, both motionless, each staring at the other and both frightened stiff. The next instant, though, I collected myself and brought him down with a shot. It seemed a queer thing to me that after I'd hunted all day long without success that big deer should come walking right into the nozzle of my gun. But I suppose that's the way with the world."—Detroit Free Press.

Funny Old Signs.

One of the most notable of old London signs, "The Dog's Head In the Iron Pot," had its beginning in the early years of the reign of that same bluff King Hal. It stands out, a lonely figure, on Blackfriars road at the corner of Charlotte street, the sign of a wholesale ironmonger's establishment. The dog is in the act of eating out of a three legged iron pot which it has overturned. There were also "The Black Dog" and "The Dog and the Duck." "The White Greyhound" was the sign of John Harrison in St. Paul's churchyard, a bookseller who published some of Shakespeare's early works.—St. Nicholas.

A Giant In Strength.

"How's the baby getting on?" asked a family friend. "Growing bigger and stronger every day, I suppose?"

"He's growing bigger every day," said the proud father, "and he's plenty strong enough now to suit me. You remember what a tremendous voice he had when you saw him three months ago? Well, it's still more tremendous now, yet he lifts it a dozen times a day."

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, DEC. 25, 1903.

FEELS BETTER.

Since throwing off a load of bad bile from his stomach in the Senate last week when speaking on the Panama treaty, and getting in a harmless blow on President Roosevelt, Senator Hoar's health has improved. He had a similar attack when the Philippine business was under consideration by McKinley's administration, but it hurt nobody but himself. Sensible people do not mind what Hoar says or does, in the Senate or out, these days, realizing that his is a bad case of old age and torpid liver. For this reason he has not been recognized as a Republican for some time past, but, rather, as a Democrat in partial disguise.

☞ Representative Aldrich reported favorably on the Woburn Parkway hearing by the Metropolitan Park Commissioners in Boston last week. The Woburn and Winchester representatives found the Commissioners in a receptive and amiable mood, from which they derived encouragement and found grounds for more than a simple hope. It was quite apparent that the Commissioners are willing, and in the words of Rep. Aldrich, it is now up to the public spirit of Woburn to push the matter to success."

☞ For 13 or 14 years in succession Cambridge, in this county, has voted, with an annually increasing majority, against license, and on the 15th of this month it met the enemy and downed him by a majority of 4345. Now, it is fair to presume that the voters of the University City are fairly intelligent; know what they want, and how to get it. No-license is the settled policy of Cambridge, and it flourishes. Woburn would do well to follow the example set by its neighbor on the Charles.

☞ The Non-Partisan League carried Cambridge at the late election by a good working majority. Mayor McNamee has ruled things with an iron hand during the present year and paved the way for his defeat. Some of his most ardent supporters last year deserted him, which, with strong organization and good work by the League, was more than he could successfully stem. For the office of Mayor Mc Namee was a good man to get shut of.

☞ A rearrangement by change of assignments of Commissioners in the Board of Public Works is likely to be made by Mayor Feeney on the incoming of the next city administration. The public service might be improved by such a change, although the material for a firstclass organization for business purposes is far from abundant.

☞ There is some talk about giving the City Treasurer's berth to Mr. Henry M. Aldrich in case the Legislature should decide the Representvative question in favor of Mr Riley.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City.—Fire Dept.
Cadwell—Pure Water
J. G. Maguire—Mort. Sale.

— MERRY CHRISTMAS!

— Christmas comes but once a year.

— "When Christmas comes it brings good cheer."

— Peace on Earth, good will towards men.

— The public schools hold no sessions today.

— It was colder than blue blazes a week ago today.

— Next in order is New Year's, one week from today.

— Tennis is to be a feature of the M. E. gymnasium.

— Our city schools held appropriate Christmas exercises.

— Mayor Feeney returned from New York Sunday evening.

— Mayor Feeney is chockfull of legal business in Boston.

— Many incumbents in City Hall are on the anxious seats.

— Louie Claffy is John R. Carter's right bower in the coal trade.

— Some say Ald. Alyward is to be President of the City Council.

— The city has received the $6,000 due under the Dr. Clough will.

— Mrs. T. George Beggs of Confluence, Pa., is on a visit here.

— Com. Kennedy of the Sewers wants to be Water Commissioner.

— North Congregational Church has a fine Christmas tree this evening.

— John M. Wallace is sticking type in a Melrose office and flourishing.

— A ball is to be given by Div. 3, A. O. H, in Lyceum Hall, on Jan. 22.

— The city government of 1904 will be duly inaugurated on Jan. 4th, prox.

— Chester R. Smith of Newark, N. J., spends Christmas with his friends here.

— Whitcher had a unique evening illumination in one of his show windows.

— Maud Littlefield accompanies the organ at the Baptist church with her violin.

— Copeland & Bowser are still doing (a rushing) business at the old stand.

— Young Mr. Fred Bixby of North Woburn is teaching in the Cummings school.

— The Evening School closed last Friday. It has been remarkably successful.

— Capt. Charles K. Conn is Assistant Managing Editor of Haggerty's *Times*.

— Major H. C. Hall may join Capt. Crane at Pinehurst, N. C., later in the season

— The First Baptist Church will give a reception to their new pastor and his wife in the vestry on Friday evening, Jan. 1, 1904.

— It is suspicioned that Tom Kelley gave Hayward a mighty boost at the election.

— Herrick Brown, son of ex-Ald. D. Wilbur Brown, is at home for Christmas.

— Call on E Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— "Cinderella" went off in fine style at the Unitarian vestry last Wednesday evening.

— The JOURNAL is printed and delivered at the P. O. on Thursday evening this week.

— Mr. Thomas Kenney declares that Woburn will go for license next year with a rush.

— The papers say our Congressman McCall is building a street railroad out West, and is rich.

— The hard worked letter carriers will have a chance to eat their Christmas goose today.

— The Robbins Drug Co. have given away an everlasting sight of fine candy this week.

— Read what Fire Chief Littlefield has to say in this paper about tampering with wires.

— Reader, please keep in mind the concert to be given by the Highland Orchestra next month.

— The Walnut Hill Readtng Club were guests of Mrs. Sherman Converse one afternoon lust week.

— The children of Cummingeville Chapel had a Christmas Tree and entertainment last evening.

— Prof. Henry S. Wielder of Park street church, Boston, is conductor of the Woburn Choral Society.

— Miss Jennie Dibble of Brooklyn, N. Y., is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Strout this Christmastide.

— Take the children to see the old time play of "Cinderella" in Unitarian vestry, Deo. 30, at 8 P. M.

— It looks as though business calendars were getting to be a back number. They are scarce this year.

— The W. R. C. 84 will hold a Whist Party Monday evening, Dec. 28, in Post 33, G. A. R. Hall.

— Miss Murray, graduate from Boston University, is substituting for Miss Brown in the High School.

— At no former Christmastide have the store show windows in this city looked finer than this year.

— Mr. L. R. Willey of the Lewiston (Me,) *Journal* was a visitor at this JOURNAL office last Wednesday.

— Christmas entertainment at the First Baptist church Monday evening at 7 o'clock. Friends invited.

— The postoffice people have had a busy and hard working time of it this week, as usual before Christmas.

— Towanda Club held their first assembly last Friday evening, and it proved to be a delightful accasion.

— Woburn High School, Melrose, Everett and Cambridge, constitute the Suburban League of Ice Hockey.

— A barrel factory of large capacity is to be established seon at Nvrth Woburn by the Boston Cooperage Co.

— There will be a S. S. Party in the Unitarian vestry Saturday afternoon, Dec. 26th from, 3 to 5 o'clock.

— The Woburn Christian Endeavors are going to hold temperance meetings right straight through the year 1904.

— There are many Christian Scientists in this city, more than people think for, and not a few "healers."

— Haggerty's *Times* reappeared last Saturday and is sold on the streets every afternoon. We wish it success.

— The Ladies Auxiliary of A. O H. are to give a coupon party in Music Hall next Wednesday evening, Dec. 30.

— Mr. John M. Portal has recently erected a handsome monument on the John Johnson lot in Woodbrook cemetery.

— There is likely to be radical changes in the assigaments of heads of Departments in the Board of Public Works.

— More than 50 people have petitioned the City Council to raise and widen Montvale avenue at Walnut street.

— The First Baptist Sunday School are to give a Christmas concert at 4 o'clock next Sunday, Dec. 27, at the church.

— The electric car boys on the Woburn Div. of the B. & N. S. R. think Div. Supt. Gray is about right. They like him.

— The annual meeting of the North Congregational Church for the olection of officers will be held on the evening of Dec. 30.

— John W. Johnson, Esq., will start on Jan. 7, for a visit of 3 months in the South. Mrs. Johnson accompanies him.

— The next dance of the series by the Rifle Team of Co. G, 5th Regt., is to be given Friday evening, Jan. 1st, at the Armory.

— Mrs. Minnie Nichols of North Weare, N. H., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds of Church avenue.

— Rev. Mr. Scott, the Beloved Pastor of St. John's Baptist church, visited Washington, the Capital of the Nation, last week.

— The children of the lower grades of the Congregational Sunday School had a Christmas tree and entertainment yesterday afternoon.

— It is generally believed that the late cold snap gave our coal dealers a chance to have the merriest kind of a "Merry Christmas."

— Winthrop Hammond says nearly half of his large trade comes from neighboring towns, principally from Reading and Winchester.

— Rev. Henry B. Williams entered on his pastorate of the First Baptist church last Sunday. He appears to be the right man for the right place.

— Capt. Edward E. Parker installs light, heat and power plants in the best manner and to the satisfaction of everybody that employs him. See ad.

A Handsome Rug

Makes a Very Acceptable

CHRISTMAS GIFT

We have the largest assortment and greatest variety that can be found in Boston, the entire street floor being given over to their display.

ORIENTAL RUGS from $5.00 to $2,000
DOMESTIC RUGS from $1.25 to $100

To accommodate those who may be unable to visit our establishment we shall be pleased to send an assortment by express on approbation.

You are cordially invited to visit our store, and the same courtesy will be extended to you whether you intend to purchase or not.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.,
646 to 658 Washington St., Boston.
Opp Boylston St.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

HOLIDAYS

Are made happier by an OVERCOAT and SUIT OF CLOTHES from

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

If you take cold easily

You should protect yourself by wearing one of our CHEST PROTECTORS.

Our Leader costs 23 Cents

Other styles at consistent prices.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

The Leader of Low Prices. Green Stamps.

NEW GOODS

IN OUR STORE!

Fresh Drugs,
Fancy Stationery,
Fine Confectionery,
Dainty Perfumes,
Toilet Articles,
Holiday Novelties,
Photo Calendars,
Medallions.

We have disposed of all Fire and Water Damaged Stock, and have the above in great variety.

☞ Call and see them in the Handsome White Store.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St., WOBURN.

— Mr. Bryan McSweeney is local agent for sound, firstclass Fire and Life Insurance Companies. Apply at 7 Munroe street.—5

— Charlie Buckley, the faithful driver of the hook and ladder carriage for many years, will be "At Home" at the Gilcreast H. & L. house today. No cards, but a "Merry Christmas" to all.

—Chairman Emmons's idea of doing away with many of the saloons near the North Station, Boston, interests all of the cities and towns this side of there.

— At a meeting of the City Council last Monday evening it was voted to increase the pay of the members of the Fire Department. Which is just and proper.

— Christmastide increases the work of Agent Parkins of the B. & M. Woburn Station, but he has a robust body and willing mind, and don't worry over extra toil.

— Because he is the best man for the office John Lynch will be re elected Clerk of the Committees and of the Board of Health. He knows every rope in the ship.

— The next lecture in the Burbeen Course is to be delivered next Tuesday evening, Dec 29, by Edmund H. Garrett, Subject: "The Home of Shakespeare," illustrated.

— Lewis D. Penn, the wideawake Agent for the American Express Co. at the Station, says Christmas express business has been away above par this season. On Dec. 19, it was just double that of 1902.

— Rev. Mr. Scott of St. John's Baptist Church preached and his choir sang at Cummingsville Chapel last Sunday afternoon. More than 100 people attended in spite of the rain

— There will be a meeting of the Woburn Visiting Nurse Association on Monday evening, Dec. 28, at 7.30 in the vestry of the First Congregational church. All interested are cordially invited to attend.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— The High School ball is to take place on Jan. 8, anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, 1815, fought after the Treaty of Peace was signed. General Andrew Jackson won the battle by a large majority.

— "A Reader" is respectfully informed that the JOURNAL looks to the Division Superintendent for correct information in respect to running the elect cars, We will make an effort to get a correct timetable and publish.

— Mr. John J. Hern has a large amount of A1 dry, white birch, maple and oak wood, and "trash" for sale at extremely low prices. It is high land Burlington growth, and warranted OK He saws, splits and fills orders promptly.

— The Woburn Polo team, a stalwart lot of young men and science with the hookey stick beat the Lawrence team at Lawrence last Monday evening at a great rate. Beats all creation how polo has revived and come to the front as an athletic game.

— When Mr A. P. Barrett entered the employ of the Woburn Machine Co. a year ago as bookkeeper 18 men were at work in the shop, now there are 31, and they have to hustle to fill orders on the Company for machinery. This speaks well for the character of the establishment.

— Hope Rebekah Degree Lodge have elected the following officers:—Mary C. McIntosh, NG; Christina M. Ambler, VG; Harriet N Delano, RS; Lillie M. Trull, TS; Jennie Perham, FS; Sarah A. Woodside, Abbie M Chase, Flora M. Tripp, Trustees. The installation will be held Jan. 5.

— Mr. James R Wood of this city, head of a well-known private detective agency in Boston, and a Veteran of the Civil War, gives a war talk at the annual meeting of the Boston box makers this week. He tells entertaining stories of his experience while serving as army scout in the South.

— The Annual Pound Party will be held at the Home for Aged Women, January 1st, 1904. Gifts are acceptable any time.—Mary E. Conn, Sec

— Miss Dora A. Winn, the accomplished pianist, conducts the Christmas concert at the Orthodox church. The music could not be in better hands.

— Christmas brings to the home ingleside many Woburn college boys and girls, God bless 'em! They are as thick as spatters all over town today.

— Arthur E. Gage, Esq, City Assessor, and Clerk of the District Court, attended the funeral of his father at Providence, R I, last week.

—Mr. James Skinner has remodeled the Gilman house corner of Eastern and Montvale avenues, making two fine tenements, with all modern improvements, good plumbing, new ranges, furnaces, curtains, refrigerators, screens and storm doors. One of them has been rented by Rev. Henry B. Williams, the new Bastist minister.

— The heavy rain and high wind that usually accompany the winter solstice got here two days in advance of schedule time, but was none the less severe for all that. The winter solstice is due about Dec. 22, but the storm came on Dec. 20. It rained hard all day Sunday and at times the wind assumed very nearly the quality of a full gale.

— Capt. Charles K. Conn, after many years of faithful and highly appreciated service, has resigned the position as Woburn reporter of the Boston *Globe*, the same to take effect on Jan. 1, 1904. It was rumored that Frank Wetherell would fill his place, but later reports cast a doubt on the rumor. It is to be hoped that the local "Press Gang" are not to lose Capt. Conn from their ranks.

— William W. Crosby, Principal of the Lowell Textile School, is to give a lecture before Towanda Club Monday evening, Jan. 4, on "Mercization, a new development of an Old Discovery." On Jan. 27, Mr. Leonard B. Buchanan, an expert chemist and electrician, will give Practical Electro-Chemistry." Both of these young Woburn gentlemen are specialists in their branches of science.

— The Woman's Club are to give a whist party and dance in aid of charitable objects at Towanda Hall on New Year's Eve, for which extensive preparations are being made. Mrs. Elliott F. Trull is Chairman of the committee having the affair in charge, which is composed of many prominent members of the best society in the city. Whist is to rule from 8 o'clock to 10; and dancing from 10 to 12.

— Last Monday was what is known in Massachusetts as Forefathers Day, it being the 283d anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, on Cape Cod. Provincetown people claim that the Pilgrims went ashore there several days before they saw Plymouth and are going to build a monument to prove it. But that won't wash, for Plymouth has the very identical rock that the Pilgrims stepped on when they first landed on American soil.

— It is thought that the Republicans of this city will paddle their own canoe hereafter.

— Our good friend, Mr. George H. Gilbert, the biggest hearted man in Winchester, sends the JOURNAL Editor warm Christmas greetings, with a generous supply of the wherewithal to make it a "Merry" one, indeed. A cartload of thanks for it.

— January 21, 1904, is the date set for the grand concert to be given in Lyceum Hall, by the Highland Orchestra. They will be assisted by Miss Lillian Bearce of Auburn, Me, soprano soloist. Tickets are thirty-five cents, and will be on sale on and after January 1st. at the stores of Robbins Drug Co., and F. P. Brooks.

— Last Friday morning the 7.12 train from Boston struck and instantly killed George Eustatheon, a Greek, 22 years of age, near Crane's crossing in the south part of this city. He and three companions, all living, on Park street, this city, were walking down on the track when the accident happened. Medical Examiner Dr. H. G. Blake responded to a call to examine the body. He came from his home in Greece only a few months ago.

— The members of the choir of the Baptist Church participated in a fishing excursions last Monday evening; but, fearing that Old Neptune might prove a chilly host the pleasant parlor of Mrs. Morlie A. Burnes, 40 Mt. Pleasant street, was substituted. Games filled up the early part of the evening, Miss Lucy Woodside and Mr. Harold Johnson tieing for honors. At 10 o'clock partners were chosen and the company marched to the dining room where a dainty lunch was served. The party seperated at a late hour after a most enjoyable evening.

— The Etonia Artists gave a splendid concert in the auditorium of First church last Friday evening. The audience, which was an uncommonly large one, was composed of the cream of the elite of the city, the highest fashionable circles being numerously represented. Prof. Daniel N. Hood presided at the organ and contributed materially to the enjoyment of the fine musical treat. He is a highly skilled organist and pianist, and as Principal of the Rockford, Illinois, Institute, for more than 25 years, won an enviable reputation as a teacher of both. Miss Trecartin appeared in her best singing condition, and there were no frogs in the vocal pipes of the remaining artists, each one of whom was perfect in the rendition of the part taken. It gives the JOURNAL great pleasure to bestow its seal of approval on the Eatonia Artists as concertists.

Wilmington.

Mr. John B. Mack has resigned the office of postmaster of this town, and Mr. M. T. Holt, a well known and reliable citizen, has been appointed to fill the vacancy. Mr. Mack has made a popular official, but became tired of it and resigned. Mr. Holt is a prominent business man and well liked by everybody. His appointment is considered an excellent one.

ACCEPTABLE GIFTS

FOR THE MEN FOLKS.

Big Men and Will-Be-Men.

Buy in Woburn and save money, time and annoyance. The advantages are lower prices than Boston rents can afford; more courteous and interested clerks; greater promptness in serving your needs; cheerful exchanges when necessary; avoidance of jostling crowds—combined with assortments large enough to satisfy any reasonable requirement, and in excess of many large Boston stores.

New, fresh, bright stocks of Neckwear at 25c., 50, $1.00, $1.50.
Suspenders, 15c., 25, 50, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00.
Collars, 15c., $1.50 per dozen.
Gloves, 25c. to $5.00.
Mufflers, 25c. to $4.00.
Handkerchiefs, 5c. to 50c.
Initial Handkerchiefs, 25c. and 50c.
Armlets, 10c. to $1.00
Ladies' Umbrellas, $1.00 to $5.00.
Men's Umbrellas, 50c. to $5.00.
Children's School Umbrellas, 50c. to 75c.
Boston Bags, 50c. to $5.00.
Suit Cases, $1.50 to $12.00.
House Coats, $5.00 to $10.
Bathrobes, $3.00 to $6.00.
Pajamas, $1.00 to $2.50, and hundreds of other articles.

Everything in Clothing that is new and correct to wear for Men and Boys.

We have made preparations for a "record breaking" Holiday business and invite your inspection.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers,
Lyceum Hall, Building, WOBURN.
ESTABLISHED, 1851.

6 Days More at $1.18

The full rate of $1.50 for life membership in

The Tabard Inn Library

will be in force after Jan. 1, 1904. A check, with stamped envelope enclosed, sent to . . . will secure a life membership sent to any address in the U. S.

Whitcher's

$3.00 WORTH OF STAMPS

—WITH A—

ONE DOLLAR PURCHASE!

Cut out the coupon below and present it at the store of

E. P. Fitzwilliam & Co.
373 MAIN STREET,

and with a One Dollar purchase you will receive Three Dollars worth of Stamps.

GOOD FOR
10 STAMP
$3 Worth of Stamps
With a $1.00 Purchase.
GOOD ONLY at the store of
E. P. FITZWILLIAM & CO.,
373 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

First National Bank
OF WOBURN.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, Mass, for the election of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting, will be held at the Banking Rooms on Tuesday, January 12, 1904, at 4.45 o'clock, P. M.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 11, 1903.

Very Desirable House
To Let.

I offer to rent No. 9 Wyer's Court. It contains 8 good rooms; is neat, nice, warm, handy and convenient. It is right every way.

Apply to Mrs. A. J. PLUMER,
53 Bow St., Woburn.

WANTED—A TRUSTWORTHY GENTLEMAN or lady in each county to manage business for an old established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly salary of $18.00 paid by check each Monday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Enclose addressed envelope. Manager, 360 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio · First National Bank Building.

The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.

The National Graded Course Used.
The Virgil Practice Claviæ System.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, Woburn, Massachusetts,

Friday, January 1st, 1904,

at seven thirty (7.30) o'clock, in the evening, to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact any other business that may legally come before them.

CHARLIE A. JONES, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., December 18th, 1903.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, January 2d, 1904, will draw interest from that date.

The January interest dividend will be due and payable on and after Saturday, January, 16th, 1904, in accordance with the provisions of the By-Laws.

CHARLIE A. JONES, Treasurer.

NOTICE.

In compliance with the requirements of Section 19 of Chapter 113 of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth, I hereby certify that the following named persons constitute the Board of Investment of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank for the year ending July 1st, 1904:

Benjamin Hinckley,
John R. Carter,
Squire B. Goddard,
Herbert B. Dow,
John Winn,
William Beggs,
Lewis W. Thompson,
Luke W. Fowle,
Winthrop Hammond.

Attest:
CHARLIE A. JONES, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., December 18th, 1903.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "Simeon's Prophecy concerning the infant Jesus."
Sunday School at 12 M.
5 P. M., Christmas Concert by the Sunday School.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—1st Sunday after Christmas Day.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Henry B. Williams.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 4 P. M., Christmas Concert.
At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
Wednesday evening, Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D. Subject: "Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh."
12 M., Sunday School.
6 P. M., Christmas Sunday School Concert. Cantata by Young Peoples' Chorus.
Wednesday evening, at 7.30, Preparatory Service.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "God." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Richard Pengilly.
12 M. Sunday School.
3.30 P. M., Junior Epworth League.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League in charge of a member of "Gospel Ten."
7 P. M., Sermon by Rev. Mr. Littlejohn. Good music.
Services every night in week.
Watch night Service Thursday evening.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 17, Ralph A. Tibbetts, aged 9 months.

In this city, Dec. 19, Henry Cole Simmons, aged 2 years, 8 months, 15 days.

In this city, Dec. 19, Ira Alfred Murray, aged 51 years, 6 months, 11 days.

In this city, Dec. 19, Thomas Peabody, aged 82 years.

In this city, Dec. 18, George Efstatheo, aged 22 years.

In this city, Dec. 18, Elizabeth M. Gartland, aged 44 years, 4 months.

In this city, Dec. 19, Delia Darmody, aged 65 years.

In Olean, N. Y., Dec. 11, Mary A. Geudron, formerly of Winchester, aged 83 years, 8 months, 7 days.

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

Fleeced Lined Wrappers

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Our Fall Festival.

The Annual Sale—the sale the people wait for—the greatest and most popular merchandizing event offered every year. Never before were our preparations so complete and so extensive—never before has there been such an opportunity for you.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
JEWELERS,
Watches, Diamonds, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware and Cut Glass.
409 Main Street, WOBURN.

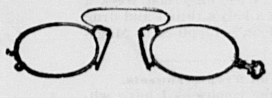
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

OUR
Tea
—AND—
Coffee

Trade has always been an important part of our business. We take great care in selecting our goods, believing that quality in Tea and Coffee is always appreciated, and we are prepared to meet any competition in this particular line.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Houghton & Dutton,
BOSTON.
Optical Parlors 9th Floor.
A FEW EYE HINTS.



Your eyes will tell when you need glasses Here are a few hints:- Headaches, Dizziness, sleepy feeling while reading, blurring of objects either at close range or distance, frowning or squinting, smarting or burning, requirement of stronger light while reading. Those are but a few of the symptoms.

When your eyes suggest trouble don't fail to consult our OPTICIAN and he will cheerfully advise you, as he has spent many years in study of this one subject.

OUR GUARANTEE IS
Entire Satisfaction at Lowest Prices.

N. B.—This department is under the pessonal supervision of Mr. Albert A. Carter, the wellknown optician of this city.

FOR XMAS.

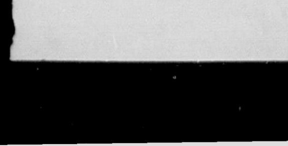
What is more pleasing for a Christmas Gift than a pretty box of

FRESH CANDY.

CRAWFORD'S
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

HAVE YOUR
OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

CORNELIUS L. BABCOCK.
INSURANCE.
LIFE, ACCIDENT, HEALTH.
Notary Public, Pensions, Real Estate.
Elm St., No. Woburn, Mass.



"FEELING" CLEAN.
A
CABOT'S
Sulpho-Napthol
TRADE MARK.
LIQUID CLEANLINESS
Antiseptic Bath

gives a delightful, gratifying sense of personal cleanliness; a sense of healthy invigoration, entirely different from anything before experienced. You not only know, but *feel* you are clean. Heals all sores, eruptions of skin, chafing, etc

Avoid injurious "just as good" kinds. Look for above Trade-Mark.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

COURT OF LAND REGISTRATION.

To Antonio Shydecker, Charles Kingsley, Arthur H. Blake and Arthur C, Ellis of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Leslie E. Farr of Boston, in the County of Suffolk and said Commonwealth, to register and confirm his title in the following-described land: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situate in said Woburn and bounded as follows:—Easterly by Washington street 295.79 feet; Southerly by land of Charles Kinsley 761.75; Westerly by land of A. C. Ellis on two lines 238.83 feet and 103.32 feet, respectively; Northerly by land of Antonio Shydecker 512.10 feet; Easterly by the same 62.35 feet; and Northerly still by said Shydecker land 254.35 feet. Containing 5 727-1000 acres of land.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Court of Land Registration, to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the eleventh day of January, A. D, 1904, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of December, in the year nineteen hundred and three.

Attest with Seal of said Court. [SEAL]
CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Margaret Reagan, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Margaret E. Marrinan of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of January, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the devisees under the will and all persons interested in the estate of Sarah M. Fuller, late of Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, deceased, testate.

WHEREAS, Edward F. Johnson, executor of the will of said deceased, has presented his petition for authority to mortgage certain real estate herein described, of the estate of said deceased, to raise the sum of five hundred dollars, for the purpose of paying legacies and charges of administration:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of January, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Charles Choate late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John M. Harlow, the trustee under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the fourth and final account of his trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the fifth day of January, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of December in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after October 19, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica and Lowell at 5.45 a. m. hourly until 9.45 p. m; also 11 p. m, for Burlington and Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 55 a. m., hourly till 9.55 p m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn and Boston or Lowell 6.30 a. m., and hourly untill 10.30 p. m., also for Woburn 11.30 p. m.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.55 a. m, hourly till 11 55 p. m.,

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly until 12.15 midnight connecting with B & M trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 00 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

Sunday—First car leaves Woburn 6 45 a.m., hourly until 10 45 p. m., Billerica 7 39 a. m., Lowell, 7. 55 a, m.

C. W. B. HARRISON, Supt.

Mortgagee's Sale

By virtue of and pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Winfield S. Morrison of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to The Reading Cooperative Bank, a Corporation duly established by law in Reading in said County and Commonwealth, dated November 3, 1902, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3007, Page 390, for breach of the condition of said mortgage and or the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on Tuesday, January 5, 1904, at half past three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage and described as follows, viz:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth aforesaid, being lots numbered three hundred seventy nine and three hundred eighty on Felton street as shown on Plan B of land in Woburn, now or formerly owned by the Montvale Land Company, said plan being recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Plan Book 59, Plan 4. Said two lots are together bounded northerly by Felton street seventy feet; easterly by lot three hundred eighty-one on said plan seventy feet; southerly by lots four hundred sixteen and four hundred fifteen seventyfeet; westerly by lot three hundred seventy-eight on said plan seventy feet, and containing 4900 square feet.

Being the same premises conveyed to said Winfield S. Morrison by Harry P. Bosson by deed of even date with said mortgage and therewith recorded.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes.

THE READING CO-OPERATIVE BANK,
Mortgagee.

Reading, Mass., Dec. 9, 1903.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Neal Doherty and Bridget Doherty his wife in her own right to the Woburn Cooperative Bank dated October 12th, A.D. 1899, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2776, Page 28, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

SATURDAY, the Sixteenth day of January, A. D. 1904,

at two o,clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and herein described substantially as follows: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on the northerly side of Buckman street bounded and described as follows namely:—Beginning at the Southeastly corner of the premises on said Buckman street and at land of Carl Dunberry (formerly William Courts), from thence the line runs westerly by and with said Buckman street sixty-six (66) feet to a private way running northerly out of said Buckman street and known as Buckman Court; thence turning and running northerly by and with said private way, one hundred and sixty-six (166) feet to land of James Burke; thence turning the line runs easterly by land of said James Burke sixty-six (66) to land of said Dunberry; thence turning the line runs Southerly on and by land of said Dunberry, one hundred and sixty (160) feet to said Buckman street, and the point of beginning, containing about 10,758 square feet, being the same premises conveyed to said Bridget Doherty by Benjamin H. Nichols by deed dated October 2nd A. D. 1899, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal liens which may be upon the premises. $100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

WOBURN COOPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee,
by John C. Buck, Treasurer.

Woburn, Mass., December 23, 1903.

CITY OF WOBURN.

WOBURN
LOCATED 1640 INCORPORATED 1642 A CITY 1888

A Warning.

Recent actions of thoughtless persons in placing wires and other obstructions on the Fire Alarm Line have been the cause of great annoyance to the Department, and have endangered the safety of the whole System.

All such persons are hereby WARNED that a HEAVY FINE is the penalty for interfering with the fire alarm.

CLARENCE LITTLEFIELD,
Chief Fire Dept.

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STORM WINDOWS
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DOORS. WINDOWS and BDINDS.

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CHEAP!

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MRS. SARAH S. JONES,
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Christmas Concerts.

BAPTIST, Dec. 27, 4 P. M.

Organ Voluntary		William Lowell Brown
Singing.	"With Exulting Tribute."	Choir
Scripture Reading		Superintendent
Prayer.		Pastor
Singing.	"The Crowning Gift,"	Choir
Recitation.	"The Little One's Welcome."	
	Hattie McFarlane,	Everett Lord,
	Warren Taylor,	Waldo Lord,
	Mildred Stowers,	Warren Smith.
Recitation.	"Keeping Jesus' Birthday."	
	Charlotte Burnes,	Freddie McLean,
	Idelle Beebe,	Charlie Chase.
Recitation.	"The Prince and Saviour."	
	Florence Jewett,	Lois Fisk,
	Ruth Fisk,	Marion Moore,
	Florence Moody,	Evelyn Fowler.
Recitation.	"A Little Secret."	Eva McDonald
Recitation.	"Messiah's Mission."	
	Helen Plummer,	John Plummer,
	Homer Nothrup,	Helen Turner,
	Forest Straub,	Rebecca Snow,
	Lewis Burnes,	Manson Yates,
	Charlie Straub,	Wesley Phillips,
	Roma Straub,	Roy Northrup.
Song.	"Babe Jesus."	Kindergarten
Recitation.	"Why?"	Eddie McFarlane
Singing.	"Come with the Wise Men."	Choir
Reading.	"There was a Babe born in Bethlehem."	
	Rachel Blodgett	
Reading.	"The Bethlehem Shepherds."	
	Marion S. Lord.	
Reading.	"Let us go to Bethlehem."	
	Ethel S. Jewett.	
Reading.	"The Song."	Gretchen Van Tasel
Singing.	"From Shore to Shore."	Choir
Reading.	"The Angels and the Shepherds."	
	Helen Sylvester.	
Reading.	"Twas night when the Lord was Born."	
	Maida Irving.	
Reading.	"Look up."	Muriel Northrope
Singing.	"The Song of the Ages."	Chorus
Offering.		
Address by Pastor.		
Singing.	Hymn 105 in Hymnal. 1st and 2d verses	
Benediction.		

CONGREGATIONAL S. S. Dec. 27, 6 P. M.

Voluntary.
Hymn.
Reading of Scripture.
Prayer. Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Recitation. For our Sakes.
Ethelind Cutler, Pauline Cutler, Alice Hoskins.
Recitations. The Song of the Angels.
Alice Hodsdon, Idella Wallace, Marion Cummings, Theshy Galaini, Gladys McKensie, Doris Buckman.
Recitation. The Baby of Bethlehem.
Gladys Sherburne, Edith Colburn, Evelyn Buckman
Recitation. Bring Your Gifts to Jesus.
Jennie Perham, Florence Bonnell,
Eleanor Lund, Laura Vickery.
Chorus. Dora A. Winn, Director
A Cantata.
The Savior's Advent. E. B. Story
Part 1. Prophesy and Expectation.
Recitation. While Shepherds watched their flocks by night. Ethel Wallace
Recitation. The Christmas Hymn.
Edna Felch.
Recitation. What shall I give? Jessie Dinsmore
Violin Obligato. Maude H. Littlefield
Christmas Offering.
Chorus. Cantata Cont.
Part 2. Fulfilment and Joy.
Part 3. Ascription of Praise.
Address. Rev. Daniel March, D. D.
Benediction.

UNITARIAN, Dec. 27, 10.30 A. M.

Soloists, Mrs. Harriet R. Morgan, Soprano, Mr. George H. Remele, Basso, and chorus.
Mr. Ralph Lyford, Organist.
Organ Prelude in F. Du Bois
Aria. "O Jerusalem look about thee." From "Coming of the King." Dudley Buck
Mrs. Morgan.
Song, "The chimes of Christmas Morn." Louis Dressler
Mr. Remele.
Organ. Offertory in C. Guilmant
Duet. "Song of Praise the Angels Sang." E. S. Hosmer
Mrs. Morgan and Mr. Remele.
Organ. March in D. Guilmant

At 5 P. M., Sunday School Concert, Recitation, Carols by School.

Woman's Club.

At the last meeting of the Woburn Woman's Club the following numbers were greatly enjoyed:

Song, "Serenade," by Breveny, sung by Mrs. Charles O. Quimby, accompanied by Miss Barbara Miller. Both ladies were from Wakefield.

Paper, "Old Time New England Tramps," by Mrs. Alice M. Granger of Randolph.

Song by Mrs. Quimby. "A Rose Table," Hawley.

Paper, personal description of a trip to Labrador and Newfoundland, by Mrs. Nellie F. Barker of Waltham.

Russian tea was served by Hospitality Committee, Mrs. J. R. Wood, Chairman, Mrs. J. H. Hutchings and Mrs. C. W. Gilbert, primary.

Tuesday, Dec. 29, is Reciprocity Day at Stoneham. Mrs. L. Herbert Owen will sing, and a paper, "Hints on Child Life by an Observer," will be given by Miss Clara Carter.

At the meeting on Jan. 1st, Dr. Emily Brainard Ryder will lecture on Oriental Clubs. Dr. Ryder spent four years in the Orient and was the founder of the first Woman's Club in India and Ceylon. She is the only woman who has visited a Yrgi, and by request will give an account of her experience with the hermit of the mountains. Miss Mertena Bancroft will play a group of piano selections.

The proceeds of the whist and dance on Dec. 31, are for the District Nurse Association.—A. C. K., Rec. Clerk.

W. C. T. U.

A number of ladies, members of the W. C. T. U., met at Mrs. I. C. Preston's, Vernon street, Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 22. This was at the invitation of Miss Alice Preston, who has charge of the work for sailors.

The ladies brought their well-filled comfort bags which are to be sent to the Sailors' Bethels for Christmas.

Miss Stella Preston played the very appropriate selection "Throw out the Life-line," after which the Secretary read the letters, written to be placed in the comfort bags.

During the afternoon a letter came to Miss Alice Preston from the Captain of the Life Saving Station at Hull, expressing his thanks for a barrel of reading matter which the ladies had sent to the Station.

After partaking of a very dainty lunch, the ladies bade the hostess good-night, expressing their thanks for a very enjoyable afternoon.

PRESS AGENT.

Loyal Temperance Legion.

The first meeting of the L. T. L. was held in the vestry of the Swedish Church, Saturday afternoon, Dec. 19, at 3 o'clock. There were 48 present. Mrs. Norton talked to the children, illustrating her points with appropriate stories, thereby holding their attention.

Miss Rita Straub played selections for the children to sing.

The following officers were chosen: Secretary, Miss. Mary Greenleaf; Treas, Gustave Evesburg; Captain, Harry Peterson.

We were pleased to see so many children present, and hope a still larger number will attend the next meeting, which will be held at the same place Saturday afternoon, Jan. 16.

The W. C. T. U. wish to express their thanks to the officers of the church who have kindly permitted them to use such a nice, light, warm vestry.—C. M. Warren.

Millinonaire's Poor Stomach.

The worn-out stomach of the over-fed millionaire is often paraded in the public prints as a horrible example of the evils attendant on the possession of great wealth. But millionaires are not the only ones who are afflicted with bad stomachs. The proportion is far greater among the toilers. Dyspepsia and indigestion are rampant among these people, and they suffer far worse tortures than the millionaire unless they avail themselves of a standard medicine like Green's August Flower, which has been a favorite household remedy for all stomach troubles for over thirty-five years. August Flower rouses the torpid liver, thus creating appetite and insuring perfect digestion. It tones and vitalizes the entire system and makes life worth living, no matter what your station. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At A. W. Whitcher's drug store.

Mrs. Jaquith.

Mary E., wife of Caleb H. Jaquith, of this city, died in Boston last Sunday. Mrs. Jaquith was the daughter of John and Eliza (Taylor) Davis and was born in Ashby, August 30, 1849. She had been a resident of Woburn twenty-six years. A husband, two sons and a daughter survive her.

A woman of intelligence and education and fitted to take a leading part in the social and educational affairs of the community, Mrs. Jaquith chose to confine her activities to the home and to the circle of her immediate friends. Of a cheery and unselfish disposition, she inspired others to find what was best in themselves and in their surroundings. Her long continued sufferings were borne with a fortitude that never failed, and even when most sorely afflicted, she she was still unmindful of herself and ministered with words of cheer and comfort to those about her.

The funeral services, conducted by Drs. March and Norton, were held at her residence on High street, Tuesday afternoon. Miss Trecartin sang three selections: "He Leadeth Me;" "Quiet, Lord, my Froward Heart," and "Over Just Beyond the Hill Tops."

Mr. James Walker.

This venerable and respected citizen of Woburn celebrated the 79th anniversary of his natal day on Dec. 19, 1903. Although he has hosts of friends, the occasion was quietly observed, as was his choice, for he is a modest man, as well as a sensible one.

Mr. Walker is a Veteran of the Civil War, having served his country patriotically in Co. G, 5th M. V. R., and a highly esteemed member of Post 33, G. A. R., of this city. He was born at Charlestown, Dec. 19, 1824; moved to Burlington with his parents in 1832; came to Woburn in 1841, and learned the trade of a tanner. He went to California in the days of the "Gold Fever," and suffered everything but death in Central America on his return around Cape Horn.

Mr. Walker is one of our best citizens, and may he live to celebrate many more birthday anniversaries.

Literary Notices.

The December number of THE AMERICAN BOY (Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich) comes to us this month in enlarged form and in number of pages. The notable features of the number are the first chapters of a story by Kirk Munroe, who has just returned from a trip around the world and is writing for THE AMERICAN BOY, the story being entitled, The Blue Dragon—a Story of the Chinese People, and a story by R. L. Garner, the well-known expert on monkeys and monkey life, entitled My First Monkey. Further chapters of the editor's story on Three Yankee Boys in Ireland appear. Among other stories in this number are Shep; How the Chipmunk Got the Black Stripe on His Back; The Ocean Terror; The Education of Kuka (a lion story), and Teddy's Christmas. Leading illustrated articles, aside from stories, are entitled Teaching the Duties of Citizenship in Cuban Schools; Prairie Dogs and Their Homes; Shoes and Self-Respect; Commander Peary and His Arctic Expecition; Why It Pays to Be Honest; How to Become Strong; The Marconi College of Wireless Telegraphy; The President's Christmas Turkey; The Drawing-Room Magician; Some Chemical Experiments; Custom in Flying the Stars and Stripes; Boyhood Homes of Three Great Men, and The Way to Braid a Real Cowboy Whip. Whole pages are given to each of the following departments: The Order of the American Boy; Boys' Books Reviewed; With The Boys; Stamps, Coins and Curios; The Boy Photographer; Boys in the Home, Church and School; Boy Money Makers and Money Savers; The American Boy Lyceum, and Puzzles. Its pages are enlivened with seventy-one pictures. $1.00 a year. Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

—Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

WINCHESTER.

The annual meeting of the Winchester National Bank is to be held on Jan. 12.

Preparations are on foot for the next March Town Meeting. Hope Col. Nat Richardson will be well enough to indulge in his usual flow of oratory.

Capt. Abijah Thompson, the historian of this town, and wife are spending the winter at the Adams House, Boston, where they have been many years past.

Our good friend, Mr. John Maxwell, proposes to spend the winter in the Sunny South where he has large real estate interests. "Uncle John" is as smart as a cricket and as full of vim and push as an egg is full of meat.

This is a master place for keeping "Merry Christmas," and this year is no exception to the rule. Just now the Christmas goose is numerous and fat here, and sweet music will be heard all over the lot tonight. The churches will have Christmas trees, to attend and decorate which Old Santa Claus will have to shake himself out of his boots and get up and dust; and Christmas parties will be numerous and jolly.

The bone of contention in this town, and is likely to be until Town Meeting day, is the purchase of a ledge of rock for public purposes. A great deal of ink and good white paper has already been wasted on the matter, but no conclusion has been reached, or much light thrown on the perplexing subject by the prolific, and somewhat verbose, writers. There are ledges enough in town to set a hen on, but many men have favorite ones, although Twombly's seems to be in the lead. Where it will end nobody knows, but it is a nice theme for the expenditure of gas.

TIME TO HEDGE.

Bookmaker Wouldn't Lend Money, but Gave Good Advice.

Several turfmen were discussing the sharp methods of a certain bookmaker who adds to his income by money lending. He was conceded to be a hard man to deal with.

"But I'll bet $500 that I can borrow $1,000 from him on my personal recognizance," said one.

"Done!" answered the crowd simultaneously, and as he could only stake one bet they pooled against him. Thinking he had a sure thing, he went off with an accompanying committee to see the money lender.

"Mr. Cash" (that wasn't his name), he said, "these gentlemen have bet me $500 that I cannot borrow $1,000 from you. I don't need the money, but you let me have it for a day, and I'll divide the bet with you."

The committee gasped, but the effect of the cool proposition was unlooked for. Instead of jumping at the chance Mr. Cash buttonholed his interlocutor and said:

"Did you make that bet?"

"I did."

"You bet $500 that you could borrow money from me?"

"That's what I did."

"Then," in a whisper, "go and hedge."—New York Press.

Where There's a Will There's a Way.

"One of those things which go to show that where there is a will there is a way is well exemplified by a happening in a certain southern city," said a well known former railroad man. "A man before his marriage had purchased a beautifully located lot in the city cemetery and paid $100 for it. After awhile he married and some ten or twelve years afterward died and was buried in the aforesaid beautifully located lot, and his grave was carefully tended for awhile by his widow. When the big fair came off in Chicago and all the world was en route to that Mecca the widow took a notion she must see that show. As a result of a long cogitation over ways and means she had the body of her deceased husband exhumed and railroaded fifty miles away and reburied at a cost of about $75, when she sold the cemetery lot for $600 and had a good old time at the big world's fair. Somewhat of a financier, wasn't she?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Study Them; Don't Kill!

If, instead of shooting the birds, scotching the snake, smashing the beetle and pinching the tiny life out of the butterfly, we were to watch any one of these creatures on a summer day the day would pass like an hour, so packed with exciting experience it would seem. Through what mysterious coverts of the woodland, into what a haunted underworld of tunneled banks and hidden ditches and secret passages the snake would show us the way, and we should have strange hearts if, as we thus watched it through its mysterious day, we did not find our dislike of the clever little creature dying away and even changing into a deep tenderness toward the small, self reliant life, so lonely a speck of existence in so vast a world.—Success.

Malayan Tree Dwellers.

The Sakais, or tree dwellers, of the Malay peninsula build their houses in forked trees a dozen feet above ground and reach them by means of bamboo ladders, which they draw up when safely housed out of harm's way. The house itself is a rude kind of shack, made of bamboo, and the flooring is lashed together piece by piece and bound securely to the tree limbs by rattan.

These curious people are rather small and lighter in complexion than the Malays, though much uglier. They have no form of religion at all—not even idols—no written language and speak a corrupt form of Malay.

The Heloderm.

The venomous lizard, heloderm, lives in the warm zone between the Cordilleras of Central America and the Pacific ocean. It secretes a poisonous saliva and has the curious habit of throwing itself on its back when struck. Its bite is not always so dangerous as popular opinion makes it, and after severe pain it often rapidly heals. Recent observations show that the saliva is sometimes very poisonous and sometimes very inoffensive. The poison acts by coagulating the blood and first increasing then diminishing the irritability of the nerves.

Raising the Limit.

"Don't you think that the ideals of statesmanship are higher now then they used to be?"

"Sure they are," answered Senator Sorghum. "I've known the time when $500 was considered big money. Now you can't get a man that amounts to anything to look at less than $10,000."—Washington Star.

TURNER'S AMBITION.

The Great Painter Achieved It by Years of Self Sacrifice.

Turner could not bear to sell a favorite painting. He was always melancholy after such a transaction. "I lost one of my children this week," he would sadly exclaim. At a meeting at Somerset House it was decided to purchase his two great pictures, the "Rise" and the "Fall of Carthage," for the National gallery. A Mr. Griffiths was commissioned to offer $5,000 for them. "A noble offer," said the painter, "a noble offer; but, no, I cannot part with them. Impossible." Mr. Griffiths, greatly disappointed, took his leave. Turner ran after him. "Tell those gentlemen," he said, "that the nation will most likely have the pictures after all." Long before this Turner had matured a purpose which continued to be his dominant idea while life lasted. This was to bequeath to his country a Turner gallery of pictures and to amass £100,000 to build and endow an asylum for decayed artists. It was for this great object that he denied himself all pleasures that cost money, all luxuries. His resolve, once made, could not be shaken. On one occasion he was offered £100,000 for the art treasures locked up in the "den." "Give me the key of the house, Mr. Turner," said a Liverpool merchant, "and here is the money." "No, thank you," replied Turner. "I have refused a better offer." And that was true. By his will he bequeathed £140,000 to found an asylum for poor artists born in England and a magnificent art collection in his country. This latter bequest was, however, coupled with the condition that his "Rise" and "Fall of Carthage" should be hung in the National gallery between Claude's "Seaport" and "Mill."—Golden Penny.

The Wilmington Giant.

The "Long Man of Wilmington," popularly known as the "Wilmington Giant," is a rude, gigantic figure of a man 240 feet in length, with arms extended upward and in each hand holding a long staff in a position parallel with the body. The distance between these staves is 119 feet. The figure is well proportioned and reclines with both legs outstretched. It lies carved on a bold bluff of the downs facing the weald and forms a conspicuous landmark for miles round, especially when the light falls on it at a particular angle. There is a similar figure at Cerne Abbas, in Dorsetshire, and, as both are near religious houses, it is supposed that they may have been the work of the inmates. The slope to the south of the priory, on which the figure is cut, bends downward at an angle of fifty degrees, and the giant was originally marked out by removing the turf and exposing the glaring white chalk beneath. In course of time the outlines became grass grown and could only be seen at certain seasons, so in 1873 a movement was set on foot for re-marking the whole figure. This was successfully accomplished, the outline being plainly marked out by white bricks.—London News.

Big Noses In Favor.

In Japan the nose is the only feature which attracts attention. The nose determines the beauty or ugliness of the face, according as it is big or small. This is probably due to the fact that difference in noses constitutes about the only distinction between one Japanese face and another. The eyes are invariably black, the cheek bones high and the chin receding. In Japan a lady who has a huge proboscis is always a great beauty and a reigning belle. There are a few large noses among the natives, and lucky is he or she upon whom nature lavishes one. In all Japanese pictures representing the supposedly beautiful woman the artist invariably improves on nature by depicting this feature as abnormally developed.

"Spite" Tower.

Every one is familiar with various spite fences or houses, but it is safe to say that quite the most costly and elaborate enterprise of this kind in the world is the famous Wainhouse tower, in Yorkshire, England. Its builder, John Edward Wainhouse, was the owner of a dyeworks in that valley. Next to his estate lay that of an English lord. The two quarreled, and Wainhouse built the tower so that he could always overlook his neighbor's grounds, although they lay much higher than his own. The tower is nearly 300 feet high and cost $50,000 to build.

Used to It.

Jonah was giving the details of the episode.

"But," they said, "did your wife believe you when you said you had been three days in the whale?"

"Yes," he returned. "She said I had given her much more improbable excuses before."

With a happy smile he went downtown to buy her a handsome present.—Harper's Bazar.

Just a Guess.

"I saw you out walking with your wife yesterday."

"I didn't know you knew my wife."

"I don't."

"Then what makes you think it was she that you saw me with?"

"You didn't appear to be saying anything to her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Family of Influence.

"He seems to be quite an important personage now."

"Why, he always was, and so were the other members of his family."

"Nonsense."

"Not at all. He started as janitor in a flat, his brother is a policeman, and his sister is a cook lady."—Exchange.

Politeness is like an air cushion—there's nothing in it, but it eases the joints wonderfully.—Gannett.

Loaded With Money.

Sir Samuel Baker once had a thrilling adventure with an African buffalo bull which he discovered standing in the shallows of a small lake. He fired two bullets without effect, and the animal charged. Sir Samuel had no ammunition left; but, luckily, the bull halted to stare at him. "Suddenly a bright thought flashed through my mind," says Baker. "Without taking my eye off the animal before me, I put a double charge of powder into the right hand barrel, and, tearing off a piece of my shirt, I took all the money from my pouch, 3 shillings in sixpences and 2 anna pieces. Making them into a rouleau with the piece of rag, I rammed them down the barrel. They were hardly home before the bull sprang forward. The horns were lowered, with their points on either side of me and the muzzle barely touching his forehead, when I pulled the trigger, and 3 shillings' worth of small change rattled into his hard head. Down he went and rolled over with the suddenly checked momentum of his charge."

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HOW MICHAU KEPT HIS VOW

By

CLINTON DANGERFIELD

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"What I said to you then I say now!" cried Michau fiercely, an almost canine curl of his upper lip showing his strong white teeth. "I will never, pardieu, set foot on your land—never!"

"Then," retorted Le Hardy coolly, "you are likely to remain where you are forever, monsieur. For how can you escape from your house without setting foot on my land, seeing that last night's avalanche has set your cottage in the very middle of my field?"

"I will die where I am!" snarled Michau. And he meant it.

Never in the history of the canton had Antoine Michau broken his word. When Le Hardy had besought Michau to give him the latter's golden haired Jeanne Marie the angry father had not only posted the girl off to her aunt in the village below the great mountain on which Michau and Le Hardy dwelt, but he had forbidden Le Hardy to be seen on his property.

All of this because of an ancient feud between the Michaus and the Le Hardys.

Therefore it may be fancied what Michau felt when fate, pleasantly ironic, sent an avalanche which deposited the Michau cottage in the center of Le Hardy's little farm.

It had happened just before daybreak that very morning. Luckily for Le Hardy himself, his own cottage was not damaged, it being on the edge at one side. His astonishment when he discovered the plight of the irate parent soon gave way to glee when he thought how neatly Michau would be forced to forswear himself. But Michau had no such intention. As he could not fly or lay a bridge across and as his provisions would not last two days, he grimly prepared to starve, an arrangement which Lempriere, Le Hardy's special friend, advised the lover to encourage.

"For when the old fox is dead of his own folly," chuckled Lempriere, "'tis thou who shall console the pretty Jeanne Marie."

But Le Hardy, eating his own ample meals, could not enjoy them for thinking of Michau's rapidly diminishing larder. On the noon of the second day he filled a tray with food and carried it himself to Michau's door.

"Voila, mon voisin," said the young fellow good temperedly. "Thou must not starve. I will share with thee while thou remainest in thy chicken coop. Thou art welcome to it."

"Au diable with thee and thy welcome!" yelled the enraged Michau, and there descended on Le Hardy's head a perfect shower of porridge, poached eggs and bits of bread. Lempriere from a safe distance doubled himself up in his efforts to suppress his convulsive joy.

"Now wilt believe me?" asked he as the lover hurriedly retreated.

To his surprise, the young man burst into a fit of laughter.

"What a tableau!" he said, holding his sides. "After all, though, one must admit the old rascal has spirit!"

That night Michau slept but ill. Hunger gnawed at his vitals till he rolled in agony, but he clung sullenly to his determination. Over and over he repeated himself that the neighbors should see of what stuff Michau was made. Common sense did whisper in his ear that such a course was to leave the field free to Le Hardy; but, though he ground his teeth and admitted it, yet he had no thought of yielding.

Dawn came, and the old man arose and tottered out on his tiny porch. There a surprising sight met his view.

Le Hardy was standing close beside the steps, panting and resting on the handle of a broad shovel. From the steps to the outer edge of the field which marked the confines of Le Hardy's property ran a narrow trail of fresh soft earth richly dark and about an inch thick.

"What devil's folly hast thou done now?" snarled the gaunt old man, leaning on the nearest railing to hide his weakness.

"Vraiment," smiled Le Hardy good humoredly as ever, "I have turned thief, mon voisin, and have been thieving all night! This trail of earth which you behold"— He waved a hand toward it.

"Nom de Dieu—of course I see it. What of it?"

"It came from thy garden, mon voisin. I chose it there that you might see the difference in color distinctly. My land along here is lighter and not so rich."

"From my garden, scelerat!" gasped the old man. "How hast thou dared! 'Twas because you had me trapped here, coward!"

"Rather," said Le Hardy coolly, "'twas because I wished thee to leave thy trap. Tiens, mon voisin, you swore never to set foot on my land. Well, there is thine own land. Mayest walk away on it when thou dost please."

The hunger clouded senses of the prisoner went aflush for joy. Here was a dignified method of exit. He was saved.

Reaching for his cane, he stepped coldly down and walked along the fresh trail, his feeble feet making irregular prints that stirred Le Hardy to fresh pity.

At the edge of the path he paused and turned to the man who followed him.

"Why didst thou do this for me? Thou wouldst have had a clear coast to win the girl had I died, and thou couldst have proved the offer of food to me."

"I hope I am a man," said Le Hardy proudly. "And as a man I wage fair fight, when fight I must. I love thy girl. I shall strive to gain her. But I will never stoop to take a mean advantage of one thrown at my feet by a force of nature which not even a giant could have defeated."

He paused, then added, a little wistfully:

"Hast thou nothing kindly to say to me, vieux voisin?"

The old man, now safely off the Le Hardy land, turned and grinned bitingly:

"I have this to say to thee," he snapped—"that thou art a vile scoundrel for stealing my garden soil to fertilize thy barren fields."

He vanished in the distance, and Le Hardy, red and disgusted, went back to his work.

It was sunset when Le Hardy stopped for that day and went into the house to get his simple supper from his bachelor cupboard. He was setting out the viands, not a little sadly, when a rap on his door startled him.

"'Tis Lempriere," he muttered as he hastened to open it. But it was not Lempriere. It was a slender, girlish figure, with drooping head, that half whispered:

"Mon pere would speak with thee." The sweet tones were seconded by a peremptory command from his late prisoner, who once again stood on the fresh trail and called to him, "Come!"

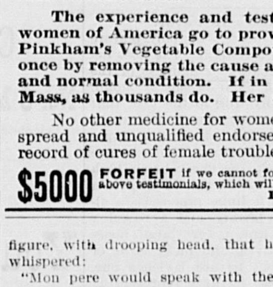
Le Hardy came, doubting his senses.

"Tiens," said the old fellow brusquely, "I have arrived to give thee notice that there's but one escape for thee from prison. Thou hast stolen my nice garden. Thy infernal shovel hath uprooted my best onions in thy digging. Thou canst not deny the theft and shalt suffer unless"—

"Unless," repeated the bewildered Le Hardy.

"Unless thou dost instantly wed my girl," snapped the ex-captive. And Jeanne Marie hid her blushes in her lover's joyous arms.

Jeanne Marie's toddling children often wonder why Grandpere Michau always follows a certain path in coming to the second cottage on the Le Hardy farm. The other cottage he never appears in. This certain path is carefully marked off by lilies growing along it, and resolute Grandpere Michau will die happy because he has never yet set foot on the Le Hardy property.



Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, who witnessed her signature to the following letter, praises **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know. I wish such women knew the value of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any I ever knew and thoroughly reliable.

"I have seen cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit, who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."—Mrs. R. A. Anderson, 225 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. Reed, 2425 E. Cumberland St., Philadelphia, Pa., says:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I feel it my duty to write and tell you the good I have received from **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

"I have been a great sufferer with female trouble, trying different doctors and medicines with no benefit. Two years ago I went under an operation, and it left me in a very weak condition. I had stomach trouble, backache, headache, palpitation of the heart, and was very nervous; in fact, I ached all over. I find yours is the only medicine that reaches such troubles, and would cheerfully recommend **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** to all suffering women."

When women are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove, beyond a question, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition. If in doubt, write Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass, as thousands do. Her advice is free and helpful.

No other medicine for women in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. Refuse to buy any substitute.

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

A Future Financier.

There is a six-year-old West Philadelphian who already gives evidence of possessing the necessary qualifications to place him at the head of some great trust. For some weeks past he has been troubled with toothache, and his mother has coaxed, threatened and hired him to go and have the tooth extracted, but the small boy could not get his courage to the necessary point.

Finally one morning when mamma had been making bids, like the crowd at an auction, "One dollar, one and one-half," and at last had reached "three," the small boy broke in with:

"Say, mamma, would you give me $5?"

The mother hesitated a moment and then said: "Yes. Anything to have it over."

"I'll do it, then," said the small boy.

So away they went in a hurry before he could repent of his bargain. Arrived at the dentist's, the operation was so painless and so soon over that the small boy didn't realize that the tooth was out until they told him.

On the way home his mother said, "Now, Harold, don't you think that was a very little thing for mamma to give you $5 for?"

"Yes, mamma, I do," said the young financier. "But I'll tell you what. We'll call it $4.75, and you give me the $5, and I'll give you back the 25 cents some time when I have another tooth pulled."—Philadelphia Press.

Disraeli's Meeting With Corry.

The first meeting between Disraeli and Montagu Corry is characteristic of the two men. It was at Raby, where they were fellow guests of the late Duke of Cleveland. "I had a great respect for your father," was Disraeli's comment on being made acquainted with the young man. On the second day there was rain, and the girls of the house party insisted on being amused by Montagu Corry, who was to organize charades and, as a beginning of merriment, had to dance a breakdown and to sing a comic song to the rattle of his heels upon the floor. Looking up through his long black locks—tumbled as they then were—he saw the sphinx standing in the doorway, his face grave as was its custom and his eyes with no concession of a gleam. The words of the night before came to his mind, "I had a great respect for your father," and now he added to these his own postscript, "And what a fool he must think me." That evening, after dinner, Disraeli waited for the young man, who felt acutely his position as a farceur. He expected a taunt. What he got was a hand upon his shoulder and the speech, "I think you must be my impresario."

Excelsior as a Breakfast Food.

In Frankfort there is a man who believed a horse and carriage would help him in his business. He bought an apology for a steed and a box on wheels and set out to save car fare.

A druggist who knew him offered him a large bunch of excelsior, thinking that the horse would at least have a soft bed. About a week later the horse owner came back to the store and asked, "Say, doctor, have you any more of that curled wood?" "Why, no. But what did you do with the last lot?" "Oh, the horse ate it," said the unfortunate beast's owner.

Unfortunately, just about the time the animal became accustomed to the "curled wood" diet it died, and valuable statistics as to the operation of cheap foods were lost.—Philadelphia Press.

Hard on Auntie.

Ethel—Auntie, when will I be old enough to kiss really and truly?

Auntie—When you're as old as I am, Ethel.

Ethel—But Uncle Jack says that's too old.—Detroit Free Press.

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Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

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Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

ENGLISH AS SPOKEN.

It Is In Scotland, Says a Critic, That It Is Heard at Its Best.

The query "Where is the prettiest English spoken?" is answered by a writer in the London News, and, strange to say, it is not in England, if the writer be accepted as an authoritative critic.

It was the opinion of Sir Morell Mackenzie that those who should speak English most musically were the inhabitants of Badenoch, Inverness-shire, Scotland. They had the reputation for centuries of being perfect speakers of English; but, the writer says, he must now go to the glens branching northward from the Caledorian canal to find the language spoken in its purity.

"In the beautiful glen of Moriston in particular one has noted the most exquisite speech it seems possible to imagine. There is an almost total absence of dialect and vocal disfigurements, though a quaint, delicately marked rise and fall of the voice are very faintly noticeable. The language used is extraordinarily pure and free from alien words, which is attributable to the fact that the people acquire their English direct from books and that so far dialect contaminations have not penetrated the glen."

The writer has a good word to say of Celtic pronunciation of English generally: "The charm of Irish English is undeniable. It has a softness that appeals irresistibly to the ear, but unfortunately it is linked with a certain element of dialect which just places it below perfection."

Pocket Furnaces.

Curious hand furnaces are used in China during the winter months, chiefly in the north, when the fire, in place of being in the house, as we have it, is carried about the person beneath the thickly padded cotton garments or in the hand. At times it is placed beneath the chair on which one is seated. This contrivance, resembling the charcoal pans formerly used before the days of the pit coal by the Hertfordshire straw plaiters, was first introduced to our notice when resting at a village in the Fukien province, which, before we had investigated the cause, we noted as a place remarkable for the deformity of its inhabitants, old men and women with strange swellings projecting in the most unaccountable places. Our speculations were, however, speedily set at rest and the matter satisfactorily explained by an old gentleman, who removed his greatcoat and disclosed a small copper furnace secured round his waist with a band and neatly covered with basket work. This artificial mode of heating the body is only resorted to in time of extreme cold, as on ordinary occasions the people deem their thick clothing a sufficient protection during winter.—Golden Penny.

A Quaint People.

The heart of Brittany never changes, but its face is rapidly losing many of its prominent characteristics with the leveling influence of the French republic. It is only far out of the beaten track, now, or on special occasions, like fetes, that you see universally the costumes and customs of the old Armorican peninsula. Only an hour's journey from Quimper, the modernized chief town of Finistere, and you are among the Bigoudines, a people whose dress suggests the Eskimos and Chinese, whose faces are strongly Mongolian in type and who in language, customs and beliefs seem to have no relation with the rest of France. More and more the picturesque problem they present is coming to attract attention. Artists, students and tourists alike are fascinated by it.—Andre Saglio in Century.

A Stickler For Rank.

It is not in this country alone that the notion of equality prevails. The London Figaro reports the following instance:

As a magnificent steamer, the property of the Peninsular and Oriental company, was steaming into Southampton harbor a grimy coal lighter floated immediately in front of it. An officer on board the steamer, seeing this, shouted:

"Clear out of the way with that barge!"

The lighter man, a native of the Emerald Isle, shouted in reply, "Are ye the captain of that vessel?"

"No," answered the officer.

"Then spake to yer equals," said the lighter man. "I'm the captain of this."

A Philosopher.

The old man was sitting on the roof gazing placidly across the rushing waters.

"Washed all your fowls away?" asked the man in the boat.

"Yes, but the ducks swam," smiled the old man.

"Tore up your plum trees?"

"Don't mind it much. They said the crop would be a failure."

"But the flood! It is up to your windows!"

"Well, them windows needed washing anyway, my friend."

Tough Cases Cost More.

"Salvation seems to be mighty costly to some, while it's free to others," growled the man who was asked to contribute to the church.

"Of course," replied the deacon. "It's a bigger job to save some people than it is to save others."—Chicago Post.

Signs.

Irate Watchman—Look a-here! Don't you see that sign? It's big enough and black enough! It says, "No Smoking!"

Agreeable Trespasser—I know it does, my friend, but, really, you must not believe in signs. Don't you see that I am smoking nevertheless?—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A fool flatters himself; the wise man flatters the fool.—Bulwer.

Shouted as Loud as Li.

There was much rudeness in Li Hung Chang's manner, but if he was answered back in his own coin he melted into graciousness. Once a junior member of a British consulate was sent to interview the viceroy on some matter. In the vast audience hall he found no one to receive him, so he took a chair near the door. Eventually Li and his following appeared at the other end of the hall on some lofty seats, and the viceroy started shouting to him in the difficult Anhui accent. To the utter dumfounding of every one present, contrary to all principles of Chinese etiquette, the young Englishman shouted back his answer in the same loud, rough voice as far as he could imitate it in which Li had spoken to him. Every one in the suit was stricken with horror. Even Li started and spoke lower. Gradually the conversation assumed a convenient tone, and after a bit Li, with a humorous smile, beckoned the young man to come up higher and sit down beside him. They soon became excellent friends.—London Men and Women.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIII, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 27.

Text of the Lesson, a Comprehensive Review of the Quarter's Lessons. Golden Text, Ps. ciii, 17—Commentary by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Lesson I.—David brings up the ark (II Sam. vi, 1-12). Golden Text, Ps. lxxxiv, 4, "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house." The strange thing in this lesson is that a man of God should attempt to do God's service after the example of the Philistines, and not in God's own appointed way, although he knew well what the way was (I Chron. xv, 2, 13). The ark of God is the topic of the lesson, being mentioned fourteen times in the chapter, and it represents the presence of God and His righteousness.

Lesson II.—God's covenant with David (II Sam. vii, 4-16). Golden Text, II Sam. vii, 16, "Thy throne shall be established forever." God's purposes stand, but man's purposes, however seemingly good, if not of God, fall to the ground. It is not what we do, or want to do, for God that stands, but only what He does for or in or through us.

Lesson III.—David's confession (Ps. li, 1-17). Golden Text, Ps. li, 10, "Create in me a clean heart, O God." It is a great thing to be occupied wholly with God, and for God, lest Satan gain any advantage over us. The eyes that see Jesus will not see vanity, and the mind that is stayed on Him will not have any vain thoughts.

Lesson VI.—David's joy over forgiveness (Ps. xxxii). Golden Text, Ps. xxxii, 1, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." Sin unconfessed brings great darkness and sorrow to a child of God, but if we confess and forsake our sins there are forgiveness and restoration (Prov. xxviii, 13; I John i, 8, 10). The Lord will prove Himself to be a deliverer, restorer and guide to all who truly turn to Him.

Lesson V.—David and Absalom (II Sam. xv, 1-12). Golden Text, Ex. xx, 12, "Honor thy father and thy mother." * * * This lesson sets forth just the opposite of the Golden Text, for while pretending to honor his father he had in his heart deceit and hatred and murder. He was outwardly the most beautiful man in all Israel (chapter xiv, 25), but in his heart perhaps the most wicked.

Lesson VI.—David's grief over Absalom (II Sam. xviii, 24-33). Golden Text, Prov. xvii, 25, "A foolish son is a grief to his father." So good a father and so wicked a son cannot but suggest the love of God and the rebellion and sin of many of His children (Isa. i, 2; lxiii, 10; Jer. iii, 12-14); it also suggests the story of Luke xv; but while in these records we see a phase of the love of God it is only on Golgotha that we see fully that love as set forth in John iii, 16; I John iii, 16; Rom. v, 8.

Lesson VII.—David's trust in God (Ps. xxiii). Golden Text, Ps. xxiii, 1, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." The lesson title does not begin to set forth the significance of this psalm, for its fulfillment will only be seen in Israel in millennial days; but let us not lose the present comfort that is in it for believers now. Make each assurance your own as far as possible. Say "I do not want," however much I may think I do, for my Shepherd loves me too much to let me want any good thing (Ps. lxxxiv, 11).

Lesson VIII.—The curse of strong drink (Prov. xx, 1; xxiii, 20, 21, 29-35). Golden Text, Prov. xx, 1, "Wine is a mocker." This lesson is not such a departure from the line of thought of previous lessons as might at first appear, for the selfishness of the drunkard has been seen in Absalom and even in David himself. The devil is a mocker and a deceiver, and whether he uses strong drink or other means to strengthen and develop the self life he does all in his power to turn us away from God.

Lesson IX.—David's charge to Solomon (I Chron. xxviii, 1-10). Golden Text, Prov. iii, 5, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart." Israel sets forth the Lord's choice and purpose in the working out of His eternal purpose which He has purposed in Christ concerning Israel, the church and the kingdom. "The kingdom shall be the Lord's" (Obad. 21), and if we who are the Lord's would be used in bringing it we must be obedient to the instruction of verse 9.

Lesson X.—Solomon's wise choice (I Kings iii, 4-15). Golden Text, Prov. ix, 10, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." When we see that which so pleased God in Solomon, and remember that it is written, "Wisdom is the principal thing—more precious than rubies and all that can be desired" (Prov. iv, 1; iii, 15), how foolish not to receive Him who is the wisdom and the power of God (I Cor. i, 24; John i, 12). When He is preeminent all else shall be added.

Lesson XI.—The dedication of the temple (I Kings viii, 1-11, 62, 63). Golden Text, Ps. cxxii, 1, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." The house that was built for the Lord was solemnly handed over to the Lord and He accepted it by filling it with His glory. He is not unwilling to do the same now with temples that are honestly handed over to Him, but the gift must be undivided.

Lesson XII.—The birth of Christ (Matt. ii, 1-12). Golden Text, Matt. i, 21, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." Whether we take this or the Queen of Sheba lesson (I Kings x, 1-10), the main thought is the gentiles worshiping the King of the Jews, and we who are redeemed by His own blood should surely not do less.

The Struggle.

An athlete is not made in an hour, and the giant oak is only a specimen of endurance after its hardy conflict with the elements. So it is with the character of a man and of a woman. It is the struggle of the years that makes the heart heroic.—Schoolmaster.

His Incompleteness.

Greene—Do you mean to say that Miss Felcher said I had no head on me?

Gray—Well, if she didn't say that in so many words she said substantially the same thing. She told Daisy Brown you were all heart.—Boston Transcript.

If you make it the object of your life to make yourself useful and others happy, you will never ask yourself the question, Is life worth living?—Maxwell's Talisman.

Nothing Homemade.

Mrs. Gaddle—I see you're going in for society. Has your daughter made her debut yet?

Mrs. Nuritch—Well, I should say not. She got all them things made to order in Paris.—Philadelphia Press.

FOILING A HIGHWAYMAN.

The Proper Thing to Do When Introduced to a Holdup.

A man who carries his money and his watch in his left hand will never lose a penny nor a timepiece in a holdup. The precaution, which is a perfect one, is so simple that few people have thought of it. Yet it has the sanction of the police, and its efficacy has been proved in more than one instance.

As soon as the citizen is confronted by the holdup man he will, if he has his money and his watch in his hand, throw them on the nearest lawn or into the ditch. No highway robber has time enough to stop to look for either. There is no sense in carrying valuables in the right hand, because the first move of every accomplished holdup man is to grab his victim by the right arm. This movement is made to prevent the victim from reaching for a revolver.

The man who tries to draw a revolver while a holdup man is in front of him takes his life in his hands. If a citizen carries a revolver at all he should carry it in his right hand while in a dangerous street. His money and his watch should always be in his left. Then after he has thrown them away and the robber has departed discomfited the victim can take his time about finding his property.

This simple plan discounts all the revolvers, sword canes, slungshots and brass knuckles ever invented and has the added beauty that it can be employed by a woman as well as by a man. To throw the purse or the watch away takes but a fraction of a second, and that isn't long.—Chicago Tribune.

Stilt Walkers of France.

In the south of France stilts are a necessity to the people, who are mostly shepherds. They must walk on stilts in order to oversee their vast flocks of sheep as well as to pass through the bogs.

These shepherds—men, women and children—walk continuously on stilts from six to eight feet high. These stilts are merely fastened to the feet. Sometimes the stilts have uprights reaching as far as the knees and bound firmly to the legs.

Generally these shepherds and shepherdesses carry long poles, which they can use either as balancing poles or as supports—very long canes, as it were—reaching to the ground. They become so expert in stilt walking that it is no unusual sight to see a shepherdess striding along on stilts that raise her six feet above the ground, with her balancing pole strapped to her back and her hands busily knitting socks for husband, son or brother.

The complete unconcern with which these country folk make their way along on stilts is astonishing. One might almost say that the children have stilts given to them instead of cradles.—Washington Star.

Musical Tones.

A stringed instrument suspended in a favorable position near a pianoforte will sound when tones corresponding to the open strings are produced on the pianoforte. The volume of the answering tone will depend upon the atmospheric conditions, the quality and color of the persuading tone and the sensitiveness of the responding material. There is a familiar anecdote told of a famous tenor who by singing the tone that was consonant with that of a wineglass could make the glass shiver so violently that it would fall to pieces. It is because of this tonal sympathy that the cause of a harsh, rattling tone that may suddenly appear in a pianoforte is detected with difficulty. Though it may appear to be in the instrument, it is often far away and may come from a loose globe or pendant on a chandelier. Even a key in a door has been known to be the guilty cause.

The Cry For Help.

From the cradle to the grave the cry of mankind is for "help." We are all in search of a physician, some one who will help us, some one who will inspire us—give us a remedy, point us the way. Not the poor and the sick alone, but the rich and the strong, are crying out for help. Sometimes it is the doctor we want; sometimes it is the banker; sometimes it is the clergyman. And yet the doctor, the banker and the clergyman are human, and they are crying for help along with the rest of us. Those whom we think the strongest are weak, and those whom we think the weakest are strong. We cannot stand alone. We all need help. We must help one another until the end.—Schoolmaster.

The Physician.

A popular impression prevails that the physician, by reason of the privileges conferred upon him by the state, is, in the absence of an adequate reason for not so doing, required to respond to all calls to render professional services. This is clearly erroneous, except where the physician has already undertaken the treatment of the case or except where he is an officer of the government charged with specific duties which he thereby violates.

On the High Seas.

At the bow of the steamer sit the two happy young people.

"How sweet it seems tonight!" sighs the girl. "How sweetly solemn is the view spread before us! Even the sea seems to be sleeping as it lies so placidly ahead of the boat."

"Yes, love," agrees the young man. "It is asleep in front of the boat, but it is a wake behind."—Judge.

Summoning Sleep.

At all times a perfect mob of ideas and words stands at the gate leading into the mind, trying to get in. While we wake and are sane, says a writer in Everybody's Magazine, there is something that stands at this gate and lets in only the sensible ideas and the words that have relation to the subject in hand. All the others it keeps shooting away with: "Get back there! Go on away!" It is this inhibitive faculty that keeps us sane. But in order to reach the general paralysis of sleep we have to pass through a preliminary stage wherein we are as foolish as any lunatic. When the sentinel at the gate of the mind goes off duty for the night the mob of irrational ideas and words comes trooping in, and so when I would court sleep I deliberately open the door of my mind to the rabble, turning loose upon it a troupe of unrelated words and phrases. For some reason or other I find that the vocable "abracadabra" is a good one to start off with. Often a word or sentence will repeat itself with increasing rapidity—and shall I say loudness?—until it is all a jumble which breaks up simultaneously with the disintegration of the colored pattern before my closed eyes.

Profiles.

It is said that the American woman's profile is the finest in the world; that it is the most clear cut and finely modeled of any other type. Generalities like this are hard to prove. It cannot be denied that some of the finest profiles in the history of feminine beauty are to be found in America, but whether the average is markedly higher in this country than anywhere else is an open question. But the ordeal is a trying one to any woman when it comes to a faithful delineation of her profile in shadow. It is a finely molded face indeed which looks well in a shadow picture seen sideways. If the nose turns up the least bit in real life it is sure to point skyward in a silhouette. If that organ is even a trifle above the usual size it will appear huge in a shadow profile. A projecting upper lip or a projecting under lip becomes a positive deformity in a silhouette, no matter how slight it may be in the original.—Atlanta Journal.

Head Hunters.

Head hunters is the name given to the professional assassins of the Solomon islands. The vocation of these men is to procure the heads of those whom they are hired to murder or to sell the victims for sacrificial purposes. Sometimes the enemies of a man offer a large sum to be paid in the native shell money for the head, which will be a proof of death, and the head hunter, with cold blooded and unscrupulous methods, lays his plans.

Frequently great caution is necessary. The intending murderer will worm his way into the friendship of his victim, and a long period may elapse before the opportunity will arrive for the fatal stroke. It may thus happen that the murdered man's death will have been compassed by one whom he has regarded as the closest and most loving of intimates. Surely this is the most hateful of all professions followed for the sake of gain.

A Prince Edward Island Legend.

There is a delightful legend among the people of Point Prim to the effect that when the English attacked the French fort at that place a chain ball from one of the attacking vessels cut the steeple from the old church located on the very point. In falling it toppled over the promontory and carried the bell which it contained into the sea. Dwellers along the point affirm that from time to time the sound of that bell comes over the waters at eventide and that its phantom tone is ever a warning of a fierce storm or some imminent danger to those who make their living by the spoils of the ocean.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Bone Felon.

A physician of large practice says he has found an egg the most efficacious cure for a bone felon. He uses it in this fashion: Take a fresh egg and crack the larger end, making a hole just big enough to admit the thumb or finger and forcing it into the egg as far as possible without further rupture of the shell. Wipe off the egg that runs out, bind a handkerchief or soft cloth over all and let the finger remain over night. Generally the felon is cured; if not, another application finishes it.

Enjoying the Sport.

"Perkins," languidly called Fweddy, "come and take this beastly thing off the hook!"

While his man disengaged the fish from the hook and put on a fresh bait Fweddy yawned dismally.

"That's what makes fishing such a boah," he said. "Once in awhile y catch one of the slippery things, don't you know."—Stray Stories.

A Farsighted Man.

Fogg—Munniworth was always a farsighted man, and his ventures were almost invariably successful.

Figg—But what good is he to society? He will give money for the heathen, thousands of miles away, but he never can see the suffering right at home.

Fogg—I said he was a farsighted man.

Evidence.

The Judge—You say your wife hit you over the head with a plate?

Rastus—Yes, sah.

The Judge—But your head doesn't show it.

Rastus—But you done oughter see dat plate.—Life.

A Plan Handicapped.

"This paper says massage reduces the chin."

"Yes; perhaps so," replied Henpeck—"perhaps so, but she's never let me try it."—Houston Post.

A Defense of Slang.

So far from being an evidence of a national levity and lack of seriousness slang is the language of sincerity. It is the result of an instinctive effort to get as far away as possible from everything like pretentiousness. It is the antipodes of bathos. It is the language of the whole people, because it is expressive of the national sense of humor that is never so keen as when it contemplates with a joy likewise unutterable the spectacle presented by a fake exposed. It is blunt, it is crude, it is brutal sometimes, but it is always sincere. It directs against the citadels of evil the mighty enginery of laughter. It does for our nascent abuses what the mordant satire of Martial and Juvenal failed to do for decadent Rome.—Professor Herman Spencer in Booklovers' Magazine.

His Study of the Heart.

In his memoirs Adolf Kussmaul relates a curious story of a Heidelberg banker. This banker was known for his haughty, forbidding manners; consequently Dr. Nuhn, the professor of anatomy, was much surprised one day when the banker came and sat with him in a railway car and, after a pleasant chat, asked him all sorts of questions, especially about the anatomy of the heart. The next day he even called by permission in the medical department and watched the professor dissecting one of those organs. Then he drove home, and a few hours later it became known that he had committed suicide by skillfully plunging a dagger into his heart.

A Family Picture.

Copley, the English painter, was commissioned by a wealthy Bristol merchant to paint the latter and his wife. "But I want to have my deceased wife introduced as well," he said. The order was filled, but soon after the patron, half in mourning, half in wedding splendor, hurried into the studio. "I have had the misfortune to lose my second wife," declared he. "I wish to have included in the portrait the lady who now takes the head of my table." The three wives are in the picture.

A Volcano.

"What is a volcano?" asked the teacher.

"A mountain with a fire inside," said one.

A smile of comprehension spread over the puzzled face of the smallest scholar as she asked surprisedly, "Is that a mountain range?"—Harper's Magazine.

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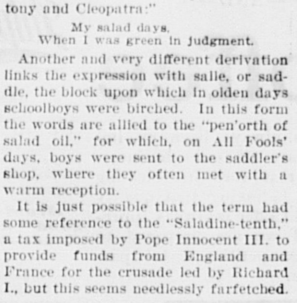

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Salad Days.

Quite the simplest interpretation of the trite phrase "salad days" refers it simply to the fresh green quality and character of such vegetables as are grown for salad and which may be taken as typical of the raw inexperience of youth. Probably it was used in this connection by Shakespeare in "Antony and Cleopatra:"

My salad days,
When I was green in judgment.

Another and very different derivation links the expression with salle, or saddle, the block upon which in olden days schoolboys were birched. In this form the words are allied to the "pen'orth of salad oil," for which, on All Fools' days, boys were sent to the saddler's shop, where they often met with a warm reception.

It is just possible that the term had some reference to the "Saladine-tenth," a tax imposed by Pope Innocent III. to provide funds from England and France for the crusade led by Richard I., but this seems needlessly farfetched.

A Round of Pleasure.

The philanthropic lady sat in the midst of the McFadden family, expostulating with them in a pained voice on the frequency with which they chased "the festive can" around the corner to the nearest liquor saloon.

"You ought to provide some kind of wholesome amusement for your family," said the philanthropic lady sternly to the abashed McFadden. "You should do something to lighten the burden of living. Every life needs a little sunshine in it."

"Oh, missus," spoke up Miss McFadden, aged thirteen, eagerly, "we has plenty of fun. There's always a fight or somethin' entertainin' goin' on in the tinimint. Why, oney last week a gentleman cut a lady's throat and drug her past our door."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Arctic and Tropic Sunsets.

Sunsets in the tropics as I have witnessed them, although full of rich colorings, cannot vie with the color harmonies of the poles. Even the nights of the tropics, full as they are of beauty and richness of color, are not comparable with those of the arctic night, when the moon is of a brilliance inconceivable to southern eyes, and the sun, although hidden during the long night, makes its presence felt by an orange radiance at the southern horizon at noon, and on starlit nights the snow crystals give out a shimmering glow. The tropical blue sea has a charm which the green of the south Atlantic lacks entirely.—Frank Wilbert Stokes in Century.

A Bit of Browning Satire.

A medley of young literary men were once gathered to meet Robert Browning. The most aggressively literary of the group was first introduced and at once began to pour out his personal delight and admiration with so unceasing a flow that the other introductions were being held in abeyance, and the other literary young men starved. Browning endured it with great good humor for some time. At last he put his hand almost affectionately on the egotist's shoulder and said, "But I am monopolizing you."

The New Woman's Quandary.

"Yes," the new woman remarked, "I am greatly troubled."

"By what?"

"Well, I want to get married just to prove that I can, and I don't want to get married just to prove that I don't have to. If I don't, they'll say I can't; if I do, they'll say I have no more independence than any other woman."—Chicago Post.

Proud of Him.

"Is your son Josh doing well in the city?"

"I should say he is," answered Farmer Corntossel. "He bought a gold brick the first day he was there an' come home an' sold it to me for twice what it cost him. I tell you, that boy's got enterprise."—Washington Star.

Pulverized Sugar.

If men are the salt of the earth, women are undoubtedly the sugar. Old maids are brown sugar, good natured matrons are loaf sugar and pretty girls the fine pulverized sugar. Pass the pulverized sugar, please.—Anniston (Ala.) Hot Blast.

Perfect Happiness.

"Do you really believe there is such a thing in this world as 'perfect happiness?'"

"Of course, but some other fellow always has it."—Philadelphia Ledger.